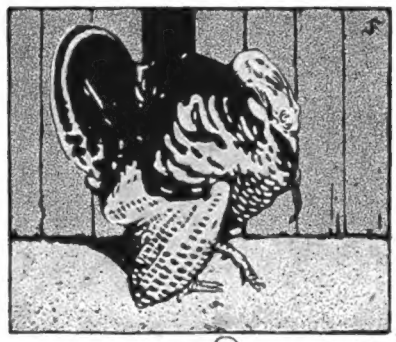

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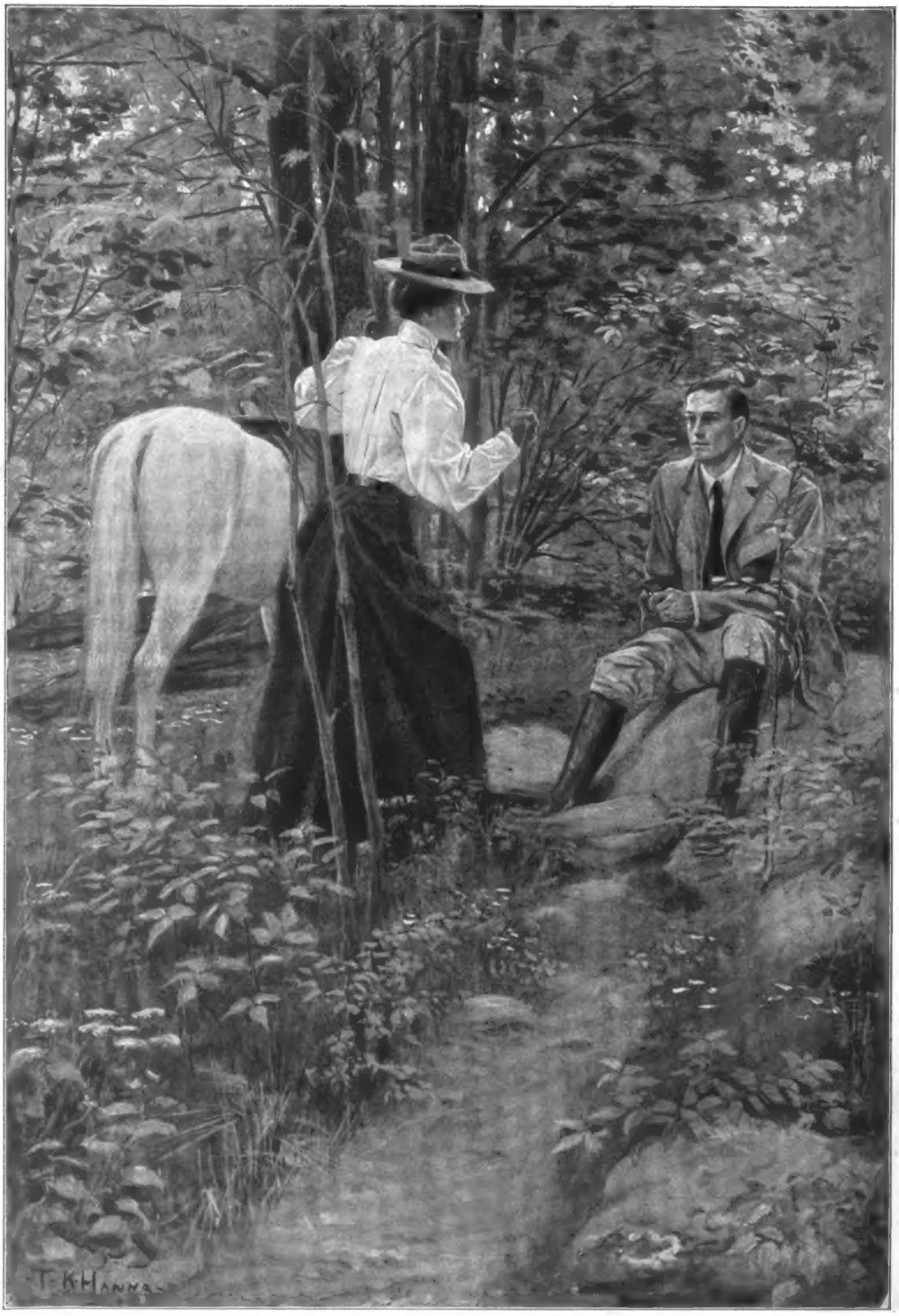

"YOU'RE NICE TO TALK TO," SHE ACKNOWLEDGED, "AND ALMOST NO ONE IS NICE TO TALK TO."

—"The Runaway Road," page 593.

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XV. NOVEMBER, 1906. No. 5.

Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—New Zealand, the remote territory in the South Pacific wherein labor and capital have assumed a peaceful relation and where government by and for the people has become the fact rather than a hope, is to-day the world's economical laboratory. Here revolutionary theories have been enacted into the laws of the land with consequences so interesting and so important that the attention of all the world's thinkers and workers is focused on this minor British colony wherein the problems that are gnawing at the northern hemisphere's vitals are being tranquilly and adequately solved. In this article Mr. Russell tells how this new order of things has been brought about; how in sixteen years New Zealand has attained the medium between private ownership and government ownership by private ownership and government supervision; how she has controlled labor troubles by compulsory arbitration, made the federation of labor a benefit instead of permitting it to become a menace; has turned threatened poverty into assured prosperity by a radical solution of the land problem. The story of the development of this modern Utopia, and of the men who have organized it, makes a narrative of the greatest possible value to American readers.

CHAPTER XXVI

ADVENT OF A GOVERNMENT THAT CARES MOST FOR THE LEAST FORTUNATE

WHILE all the rest of the world resounds with the clamor of conflict, New Zealand is the one country that has achieved peace.

Elsewhere society is disturbed from time to time with strikes, lockouts, labor wars, long and costly interruptions of industry, street riots, and sinister outbreaks of violence. Here is a country without strikes, without labor disturbances, without walking-delegates, pickets, Pinkertons, riots, dead-lines, injunctions, strike-breakers, armed guards, special strike deputies, or militia called out to shoot citizens and defend property.

Elsewhere class lines become more sharply drawn, the bitterness grows between employer and employed, thoughtful men have the gloomiest forebodings of struggle between class and class. In this country alone the antagonism between labor and capital has become chiefly a reminiscence, and employer and workmen begin to look upon their interests as essentially one.

Elsewhere poverty increases, the slums spread, millionaires multiply, accumulation

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RICHARD JOHN SEDDON, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A MINER BUT WAS PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND FROM MAY, 1893, UNTIL HIS DEATH, LAST JUNE.

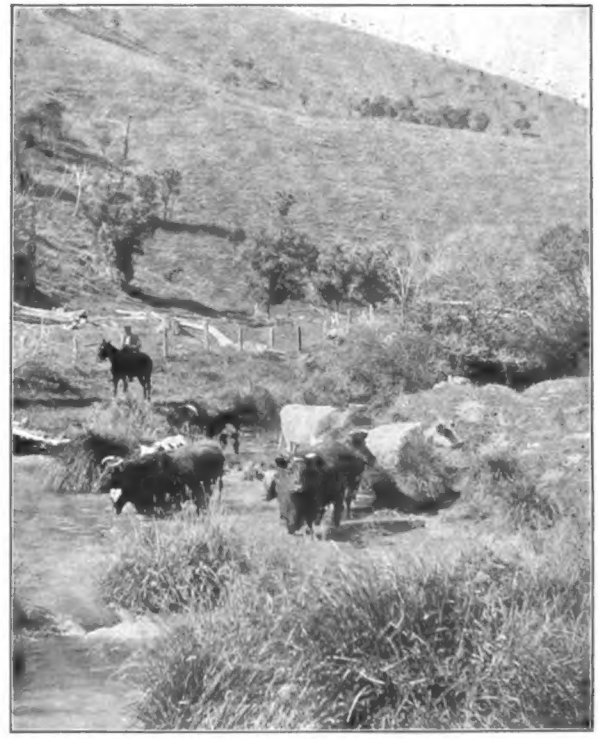
becomes an imminent threat, wealth and power gravitate into the hands of a few, greed preys upon need, feudalism in a new guise seems to gain upon free institutions. In this country alone men look upon these things as upon passed problems not again to bar the way of progress.

In New Zealand is no threat of accumulating millions, no trusts, no money mania, no corrupted legislatures, no extremes of condition, no surfeit, no poverty (as elsewhere we understand poverty), no destitution, no palaces, no slums, no unemployed, no epidemics, no overcrowding, no pest-holes, no noisome back streets, no heaps of unsanitary dwellings, no spots where people live without light, fresh air, and sunshine, no physical degeneration, no Hooligans, no tramps, no idlers, no trained monkey nor horseback dinners, no life-insurance scandals, no tax-dodging corporations, no boodling, no free-pass bribery, no watered stock, no fraudulent bonds, no rebates, no discriminations, no railroad combinations, no private graft for railroad presidents and managers, no refrigerator-car swindles, no immunity baths, no Beef Trusts, no pirate crews, no Morgans, no Rockefellers, no Armours, no smug Cassatts and Depews, no "Systems," and no government afraid to enforce the law upon the rich and the powerful.

In New Zealand slum conditions are so utterly unknown that the death-rate is the smallest among all the nations; the cause of the Common Good has been carried so far that the distribution of wealth is the most even and the average state of the inhabitants the best.

In New Zealand is no evidence anywhere that some men are gathering too much of the fruits of the earth while others can win too little.

In New Zealand, therefore, most of the questions we began by asking seem to have been answered; and judging by results, not by



From stereograph. Copyright, 1906, by H. C. White Co., New York.

CATTLE ON BUCHANAN'S RANCH IN WAIRARAPA, A DISTRICT FAMOUS FOR ITS SPLENDID PASTURAGE.

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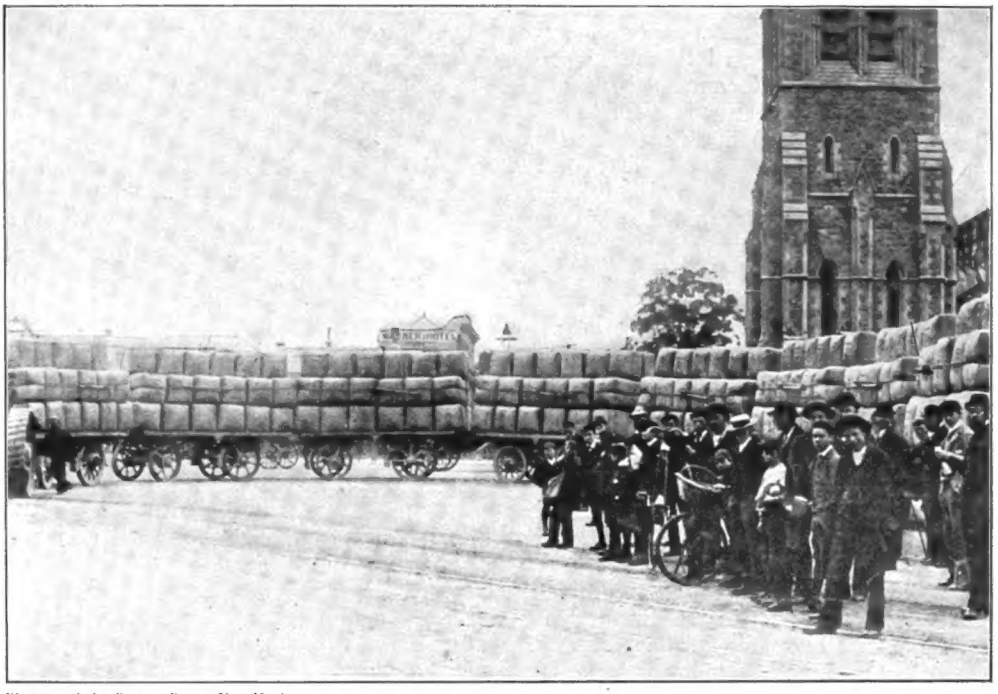

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE WHOLESALE METHOD BY WHICH WOOL IS BROUGHT IN FROM THE RANCHES, LOADED ON A LONG TRAIN OF ROAD WAGONS DRAWN BY A TRACTION ENGINE.

theories, here is the utmost present achievement of modern constructive statesmanship.

Yet it was not always so. Sixteen years ago New Zealand was striding manfully along the old path with the rest of us, ready to create paupers and starve them, ready to create millionaires and adore them, doing the things that generate misery, privation, riots, and splendor in the approved fashion of our own wisdom, following faithfully England's way to the same pit of horrors. Sixteen years ago nothing indicated that New Zealand would not have as many strikes, riots, slums, paupers, idiots, deformed children, starving men and women, teeming subcellars, hideous diseases, trusts, millionaires, tenements, and palaces as the remainder of the civilized circuit has. Few of the young countries gave a more reasonable promise of a harvest, in the fulness of time, of all the sweet fruits of our own precious methods. Yet the promise has been brought to naught, the most hostile critics admit that it has been brought to naught, and nothing observable in the present world outlook ought to equal in interest for the rest of us the story of the saving of that one brand from the burning.

Strange to reflect upon the good that has been born of evil, like flowers in a swamp! The germ of New Zealand's transformation was developed in a strike. Twice before in these chronicles we have come upon this phenomenon. Cooperation was born of the flannel weavers' strike at Rochdale; the reform movement in Australia was evolved from the silver-miners' strike at Broken Hill. In the same way democracy has often been furthered from the most uncouth and least promising sources when the schools and learned writers advanced it not an inch. To make this particular instance even stranger, the strike that changed New Zealand's destiny was sympathetic. In July, 1890, the maritime industries of Australia had suffered a great and historical strike for a readjustment of wage scales. One month later all the maritime workers in New Zealand left their work, not because they had any grievances but merely to help the strikers in Australia. Outside of organized labor all New Zealand blazed up at this arbitrary action. Such a manifestation of public wrath had not been known since the colony was founded. That men should strike for a cause of their own was understandable, but that having no complaint they should cripple trade, stop industry,

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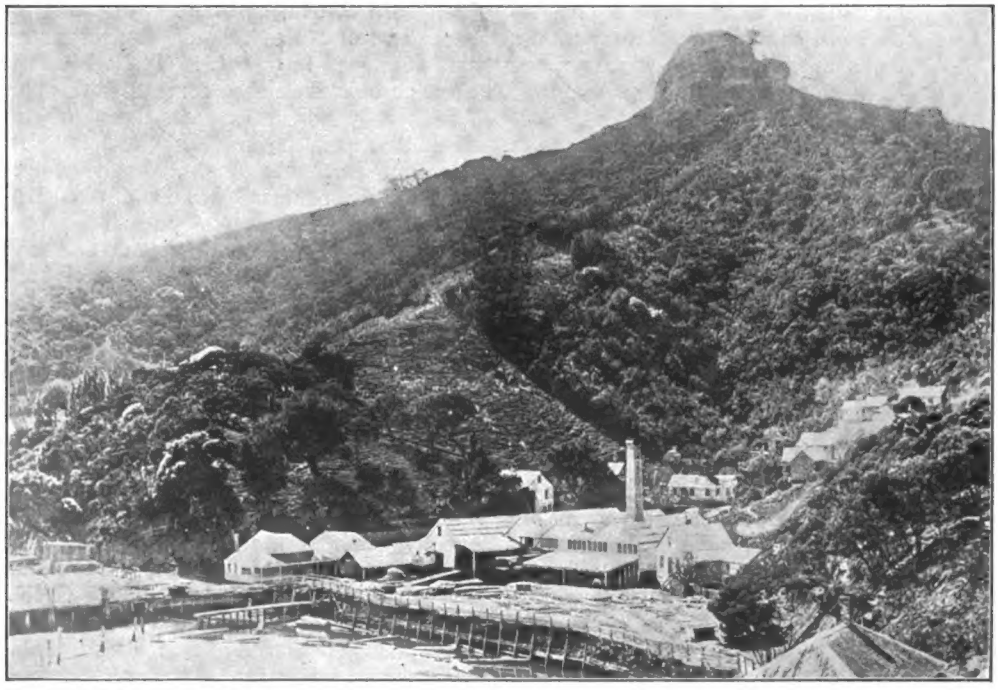
imperil property, and cause general distress merely because 1,200 miles away other men were striking seemed an intolerable outrage. Men that had never done manual labor were moved to offer themselves in menial capacities to the steamship lines; merchants and their clerks went upon the piers and handled freight, college students shoveled coal, professional men left their wonted employment to hunt for strike-breakers, offers of assistance came from the unlikeliest quarters. At any cost the strike must be broken, that was the feeling of the community. Very large interests were risked, for the maritime enterprises of New Zealand are vital to it; not only because it has great trade with Australia and other lands, but because usually the chief and sometimes the only transport between its towns is by the sea. Yet men said that there must be no compromise, no matter who suffered. More than the ruin of trade impended, for the strike had included all workers in and about a ship, excepting only the captain, and when the places of engineers, mates, and stokers had been filled with green and incompetent men the peril to life and goods was great along those rocky shores.

But the iron was up in the blood. The people furnished the strike-breakers, and took the risk of their bad work, and the result was the rout of the strikers.

All this seemed well enough. But the cost of the strike had been, for a small country, enormous. In many a tradesman's balance-sheet holes had been made that months of fair trade could hardly cover. Moreover the victors were plagued with the sight of the vanquished, often in acute distress. The strike had left many wounds, for that is the rule with strikes. Labor men were sore and sullen in defeat; and the merchants were angry at their losses.

Now there was in New Zealand a certain class of thoughtful men, interested in public affairs and studious of economic tendencies, that looked beyond the fighting armies of capital and labor and without prejudice to either side saw that these things would not do. Clearly, strikes did not pay; no matter who won, victory was too costly and too empty. Much better than the merchants they could understand a sympathetic strike because they could understand how men, feeling a sense of common struggle against common injustice, might be drawn by a bond of fellowship into a battle in which they had



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

ONE OF THE BIG NEW ZEALAND SAW-MILLS.

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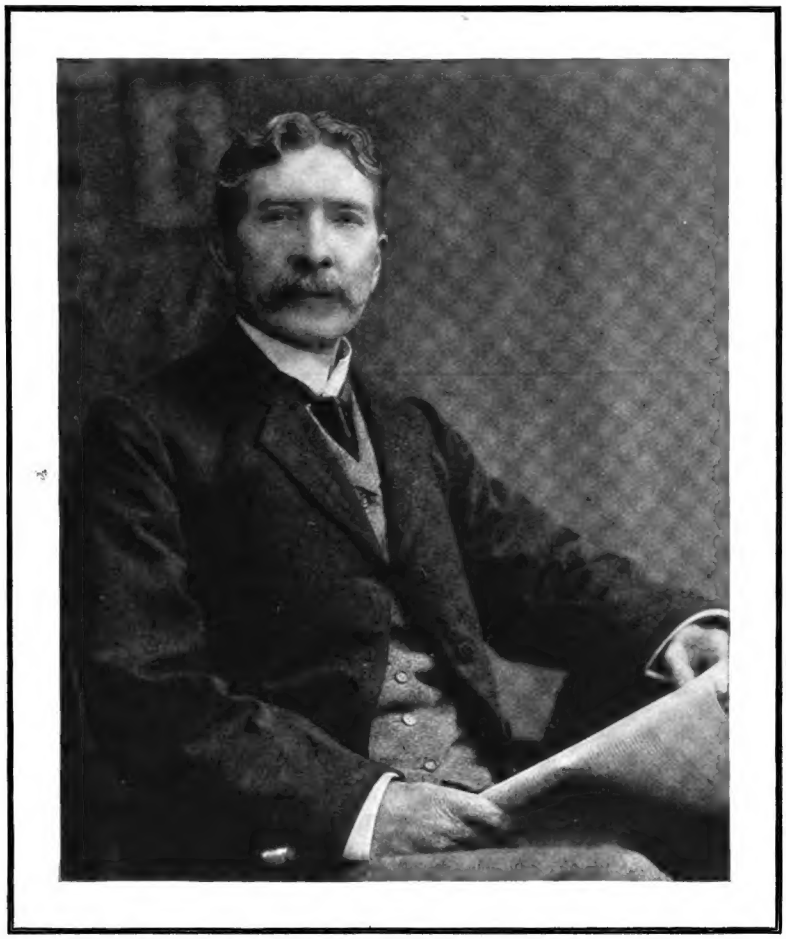

Photo by Kinsey, Wellington, New Zealand.

HON. EDWARD TREGEAR, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR LABOR; ORIGINATOR OF MANY OF NEW ZEALAND'S RADICAL LABOR LAWS.

no direct concern. But, whatever might be the cause, a strike was not in the line of progress. Strikes, they said, should be abandoned everywhere, and first in New Zealand.

A handful of men with these convictions, and some others, determined to see if the civilization of the ballot-box could not be made to prevail upon the savagery of the strike. They drew together some of the labor leaders, organized a party, joined hands with the Liberals, and began a campaign for improved conditions.

It was a good ripe time. Under a somewhat tenuous form of allegiance to England the colony was self-governing, with a responsible ministry and with parliamentary elections every three years. While New Zealand had kept the even way of commonplace the conservatives and better element had ruled; but dully. An election came on the year after the strike, interest in politics suddenly revived, there was a brief and animated struggle, and the Liberal and Labor combination won by a slender majority. The conservative and better elements were swept from office, and New Zealand quickly learned that the new government, with John Ballance at its head, meant very different things.

The men that thus came to power were not like men that had ever ruled in any English colony in the world. They were not of that governing class that has so long dominated England; they were not even educated men in the narrow sense of the scholiast. As a rule, they had earned their bread with the toil of their hands; they had known what labor means, the sweet and the sour of it. They

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Ti Whio, a typical Maori leader of the last generation.

Henare Kaihau, member of Parliament; a Maori of to-day.

were of the men that think while they push the plane and read while other men sleep; working men like that broad-faced, big-hearted Alexander McLeod that blessed Woolwich with cooperation, thoughtful men like the Rochdale Pioneers. Out of their reading and thinking they had evolved a certain creed, and gradually they began to put it to the practical test of experience. To them it seemed clear that modern conditions and developments had made useless the old ideals of government. To open the door to the unrestrained operations of capital was merely to make certain that in a few years a few men would usurp the means of life and the majority would be in want; and wherever this happened the power of accumulated wealth practically abolished free government. They concluded from their reading that in reality the struggle against the forces that oppress mankind was not ended, but only begun, when the claws of monarchy were clipped. Monarchy seemed to them only one form and one name of a power that around the world operated to keep down the many and to elevate the few, a power no less active because it was subtle. They believed that the first question worth considering was whether capital and the money mania were to be allowed to enslave the majority of the race, and they felt certain that

A GENERAL VIEW OF AUCKLAND, FROM THE PIERS.

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mankind could not follow far its present road without reverting to purely medieval conditions.

It did not seem to them that these tendencies are necessary. They did not quite believe in the gospel of palaces and slums, surfeit and starvation, too much and too little. The notion that three-fourths of humanity must live in want and misery and one-tenth of it dwell in atrophying luxury seemed to them monstrous. They did not admit that because a condition has existed for centuries it is necessarily sacred or of divine origin or incapable of improvement. They thought it might be possible to erect in one corner of the earth a country where the fortunate should not prey upon the unfortunate, nor absorb the public resources; where slums need not flourish, labor need not be a badge of disgrace, the public service need not be corrupted, and life might be decent and clean and safe.

To them it seemed that the kind of government that would bring about better conditions would reverse immemorial custom and give more of its attention to the poor, the obscure, and the unfortunate than it gave to the eminent and the rich. They thought it was of more practical importance to the race to prevent epidemics and to alleviate misery than to adorn society or to collect campaign subscriptions, and they resolved that when the government of New Zealand should pass into their hands they would see if they could not do something to obliterate poverty and restrain the predations of wealth. To this task they went without the assistance of the blessed science of political economy, but they had something that seems almost as good. They had plain common sense, high courage, and sincerity of purpose.

Many of the ideas that they have since put into practise were very vague with them when they began; but one thing seemed clear enough. They believed that most of the evils of the world resulted from the uneven distribution of wealth, and that they ought to do something to help the men that were getting too little to get more. A primitive way to help was to keep them in good physical condition; so the campaign of the new government opened with bills to improve health. Wherever two or more persons were employed, was the sweeping declaration of these measures, there must be adequate light, fresh air, approved sanitation, and ample fire-escapes. If meals were eaten upon the premises employers must provide dining-rooms with tables, chairs, and facilities for heating water, so that there should be no more eating of cold luncheons from tin buckets, while seated upon work-benches. Inspectors were provided to see that these regulations were strictly enforced, and heavy penalties were laid upon employers that neglected them. Working men were protected in other ways. For the first time in New Zealand they were allowed to file mechanics' liens upon an owner's property in default of payment by a contractor, and the laws about employers' liability for accident were amended so as to give an injured workman a chance to recover damages. Previously such laws had been devised, as they generally are with us, to enable the employer to dodge his responsibility.

All these changes merely paved the way to greater matters. The new government next took in hand the crying evil known to us as the "Company Store," and abolished it. Did you ever consider the company store? It is a beautiful thing for highway robbery, safe, efficient, and immensely profitable. A good reliable company store is better any day than a sand-bag or brass knuckles —never leaves a mark and the police don't bother about it. Once New Zealand had many company stores, and, as with us, one of their sweet results had been that some of the families enslaved to these delectable institutions never saw any money from one year's end to another's. They were continually in debt at the company store; whatever they needed they must get from the company store; the only inheritance they could leave to their children was this lifelong and hopeless account at the company store. Even when the purchases were made at reasonably fair prices the thing was a swindle. The employer owned the store. He therefore in effect paid the men in goods at retail prices that he had bought at wholesale prices. But the cases where the prices were reasonable were few, and where the employer made diligent use of his opportunity the game was burglary. Some years ago, when I was investigating the anthracite coal-mines of Pennsylvania, I found that the run of prices at the company stores averaged thirty per cent. higher than they should have been, and the miners were compelled to buy at those prices or be discharged. At the same time the law of the State absolutely prohibited company stores, and almost every coal-mine had one. Well? What would you expect? It was Pennsylvania, you know, and names were so easy!

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In New Zealand when they pluck up an old villainy they fetch away roots and all. They didn't namby-pamby with negligible laws prohibiting company stores, but made company stores impossible by providing that all wages must be paid in cash, and nothing but cash, and without deductions for indebtedness. Thus, if a workman's wages were $30 a month and he owed $16, it was not possible to give him $14 and a receipt for the amount he owed. He must be paid in full $30, even if he returned $16 of it the next moment. Also, wages must be paid within twenty-four hours of a demand for them, and wages of less than $10 a week were exempt from attachment from any source, a provision that practically abolished the loan shark.

Upon these changes as seeming to indicate a sentimental philanthropy, the conservative element looked with mild disfavor; but when the reformers undertook to carry out their ideas of the distribution of wealth by a radical and unprecedented interference with private affairs, there was a howl of dismay and a reasonable protest. Political economy says you must not attempt to regulate the number of hours that a man may work. It cites instances where governments have tried to do this and have failed, and it demonstrates clearly that these matters must be left to the mutual consent of employer and employed. Moreover, there is the terrible freedom of contract; any attempt to limit the working-day is a violation of that holy of holies; no less a body than the Supreme Court of the United States has said so and sternly rebuked audacious heretics that thought otherwise. But the New Zealanders had another kind of a Supreme Court, and they said that if freedom of contract compelled men to work too long hours for too little pay, then it would be better for the poor blind world to try to stumble along bereft of the precious boon of that freedom. So they broke into the shrine and rioted about in it in the most shocking manner. They passed a law so emphatically constituting eight hours and no more a day's work in all industries that neither ingenuity nor hardihood could evade it. Some exceptions were made in the necessary cases of men engaged in emergency work, as sometimes in the railroad train service, and salesmen and saleswomen were specially provided for in another act; but for all other workers eight hours became the working-day. For all labor in excess of eight hours and for all labor on holidays, workers must be paid at the rate of one and a half times their usual compensation. All employers were obliged to keep records of all overtime work, the names of the men so employed, the overtime they worked, their regular wage-rate, the amounts paid to them for overtime; and copies of all these records must be filed with the colonial department of labor.

In all trades, industries, and businesses, a weekly half-holiday was decreed for the round year. Choice of the day was made locally optional, but in each of the labor districts into which the colony had been divided all stores, shops, and factories must close for one day in the week at one o'clock and not be open until the next morning. For retail stores the length of the day was fixed at nine hours including an hour for luncheon for each employee. All overtime and holiday work in all stores, retail and wholesale, was ordered to be paid for at one and one-half times the regular scale.

All employed women and children were placed under strict legal protection. No child could be employed anywhere in any way at an earlier age than fourteen years. From fourteen to eighteen years all employed persons must be provided with a certificate of age and of having passed the fourth standard examination in the public schools. And here was something else to make our eyes bulge. No woman of any age and no boy between fourteen and eighteen years of age could work overtime in their employment except on twenty-eight days in the year and then for not more than three hours in each of the twenty-eight days. In order to obtain even this overtime the employer must on each occasion file at the nearest office of the labor department an application and secure a permit. The application must state the name and age of each person of whom overtime work was desired and the amount of overtime expected. These names were ordered to be kept on file in the labor offices. Before the permit could be issued the records must be examined. If any person in the submitted list had within twelve months worked overtime on twenty-eight occasions the application for that person must be rejected. And for all the overtime work allowed the employer must pay a price and a half.

In our own happy land, where the freedom of contract is inviolable, we proceed in quite a different way. Imagine the salesgirls in a great department store restricted by law to three hours' daily overtime in the Christmas

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season, paid for that at one and a half times their regular wage, and provided with supper money or car fare to go home! But in the New Zealand stores you do not see those pale, thin, exhausted young women, struggling on with overtaxed frames and weary feet, that brighten for us the merry Yule-tide.

One morning when I was in the Pennsylvania anthracite region I arose early to see the men (and others) go into the mines. It was a great sight because there were about fifty boys whose employment was a crime against humanity and the State law and sowed the certain seeds of disease, ignorance, vice, and misery for all society to reap. I saw one man trudging off to labor with his three children. One walked on each side grasping his father's hand, and the third, being too little to walk at the required pace, was astride the father's neck. The oldest of these boys was eleven and the youngest seven. I was told that the two older boys drove mules in the mines. And the boy astride his father's neck? Oh, he picked slate.

You shall see no such sight as that in New Zealand, glory be.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BREAKING OF THE LAND MONOPOLY

"In music," said Schumann, "nothing is wrong that sounds right." The advance movement in New Zealand has been founded upon a similarly revolutionary doctrine. To the plain men that now controlled affairs nothing in legislation was bad if it furthered the welfare, health, liberty, happiness, or opportunities of the masses of the people. While they were radically changing conditions for the workingmen they were also busily knocking to pieces a land system that had all the bulwarks of old custom and all the sanctity of formula.

As in Australia, the land question really overtopped everything else. It was to these countries as the trust question is to us; on it depended whether the nation should go forward or backward. For years before the advent of the reformers, New Zealand, under the control of her landowners and bent upon a general and filial imitation of England, had made as much progress as imitators usually make. The finances were in a bad way, trade was torpid, the extraordinary resources of the islands were chiefly undeveloped. It was known then as a "nice colony, New Zealand"; it was well-behaved, it had the proper reverence for antiquity, it could be depended upon to spread the dry-rot of feudalism and conservatism; among many ways, by a land system copied from England under which great estates seized and held most of the arable land in the colony, outside of the crown possessions. It was the same old story; no settlers were coming because there was no land to attract them.

What was known as "the gridiron method" assisted materially in the building of these fine old estates. One member of a family would get hold of a strip of land while his son bought a parallel and similar strip a short distance off. Then they found means to squeeze out the intervening holder, if any, and amalgamated the properties in a way calculated to warm the heart of any land-grabbing American senator, in or out of jail. Where land was held by small settlers it was usually mortgaged. At one time farm mortgages were proportionately as common as they ever were in Kansas. On these heart-breaking debts a cruel interest was extorted. Banks were wont to get ten and sometimes twelve per cent., and the Shylocks and money-lenders did still better. As not even New Zealand farms could sustain such monstrous loads the country was steadily becoming poorer.

For these conditions the reformers applied two remedies that caused many of their friends to wince, the conservatives to protest, and landed families to cry aloud in agony.

First, the government passed an act under which it was authorized to use the public funds to purchase estates and to throw them open to settlement. Wherever there appeared to be a piece of good land useful for the purpose, the government descended upon it and offered the owner a price. Invariably the offer was refused. Then the government appointed an arbitrator, the owner chose another, the two chose a third, and these fixed upon the value of the land. To this the government added five per cent., and the owner was obliged to accept the price thus determined, and to vacate the premises. Yes, like it or dislike it, out he went. And without appeals, stays, injunctions, arguments, briefs, surrebuttals, new trials, reopened cases, postponements, circuit court decisions, appellate court decisions, supreme court decisions, or any other time-wasting. He pocketed the money and went from the land, or the govern-

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ment threw him off. Then the government cut the land into small farms and offered these to settlers on leases running 999 years and based upon four per cent. on the purchase price.

One of the builders of fine old estates and revered landed families was a gentleman that rejoiced in the pleasing name of Readymoney Robinson. He had a trifle of 120,000 acres, which he had formed into an estate called Cheviot, and planned to leave it as a seat of the landed gentry so dear to the English mind. In 1893 the population of Cheviot was twelve, all told; they being sheep-shearers, in fact. On a part of the land a few sheep ran; the rest was idle and would long be, for I suppose I need hardly say that the utility of these grand estates was either as a speculative holding or as sweet hunting preserves. The government offered Mr. Robinson a price for his land. Mr. Robinson declined it with scorn and indignation; naturally, for all the landowners looked upon the government's policy as an outrageous invasion of their rights, and upon the men that constituted the government as vile, atrocious anarchists. But the government, caring naught for these things, carried out the law upon Mr. Robinson, ousted him, cut up his fine old estate into small farms for the lower orders, and to-day 2,000 persons live upon it; and where in the good old days was nothing but a hunting field and a few sheep are now fields of grain.

High-handed and arbitrary all this was, no doubt, and subversive of the blessed precedents; but it saved New Zealand. It tore to shreds one of the favorite postulates of the learned writers, for it recognized and paid for the unearned increment; the families that held lands for speculation got for their holdings the full market value and more. But it made New Zealand prosper, it turned the hunting fields into productive farms for men and women, and the plain men in charge of affairs said it was better to have production and opportunity and homes than to have all the economic postulates that ever were written.

They did more than this, for they have never rested with any achievement, nor thought it represented the ultimate state of man. They lifted the blight of the mortgages. How? In the most radical, direct, and unscientific way imaginable. The colony pledged its credit, issued obligations, borrowed upon them $7,500,000, and lent the sum at four per cent. to distressed farmers, taking security on the farmers' lands. This, too, was in total violation of the laws of political economy in such cases made and provided; but it cured the mortgage evil, which was probably more important. Relieved of the old deadly burden of extortionate interest, the small farmers of New Zealand began to prosper. They have prospered ever since. So far the government has lent to the farmers about $20,000,000, but it has saved them $40,000,000 in interest, because as soon as it came into the field with its cheap loans, interest rates dropped everywhere. You see Shylock has fled from these shores and will not return.

The government has never lost a cent in these loans.

Reform proceeded next, with a land tax graduated to an ascending scale, to discourage land-grabbing and land speculation, so that the more land a man owns the higher is the tax-rate upon it. Thus for farms of ordinary size the rate is two cents in every $5 of assessed valuation; but on estates of more than $25,000 the rate increases in regular ratio to the maximum of six cents for every $5.

Except for absentee owners. They must pay fifty per cent. more than residents. You can see that in New Zealand the chance for fine old families and landed gentry is slim.

No doubt the theory of these things is extremely reprehensible, but the practise is excellent. What with seizing the big estates and what with the graduated land tax the size of holdings has been so reduced that of 115,713 landowners in 1905 only 22,778 came under the operations of the augmented land tax. The others, having small properties, paid the smallest rate. Under the land purchase act the government has seized 691,594 acres, mostly hunting fields and uncultivated family inheritances. These have been partitioned into small farms and are occupied by actual settlers. Under the operation of all the new land laws together, the produce of New Zealand has trebled and the New Zealand farmer has become the most prosperous in the world.

There is another chapter in this story, which I add both because it has a certain grim touch of humor and because it contrasts so sharply with our own ways. We suffer so much from the performances of the tax dodger that certainly every State, and I suppose every community, could increase its revenue at least threefold if the taxes were hon-

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estly levied and paid. Once they had tax dodgers in New Zealand, but they have them no more. The reformers got rid of them by enacting a law that the government could buy any property at the value the owner placed upon it for taxation purposes. That is to say, if a gentleman declaimed that the assessors had done him infamous wrong, and that the estate they had valued at $100,000 was not worth more than $80,000, the government could draw a check for $80,000, and the gentleman was obliged to accept it. When this law had been sprung three or four times tax-dodging ceased to be an attractive amusement, gentlemen no longer complained of their assessments, and the revenues underwent a notable increase.

Do but imagine to yourself what would happen in Chicago, let us say, if the government had the right to purchase at the owners' valuation certain rich railroad, brewery, and other corporation properties, that now bear one-tenth of their proper tax burdens. Think of it! Chicago would find herself with enough revenue to have a police force and keep her citizens from being sandbagged and murdered. And what a change that would be!

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE END OF STRIKES IN NEW ZEALAND

MEANTIME John Ballance died in office, worn down by his labors (for the eight-hour restriction has never applied to cabinet ministers), and in his place arose to fulfil the utmost hopes of the new movement one of the strongest figures in the history of government in any age or country.

Richard John Seddon, this remarkable man, was of Lancashire birth and a career whose extremes had touched about all there is in life. He came into the world desperately poor, the child of the coal-mines, where first with pick and shovel he began to earn his bread. Subsequent experiences included digging for gold on the west coast of New Zealand, acting as miners' advocate,* keeping a tavern, and campaigning for a seat in the lower branch of the colonial Parliament. He was a big man, with a big head, big strong hands, a big strong will, and a muscular frame. His schooling had been exceedingly meager; when he came to New Zealand he was hardly able to read; but he had tact, common sense, a singularly cool, clear mind, a taste for executive politics, and a sincere sympathy with the toiling army in whose ranks he had served. He educated himself; he was well aware of conditions as they are and not as they exist in books; but it appears that in this revolution he was more of a Garibaldi than a Mazzini, and at all times thinkers and originators sat behind him and mapped the way he won upon. He had come into the government with the Ballance ministry, and being the strongest member, succeeded naturally to the command.

He held it without interruption for thirteen years of achievements that seem most remarkable, carrying through daring innovations, upsetting formula and accepted theory, disproving the schoolmen, confounding his critics, and growing so much stronger at every election that in his last years he governed without opposition, all but fifteen of the seventy-five members of Parliament being pledged to his support. A plain man, with plain manners, great native shrewdness and skill, he kept his head in spite of his brilliant success. Tinsel honors of knighthood never tempted him; he remained plain Mr. Seddon when he might have been a baronet or peer or something of that kind; liked to be called "Dick," liked to chat with old cronies, addressed any one he knew well as "old man," wore a straggling gray beard, went about unpretentiously, and except for his big head and keen eyes looked essentially commonplace.

The greatest triumph of the new order, the law that rid New Zealand of strikes and brought labor and capital to mark time together, was the work of his administration. For strikes and riots this law substituted arbitration by tribunals maintained by the state. All labor disputes were by it referred to a Board of Conciliation, which was to take testimony and render a decision. If either side were dissatisfied with this an appeal could be made to an Arbitration Court, whose finding was to be final and binding.

The act was unique in two ways.

In the first place it distinctly recognized the labor-union as a necessary factor in modern life, legalized it, organized it, and dragged it up to perform a definite function in the government of the state. Each district (or county) in the colony was to have its Conciliation Board of five members, two chosen by the labor-unions of the district, two by the employers, and these four were to elect the fifth. The Arbitration Court, a colonial

* A kind of walking-delegate.

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body, was to have three members, of whom one was chosen by the labor-unions, the second by the employers, and the third was to be a judge of the Colonial Supreme Court, selected by the government. For the elective places on these boards only such labor-unions and employers' associations could vote as had registered with the Colonial Labor Office; but any seven men in any trade could at any time organize a union and secure registry.

Still more revolutionary was the other peculiarity. In a way somewhat less than half-hearted we have established in various States, Boards of Mediation and Conciliation. None of these has been of the least utility except to afford employment for broken-down politicians. The New Zealand law has been a real and not a nominal exhibition thing because the New Zealanders seized at once upon the heart of the whole matter.

They made arbitration compulsory.

Now, according to formula and the text-books, arbitration cannot be compulsory; compulsory arbitration, we are told, is not arbitration at all, but a tyrannical interference with natural human rights. No doubt, good formalists; but here you can see it among a free and happy people in perfect working order, to the satisfaction of a community that is forgetting what the word strike means.

Under heavy penalties both sides to labor disputes are bound to abide by the decisions of the Arbitration Court. In practise the government found that seven in every ten cases were appealed from the Conciliation Board, whose decisions were not final; hence, after a few years the law was so amended as to allow a direct resort (under some restrictions) to the Arbitration Court, thus simplifying and hastening the procedure. The Conciliation Boards found enough employment in other activities.

Since under compulsory arbitration there can be neither strikes nor lockouts, the essential business of the Arbitration Court is really to fix in every line of industry a minimum wage. I know the text-books say that you must not do this, but all the text-books seem to lose their effect when you come to New Zealand. There the minimum wage is fixed every week, and the only injury has been to persons that were wont to sell rotten eggs to be thrown at strike-breakers. Their business has been depressed; the rest of the community has fared exceedingly well.

See how the plan works in practise. Suppose the carpenters of Wellington think they should have higher wages. They make of their employers a demand for an increase, let us say, of a shilling a day. Suppose the employers refuse the demand. The carpenters' union now brings the matter before the Arbitration Court, which summons both sides for a hearing. The carpenters through a representative (not an attorney) present their case; the employers make answer, through a similar channel, that the demand is unreasonable, unwarranted, and they cannot afford to grant it. Whereupon the employers are ordered to produce their books and show to the court (not to anybody else) whether their profits will or will not justify the increase. If the court thinks the conditions in the building trade do not warrant enhanced wages, it dismisses the petition and the matter is ended. If it thinks the employers can afford to pay a shilling a day more, it makes an order to that effect, and for the next two years in the Wellington district the scale thus fixed by the court will be the minimum wage for carpenters.

Meantime there has not been a moment's interruption of work,—not a ripple has disturbed the industrial sea.

May I remind you for a moment of the different procedure in our own happy land? Here the demand would be presented by a committee or by a walking-delegate (either extremely obnoxious to employers soured by many labor troubles), and instantly upon the refusal the men would throw down their tools and their work would stop all about the city. And not their work alone. Thousands of other men, plasterers, masons, roofers, housesmiths, tinsmiths, plumbers, decorators, and painters, would be unable to proceed with their work while they awaited the settlement of a quarrel in which they had no concern. Many innocent contractors would be embarrassed, many innocent tradesmen would lose heavily, many useful enterprises would be hindered, and the utmost borders of the community would feel the spreading circles of misfortune. Meantime there would be picket-lines, armed men, broken heads, and incipient riots; the police would attack the strikers and rioters would stone the police, and all the elements of civil war would surge about the streets until the militia should come and camp on the scene and shoot three or four innocent bystanders. Then, after weeks of paralyzed industry and monstrous losses in wages to workmen and in business to employers, some concession might

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be granted to the men, or the employers might secure enough labor to go on with the work; and the disturbance would slowly subside, leaving smoldering hatreds certain to break forth in renewed and more desperate strife.

That is the way we do it. The coal-miners' strike of 1902 caused a loss of $100,000,000. A strike of teamsters in Chicago caused losses estimated at $50,000,000. The Packing-House strike of 1904 threatened the nation's food supply. The Colorado miners' strike produced civil war and such conditions as Americans blush to think of. But that is the way we do it. Shall not a man do as he pleases with his own? Shall he not conduct his own business as he shall see fit?

Not in New Zealand, if his conduct of his business disturbs the public quiet or impairs the Common Good. Because in New Zealand the Common Good is held to be as much more important than any man's business as it is more important than the frayed and weary apothegms of medieval economics.

In the December number Mr. Russell will continue his story of New Zealand's epoch-making achievements in the establishment of the Common Good.

The Runaway Road

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

THE Road ran spitefully up a steep, hot, rocky, utterly shadeless hill, and then at the top turned suddenly in a flirty little green loop, and looked back, and called "Follow me!"

Wouldn't you have considered that a dare?

The Girl and the White Pony certainly took it as such, and proceeded at once to "follow," though the White Pony stumbled clatteringly on the rolling stones, and the Girl had to cling for dear life to the rocking pommels of her saddle.

It was a cruel climb, puff—pant—scramble—dust—glare—every step of the way, but when the two adventurers really reached the summit at last, a great dark chestnut-tree loomed up for shade, every sweet-smelling breeze in the world was there to welcome them, and the whole green valley below stretched out before them in the shining, woodsy wonder of high noon and high June.

You know, yourself, just how the world looks and feels and smells at high noon of a high June!

Even a pony stands majestically on the summit of a high hill—neck arched, eyes rolling, mane blowing, nostrils quivering. Even a girl feels a tug of power at her heart.

And still the Road cried "Follow me!" though it never turned its head again in doubt or coquetry. It was a kind-looking Road now, all gracious and sweet and tender, with rustly green overhead, and soft green underfoot, and the pleasant, buzzing drone of bees along its clovered edges.

"We might just as well follow it and see," argued the Girl, and the White Pony took the suggestion with a wild leap and cantered eagerly along the desired way.

It was such an extraordinarily lonesome Road that you could scarcely blame it for picking up companionship as best it might. There was stretch after stretch of pasture, and stretch after stretch of woodland, and stretch after stretch of black-stumped clearing—with never a house to cheer it, or a human echo to break its ghostly stillness. Yet with all its isolation and remoteness the landscape had that certain vibrant, vivid air of self-consciousness that thrills you with an uncanny sense of an invisible presence—somewhere. It's just a trick of June!

Tramps, pirates, even cannibals, seemed deliciously imminent. The Girl remembered reading once of a lonely woman bicyclist who met a runaway circus elephant at the turn of a country road. Twelve miles from home is a long way off to have anything happen.

Her heart began to quicken with the joyous sort of fear that is one of the prime sweets of youth. It's only when fear reaches your head that it hurts. The loneliness, the mystery, the uncertainty, were tonic to her. The color spotted in her cheeks. Her eyes narrowed defensively to every startling detail of

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woods or turf. Her ears rang with the sudden, new acuteness of her hearing. She felt as though she and the White Pony were stalking right across the heart-strings of the earth. Once the White Pony caught his foot and sent a scared sob into her throat.

Oh, everything was magic! A little brown rabbit reared up in the Road as big as a kangaroo, and beckoned her with his ears. A red-winged blackbird bulky as an eagle trumpeted a swamp-secret to her as he passed. A tiny chipmunk in the wall loomed like a lion in his lair, and sent a huge rock crashing like an avalanche into the field. The whole green and blue world seemed tingling with toy noises.

The White Pony's mouth was frothing with the curb. The White Pony's coat was reeking wet with noon and nervousness, but the Girl sat tense and smiling and important in her saddle, as though just once for all time she was the only italicized word in the Book of Life.

"It's just the kind of a road that I like to travel alone," she gasped, a little breathlessly, "but if I were engaged and my man let me do it, I should consider him—careless."

That was exactly the sort of Road it was!

Yet after three or four miles the White Pony shook all the skittishness out of his feet, and settled down to a zigzag, browsing-clover gait, and the Girl relaxed at last, and sat loosely to ease her own muscles, and slid the bridle trustingly across the White Pony's neck.

Then she began to sing. Never in all her life had she sung outside the restricting cage of house or church. A green and blue loneliness on a June day is really the only place in the world that is big enough for singing! In dainty ballad, in impassioned hymn, in opera, in anthem, the Girl's voice, high and sweet and wild as a boy's, rang out in fluttering tremolo. Over and over again, as though half unconscious of the words, but enraptured with the melody, she dwelt at last on that dream-song of every ecstatic young soul who tarries for a moment on the edge of an unfocused exultation:

> The King of Love my Shepherd is
> Whose Goodness faileth never,
> I nothing lack if I am *his*
> And he is *mine f-o-r-e-v-e-r!*
> Forever!———Is *mine f-o-r-e-v-e-r!*

Her pulsing, passionate crescendo came echoing back to her from a gray granite hillside, and sent a reverent thrill of power across her senses.

Then—suddenly—into her rhapsody broke the astonishing, harsh clash and clatter of a hay-rake. The White Pony lurched, stood stock-still, gave a hideous snort of terror, grabbed the bit in his teeth, and bolted like mad on and on and on and on till a quick curve in the Road dashed him into the very lap of a tiny old gray farmhouse that completely blocked the way.

In another second he would have stumbled across the threshold and hurled his rider precipitously into the front hall if she had not at that very second recovered her "yank-hold" on his churning mouth and wrenched him back so hard that any animal but a horse would have sat down.

Then the girl straightened up very tremblingly in her saddle and said "O——h!"

Some one had to say something, for there in the dooryard close beside her were an Artist, a Bossy, and a White Bulldog, who all instantaneously stopped whatever they were doing and began to stare at her.

Now it's all very well to go dashing like mad into a person's front yard on a runaway horse. Anybody could see that you didn't do it on purpose; but when at last you have stopped dashing, what are you going to do next, particularly when the Road doesn't go any farther? Shall you say, "Isn't this a pleasant summer?" or "What did you really like best at the theatre last winter?" If you gallop out it looks as though you were frightened. If you amble out, you might hear some one laugh behind your back, which is infinitely worse than being grabbed on the stairs.

The situation was excessively awkward. And the Artist evidently was not clever in conversational emergencies.

The Girl straightened her gray slouch hat. Then she ran the cool metal butt of her riding-whip back and forth under the White Pony's sweltering mane. Then she swallowed very hard once or twice and remarked inanely:

"Did the Road go right into the house?"

"Yes," said the Artist, with a nervous blue dab at his canvas.

The Girl's ire rose at his churlishness. "If that is so," she announced, "if the Road really went right into the house, I'll just wait here a minute till it comes out again."

But the Artist never smiled an atom to make things easier, though the Bossy began

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to tug most joyously at his chain, and the White Bulldog rolled over and over with delight.

The Girl would have given anything now to escape at full speed down the Road along which she had come, but escape of that sort had suddenly assumed the qualities of a panicky, ignominious retreat, so she parried for time by riding right up behind the Artist and watching him change a perfectly blue canvas sky into a regular tornado.

"Oh, do you think it's going to rain as hard as that?" she teased. "Perhaps I'd better settle down here until the storm is over."

But the Artist never smiled or spoke. He just painted and sniffed as though he worked by steam, and when his ears had finally grown so crimson that apoplexy seemed impending, she took pity on his miserable embarrassment and backed even the shadow of her pony out of his sight. Then with a desperate effort at perfect ease she remarked:

"Well—I guess I'll ride round to your back door. Perhaps the Road came out that way and went on without me."

But though she and the White Pony hunted in every direction through white birch and swaying alders, they found no possible path by which the Road could have escaped, and were obliged at last to return with some hauteur, and make as dignified an exit as possible from the scene.

The Artist bowed with stiff relief at their departure, but the White Bulldog preceded them with friendly romps and yells, and the Bossy pulled up his iron hitching stake and chain and came clanking after them with furious bounds and jingles.

No one but the White Pony would have stood the racket for a moment, and even the White Pony began to feel a bit staccato in his feet. The Girl kept her saddle like a circus rider, but the amusement on her face was just a trifle studied. It was a fine procession, clamor and all, with the Bulldog scouting ahead, the White Pony following skittishly, and the Bossy see-sawing behind, clanking a dungeon chain that left a cloud of dust as far as you could see.

It must have startled the Youngish Man who loomed up suddenly at a bend of the Road and caught the wriggling Bulldog in his arms.

"Who comes here?" he cried with a regular war-whoop of a challenge. "Who comes here?"

"Just a lady and a bossy," said the Girl, as she reined in the Pony abruptly, and sent the Bossy caroming off into the bushes.

"But it's my brother's Bossy," protested the Youngish Man.

"Oh, no, it isn't," the Girl explained a little wearily. "It's mine now. It chose between us."

The Youngish Man eyed her with some amusement.

"Did you really see my brother at the house?" he probed.

The Girl nodded, flushing. It was very hot, and she was beginning to feel just a wee bit faint and hungry and irritable.

"Yes, I saw your brother," she reiterated, "but I didn't seem to care for him. I rode by mistake right into the picture he was painting. There's probably paint all over me. It was very awkward, and he didn't do a thing to make things easier. I abominate that kind of person. If a man can't do anything else he can always ask you if you wouldn't like a drink of water!" She scowled indignantly. "It was the Road's fault anyway! I was just exploring, and the Road cried 'Follow me,' and I followed—a little faster than I meant to—and the Road ran right into your house and shut the door. Oh, *slammed* the door right in my face!"

"Would you like a drink of water, *now*?" suggested the Youngish Man.

"No, I thank you," said the Girl, with stubborn dignity, and then weakened to the alluring offer with "But my White Pony is very cruelly thirsty."

Both Adventurers looked pretty jaded with heat and dust.

The Youngish Man led the way into a tiny, pungent wood-path that ended in a gurgling spring-hole, where the White Pony muzzled his nose with deep-breathed, dripping satisfaction, while the Girl kept to her saddle and looked down on the Youngish Man with frank interest.

He looked very picturesque and brown and clever in his khaki suit with a game bag slung across his shoulder.

"You're not a hunter," she exclaimed impulsively. "You're not a hunter—because you haven't any gun."

"No," said the Man, "I'm a collector."

The Girl cried out with pleasure and clapped her hands. "A collector?—oh, goody! So am I! What do you collect? Minerals? Oh—dear! *Mine* is lots more interesting. I collect Adventures."

"Adventures?" The Man made no slight-

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est effort to conceal his amused curiosity. "Adventures? Now I call that a jolly thing to collect. Is it a good country to work in? And what have you found?"

The Girl smiled at him appreciatively—a little flitting, whimsical sort of smile, and commenced to rummage in the blouse of her white shirt-waist, from which she finally produced a small, red-covered note-book. She fluttered its diminutive pages for a second, and then began to laugh:

"You'd better sit down if you really want to hear what I've found."

The Man dropped comfortably into place beside the spring and watched her. She was very watchable. Some people have to be beautiful to rivet your attention. Some people *don't* have to be. It's all a matter of temperament. Her hair was very, very brown, though, and her eyes were deep and wide and hazel, and the red in her cheeks came and went with every throb of her heart.

"Of course," she explained apologetically, "of course I haven't found a lot of things yet—I've only been working at it a little while. But I've collected a "Runaway Accident with the Rural Free-Delivery Man." It was awfully scary and interesting. And I've collected a "Den of Little Foxes Down in the Woods Back of My House," and "Two Sunrises with a Crazy Woman who Thinks that the Sun Can't Get Up Until She Does," and I've collected a "Country Camp-Meeting all Hallelujahs and By Goshes," and a "Circus Where I Spent All Day with the Snake-Charmer," and a "Midnight Ride Alone through the Rosedale Woods in a Thunder-Storm." Of course, as I say, I haven't found a lot of things yet, but then it's only the middle of June and I have two more weeks' vacation yet."

The Man put back his head and laughed, but it was a pleasant sort of laugh that flooded all the stern lines in his face.

"I'm sure I never thought of making a regular business of collecting Adventures," he admitted, "but it certainly is a splendid idea. But aren't you ever afraid?" he quizzed. "Aren't you ever afraid, for instance, riding round on a lonesome trip like this?"

The Girl laughed. "Yes," she acknowledged, "I'm often afraid of—squirrels—and falling twigs—and black-looking stumps. I'm often afraid of toy noises and toy fears—but I never saw a real fear in all my life. Even when you jumped up in the Road I wasn't afraid of you—because you are a gentleman—and—gentlemen are my friends."

"Have you many friends?" asked the Man. The question seemed amusingly justifiable. "You look to me about eighteen. Girls of your age are usually too busy collecting Love to collect anything else—even ideas. Have you collected any Love?"

The Girl threw out her hands in joking protest. "Collected any Love? Why, I don't even know what Love looks like! Maybe what I'd collect would be—poison ivy." Her eyes narrowed a little. Her voice quivered the merest trifle. "There's a Boy at Home—who talks—a little—about it. But how can I tell that it's Love?"

Her sudden vehemency startled him. "Where *is* 'Home'?" he asked.

For immediate answer the Girl slipped down from the White Pony's back, and loosened the saddle creakingly before she helped herself to a long, dripping draft from the birch cup that hung just over the spring.

"You're nice to talk to," she acknowledged, "and almost no one is nice to talk to. It's a whole year since I've talked right out to any one! Where do I live? Well, my headquarters are in New York, but my heartquarters are over at Rosedale. There's quite a difference, you know!"

"Yes," said the Man, "I remember—there used to—be—quite a difference. But how did you ever happen to think of collecting Adventures?"

The girl pulled at the White Pony's mane for a long, hesitating moment, then she turned and looked searchingly into the Man's face. She very evidently liked what she saw.

"I collect Adventures because I am lonesome!" Her voice shook a little, but her eyes were frankly untroubled. "I collect Adventures because the life that interests me doesn't happen to come to me, and I have to go out and search for it!—I'm companion all the year to a woman who doesn't know right from wrong in any dear, big sense, but who could define propriety and impropriety to you till your ears split. And all her friends are just like her. They haven't any mental muscle to them. It's just dress and etiquette, dress and etiquette, dress and etiquette! So I have to live all alone in my head, and think and think and think, till my poor brain churns and overlaps like a surf without any shore. Do you know what I mean? Then when my June vacation comes, I run right off to Rosedale and collect all the Adventures I

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"I THOUGHT SO!" SAID THE YOUNGISH MAN QUIZZICALLY, "I THOUGHT THAT WAS ONE OF YOUR BOOKS!"

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possibly can to take back with me for the long dreary year. Things to think about, you know, when I have to sit up at night giving medicine, or when I have to mend heavy black silk clothes, or when the dinners are so long that I could *scream* over the extra delay of a salad course. So I make June a sort of pranky, fancy-dress party for my soul. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know what you mean," said the Man. "I know *just* what you mean. You mean you're eighteen. That's the whole of it. You mean that there's no fence to your pasture, no bottom to your cup, no crust to your bread. You mean that you can't sleep at night for the pounding of your heart. You mean most of all that there's no limit to your vision. You're inordinately keen after life. That's all. You'll get over it!"

"*I won't get over it!*" There was fire in the Girl's eyes and she drew her breath sharply. "I say I *won't* get over it! There's nothing on earth that could stale me! If I live to be a hundred I sha'n't wither!—why, how could I?"

Buoyant, blooming, aquiver with startled emotions, she threw out her hands with a passionate gesture of protest.

The Man shook his shoulders and jumped up. "Perhaps you're right," he muttered. "Perhaps you *are* the kind that won't ever grow old. If you are—Heaven help you! Youth's nothing but a wound, anyway. Do you want to be a wound that never heals?" He laughed stridently.

Then the Girl began to fumble through sudden tears at the buckles of her saddle. Her growing hunger and faintness and the heat of the day were telling on her.

"You must think me a crazy fool," she confessed, "the way I have plunged into personalities. Why, I could go a whole year with an alien running-mate and never breathe a word or a sigh about myself, but with some people—the second you see them you know they are part of your chord. Chord is the only term in music that I understand, and I understand that as though I had made the word myself." She tried to laugh. "Now I'm going home! I've had a good, good time. You seem almost like a friend. I've never had a talky friend."

And she was in her saddle and half-way down the wood-path before his mind quickened to cry out "Stop! Wait a minute!"

A little out of breath he caught up with her, and stood for a moment like an embarrassed schoolboy, though his face in the sunlight was as old as young forty.

"I'm afraid you haven't had much of an Adventure this morning," he volunteered whimsically. "If you really want an Adventure why don't you come back to the house and have dinner with my brother and me? There's no one else there. Think how it would tease my brother! You're twelve or fifteen miles from home, and it's already two o'clock and very hot. My brother has done some pictures that are going to be talked about next winter, and I—I've got rather a conspicuous position ahead of me in Washington. Wouldn't it amuse you a little bit afterward, if any one spoke of us, to remember our little farmhouse dinner to-day?—Would you be afraid to come?" His last question was very direct.

A look came into the Girl's eyes that was very good for a man to see.

"Why, of course I wouldn't be afraid to come," she said. "Gentlemen are my friends."

But she was shy about going, just the same, with a certain frank, boyish shyness that only served to emphasize the general artlessness of her verve.

With a quick dive into the bushes the Man collared the Bossy and transferred his clanking chain to the bit of the astonished White Pony.

"Now you've got to come," he laughed up at her, and the whole party started back for the tiny old gray farmhouse where the Artist greeted them with sad concern.

"I've brought Miss Girl back to have dinner with us," announced the Pony-leader cheerfully, relying on his brother's serious nature to overlook any strangeness of nomenclature. "You evidently didn't remember meeting her at Mrs. Moyne's house-party last spring?"

The Girl fell readily into the game. She turned the White Pony loose in the door-yard, and then went into the queer old kitchen, rolled up her sleeves, wound herself round with a blue checked apron, and commenced to work. She had a deft touch at household matters, and the Man followed her about as humbly as though he himself had not been adequately providing meals for the past two months.

The color rose high in the Girl's cheeks, and her voice took on the thrill and breathiness of amused excitement. Wherever she found a huddle of best china or linen or silver

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she raided it for her use, and the table flared forth at last with a dainty, inconsequent prettiness that quite defied the Artist's prescribed rules for beauty.

It was a funny dinner, with an endless amount of significant bantering going on right under the Artist's sunburned nose. Yet for all the mirth of the situation, the Girl had quite a chance to study the face of her special host, in all its full detail of worldliness, of spirituality, of hardness, of sweetness. Her final impression, as her first one, was of a wonderful affinity and congeniality. "His face is like a harbor for all my stormy thoughts," was the way she described it to herself.

After dinner the three washed up the dishes as sedately as though they had been working together day-in, day-out through the whole season, and after that the Artist escaped as quickly as possible to catch a cloud effect which he seemed to consider preposterously vital.

Then with a dreary little feeling of a prize pleasure all spent and gone, the Girl went over to the mirror in the sitting-room and pinned on her gray slouch hat and patted her hair and straightened her belt.

But it was not her own reflection that interested her most. The mirror made a fine frame for the whole quaint room, with its dingy landscape wall-paper from which the scarlet petticoat of a shepherdess or the vivid green of a garland stood out with cheerful crudity. The battered, blackened fireplace was lurid here and there with gleams of copper kettles, and a huge gray cat purred comfortably in the curving seat of a sun-baked rocking-chair.

It was a good picture to take home in your mind for remembrance, when walls should be brick and rooms ornate and life hackneyed, and the Girl shut her eyes for a second, experimentally, to fix the vision in her consciousness.

When she opened her eyes again the Man was struggling through the doorway dragging a small, heavy trunk.

"Oh, don't go yet!" he exclaimed. "Here are a lot of your things in this trunk. I brought them in to show you."

And he dragged the trunk to the middle of the room and knelt down on the floor and commenced to unlock it.

"*My* things?" cried the Girl in amazement, and ran across the room and sat down on the floor beside him. "*My* things?"

There was a funny little twist to the Man's mouth that never relaxed all the time he was tinkering with the lock. "Yes—*your* things," was all he said till the catch yielded finally, and he raised the cover to display the full contents to his companion's curious eyes.

"Oh—*books!*" she cried out, with a sudden, sweeping flush of comprehension, and darted her hand into the dusty pile and pulled out a well-worn copy of the Rubaiyat. Instinctively she clasped it to her.

"I thought so!" said the Youngish Man quizzically. "I thought that was one of your books. 'When Time lets slip a little, perfect hour, Oh, take it—for it will not come again.'" His eyes narrowed, and his hands reached nervously to regain possession of the volume. Then he laughed.

"*I*, also, used to think that Life was made for me," he scoffed teasingly. "It's a glorious idea—as long as it lasts! You take every harsh old happening and every flimsy friendship and line it with your own silk, and then sit by and say, "Oh, *isn't* the World a rustly, shimmery, luxurious place! And all the time the happening *is* harsh, and the friendship *is* flimsy, and it's just your own perishable silk lining that does the rustle and the shimmer and the luxury act. Oh, I suppose that's 'woman talk' about silk linings, but I know a thing or two, even if I am a man."

But the radiancy of the Girl's face defied his cynicism utterly. Her eyes were absolutely fathomless with Youth.

Then his mood changed suddenly. He reached out with a little brooding gesture of protection. "These are my college books," he confided, "my Dream Library. I've scarcely thought of them for a dozen years. I don't meet many dreamers nowadays. You've probably got a lot of newer books than these, but I'll wager you anything in the world that every book here is a precious friend to you. I shouldn't wonder if your own copies opened exactly to the same places. Here's young Keats with his shadowing tragedy. How you have mooned over it. And here's Tennyson. What about the starlit vision:

> "And on her lover's arm she leant,
> And round her waist she felt it fold,——"

The Girl took up the words softly in unison:

> "And far across the hills they went
> To that new world which is the old."

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In rushing, eager tenderness she browsed through one book after another, sometimes silently, sometimes with a little crooning quotation, where corners were turned down. And when she had quite finished, her eyes were like stars, and she looked up tremulously, and whispered:

"Why, we — like — just — the — same — things."

But the Youngish Man did not smile back at her. His face in that second turned suddenly old-looking and haggard and gray. He threw the books back into their places, and slammed the trunk-cover with a bang.

For just the infinitesimal fraction of a second the Man and the Girl looked into each other's eyes. For just that infinitesimal fraction of a second the Man's eyes were as unfathomable as the Girl's.

Then with a great sniff and scratching and whine, the White Bulldog pushed his way into the room, and the Girl jumped up in alarm to note that the sun was dropping very low in the west, and that the shadows of late afternoon crept palpably over her companion's face.

For a moment the two stood awkwardly without a word, and then the Girl with a conscious effort at lightness queried:

"But *where* did the Runaway Road go to? I *must* find out."

The Youngish Man turned as though something had startled him.

"Wouldn't you rather leave things just as they are?" he asked.

"NO!" The Girl stamped her foot vehemently. "NO! I want everything. I want the Whole Adventure."

"The Whole Adventure?" The Youngish Man winced at the phrase, and then laughed to cover his seriousness.

"All right," he acquiesced. "I'll show you just where the Runaway Road goes to."

Without further explanation he stepped to the dooryard and scooped up two heaping handfuls of gravel from the Road. As he came back into the room he trailed a little line of earth across the floor to the foot of the stairs, and threw the remaining handful up the steps just as a heedless child might have done.

"Go follow your Runaway Road," he smiled, "and see where it leads to, if you are so eager! I'm going down to the woods to see if my brother is quite lost in his clouds."

Wasn't that *another* dare? It seemed a craven thing to tease for a climax and then shirk it. She had never shirked anything yet that was right, no matter how unusual it was.

She started for the stairs. One step, two steps, three steps, four steps—her riding-boots grated on the gravel. "Oh, you funny Runaway Road," she trembled, "where *do* you go to?"

At the top stair a tiny waft of earth turned her definitely into the first doorway.

She took one step across the threshold, and then stood stock-still and stared. It was a *woman's room.* And from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall flaunted an incongruous, moneyed effort to blot out all temperament and pang and trenchant life-history from one spot at least of the little old gray farmhouse. Bauble was there, and fashion and novelty, but the whole gay decoration looked and felt like the sumptuous dressing of a child whom one *hated.*

With a gasp of surprise the Girl went over and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Wouldn't I look queer in a room like this?" she whispered to herself. But she didn't look queer at all. She only felt queer, like a flatted note.

Then she hurried right down the stairs again, and went out in the yard, and caught the White Pony, and climbed up into her saddle.

The Youngish Man came running to say good-by.

"Well?" he said.

The Girl's eyes were steady as her hand.

"Why, it was a *woman's* room," she answered to his inflection.

"Yes," said the Youngish Man quite simply. "It is my wife's room. My wife is in Europe getting her winter clothes. All people do not happen—to—like—the—same—things."

The Girl put out her hand to him with bright-faced friendliness.

"In Europe?" she repeated. "Indeed, I shall not be so local when I think of her. Wherever she is—all the time—I shall always think of your wife as being—most of anything else—*in luck.*"

She drew back her hand and chirruped to the White Pony, but the Youngish Man detained her.

"Wait a second," he begged. "Here's a copy of Matthew Arnold for you to take home as a token, though there's only one thing in it for us, and you won't care for that until you

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are forty. It's about mountains. You like the country, don't you? Here it is:

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
THESE demand not that the things about them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

"Rather cracked-ice comfort, isn't it?" the Girl laughed as she tucked the little book into her blouse.

"Rather," said the Youngish Man, "but cracked ice is good for fevers, and Youth is the most raging fever that I know about."

Then he stood back from the White Pony, and smiled quizzically, and the Girl turned the White Pony's head, and started down the Road.

Just before the first curve in the alders, she whirled in her saddle and looked back. The Youngish Man was still standing there watching her, and she held up her hand as a final signal. Then the Road curved her out of sight.

It was chilly now in the gloaming shade of the woods, and home seemed a long way off. After a mile or two the White Pony dragged as though his feet were sore, and when she tried to force him into a jarring canter the sharp corners of the Matthew Arnold book goaded cruelly against her breast.

"It isn't going to be a very pleasant ride," she said. "But it was quite an Adventure. I don't know whether to call it the Adventure of the Runaway Road or the Adventure of the Little Perfect Hour."

Then she shivered a little and tried to keep the White Pony in the rapidly fading sun spots of the Road, but the shadows grew thicker and cracklier and more lonesome every minute, and the only familiar sound of life to be heard was 'way off in the distance, where some little lost bossy was calling plaintively for its mother.

There were plenty of unfamiliar sounds, though. Things—nothing special, but just Things — sighed mournfully from behind a looming boulder. Something dark, with gleaming eyes, scudded madly through the woods. A ghastly, mawkish chill like tomb-air blew dankly from the swamp. Myriads of tiny insects droned venomously. The White Pony shied at a flash of heat lightning, and stumbled bunglingly on a rolling stone. Worst of all, far behind her, sounded the unmistakable tagging step of some stealthy creature.

For the first time in her life the girl was frightened—hideously, sickeningly *frightened of Night!*

Back in the open clearing round the tiny farmhouse, the light, of course, still lingered in a lulling yellow-gray. It would be an hour yet, she reasoned, before the great, black Loneliness settled *there*. She could picture the little, simple, homely, companionable activities of early evening—the sputter of a candle, the good smell of a pipe, the steamy murmur of a boiling kettle. O—h! But could one go back wildly and say: "It is darker and cracklier than I supposed in the woods, and I am a wilful Girl, and there are fifteen wilful miles between me and home—and there is a cemetery on the way, and a new grave—and a squalid camp of gipsies—and a broken bridge—*and I am afraid! What shall I do?*"

She laughed aloud at the absurdity, and cut at the White Pony sharply with her whip. It would be lighter, she thought, on the open village road below the hill.

Love? Amusement? Sympathy? She shook her young fist defiantly at the hulking contour of a stolid, bored old mountain that loomed up through a gap in the trees. "*Drat* Self-sufficiency," she cursed, with a vehement little girl curse, "I won't be a bored old Mountain. I *won't!* I *won't!* I *won't!*"

All her short, eager life, it seemed, she had been floundering like a stranger in a strange land — no father or mother, no chum, no friend, no lover, no anything — and now just for a flash, just for one "little, perfect hour" she had found a voice at last that *spoke her own language*, and the voice belonged to a Man who belonged to Another Woman!

She remembered her morning's singing with a bitter pang. "*Nothing* is mine forever. Nothing, *nothing*, NOTHING!" she sobbed.

A great, black, smothering isolation like a pall settled down over her, and seemed to pin itself with a stab through her heart. Everybody, once in his time, has tried to imagine his Dearest-one absolutely non-existent, unborn, and tortured himself with the possibility of such a ghostly vacuum in his life. To the Girl suddenly it seemed as though puzzled, lonely, unmated, all her short years, she had stumbled now precipitously on the Great Cause Of It—a *vacuum*. It was not that she had lost any one, or missed any

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one. *It was simply that some one had never been born!*

The thought filled her with a whimsical new terror. She pounded the White Pony into a gallop and covered the last half-mile of the Runaway Road. At the crest of the hill the valley vista brightened palely and the White Pony gave a whimper of awakened home instinct. Cautiously, warily, with legs folding like a jack-knife he began the hazardous descent.

Was he sleepy? Was he clumsy? Was he footsore? Just before the Runaway Road smoothed out into the village highway his knees wilted suddenly under him, and he pitched headlong with a hideous lurch that sent the Girl hurdling over his neck into a pitiful, cluttered heap among the dust and stones, where he came back after his first panicky run, and blew over her with dilated nostrils, and whimpered a little before he strayed off to a clover patch on the highway below.

Twilight deepened to darkness. Darkness quickened at last to stars. It was Night, real Night, black alike in meadow, wood, and dooryard, before the Girl opened her eyes again. Part of an orange moon, waning, wasted, decadent, glowed dully in the sky.

For a long time, stark-still and numb, she lay staring up into space, conscious of nothing except consciousness. It was a floaty sort of feeling. Was she dead? That was the first thought that twittered in her brain. Gradually, though, the reassuring edges of her cheeks loomed into sight, and a beautiful, real pain racked along her spine and through her side. It was the pain that whetted her curiosity. "If it's my neck that's broken," she reasoned, "it's all over. If it's my heart it's only just begun."

Then she wriggled one hand very cautiously, and a White Doggish Something came over and licked her fingers. It felt very kind and refreshing.

Now and then on the road below, a carriage rattled by, or one voice called to another. She didn't exactly care that no one noticed her, or rescued her — indeed, she was perfectly, sluggishly comfortable—but she remembered with alarming distinctness that once, on a scorching city pavement, she had gone right by a bruised purple pansy that lay wilting underfoot. She could remember just how it looked. It had a funny little face, purple and yellow, and all twisted with pain. And she had gone right by. And she felt very sorry about it now.

She was still thinking about that purple pansy an hour later, when she heard the screeching toot of an automobile, the snort of a horse, and the terrified clatter of hoofs up the hill. Then the White Doggish Something leaped up and barked a sharp, fluttery bark like a signal.

The next thing she knew, pleasant voices and a lantern were coming toward her. "They will be frightened," she thought, "to find a body in the Road." So, "Coo-o! Coo-o!" she cried in a faint little voice.

Then quickly a bright light poured into her face, and she swallowed very hard with her eyes for a whole minute before she could see that two men were bending over her. One of the men was just a man, but the other one was the Boy From Home. As soon as she saw him she began to cry very softly to herself, and the Boy From Home took her right up in his great, strong arms and carried her down to the cushioned comfort of the automobile.

"Where—did—you—come—from?" she whispered smotheringly into his shoulder.

The harried, boyish face broke brightly into a smile.

"I came from Rosedale to-night, to find *you!*" he said. "But they sent me up here on business to survey a new Road."

"To survey a new Road?" she gasped. "That's—good. All the Roads that I know —go—to—Other People's Homes."

Her head began to droop limply to one side. She felt her senses reeling away from her again. "If—I—loved—you," she hurried to ask, "would—you—make—me—a —safe Road—*all my own*?"

The Boy From Home gave a scathing glance at the hill that reared like a crag out of the darkness.

"If I couldn't make a safer Road than *that*—" he began, then stopped abruptly, with a sudden flash of illumination, and brushed his trembling lips across her hair.

"I'll make you the safest, smoothest Road that ever happened," he said. "if I have to dig it with my fingers and gnaw it with my teeth."

A little, snuggling sigh of contentment slipped from the Girl's lips.

"Do — you — suppose," she whispered, "do—you—suppose—that—after—all—*this* —was—the—real—end—of—the Runaway Road?"

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THE DEVIL'S SLIDE

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

Illustrations by George Wright

THE *carcel* offered a canvas which fascinated the artist: a peon woman crouching beneath the bars that confined her lover. There was something in the abandon of her misery that thrilled him with a sense of the awful simplicity of life's greatest tragedies. He painted feverishly, striving—as a strong man strains to a lift—to fix that great emotion on his canvas. But irresistibly his eyes wandered away to a great triangular scar in the breast of the mountain, which rose up to the sky over beyond the soft purple, yellow, and rose terraces of adobe, beyond the brown hillside and its jagged crest of crags. Beyond them all the blue mountain, cold, austere, mysterious, shadowed the valley with mighty, silent sympathy for the poignant bit of human sorrow in the foreground. It seemed part of the canvas, and yet the painter realized helplessly that he had not the power to bring it into his picture. And every time he raised his eyes to it, he fell to wondering over the reluctance of the people to tell him the story of the yellow gash in the blue—the Devil's Slide.

"You must needs hurry," said a voice at his elbow, "for to-morrow the man will be shot and the woman will come no more." It was the captain of *rurales*. "A great punishment for a small crime, say you?" he went on in answer to the artist's suggestion. "*Si*, Señor, but we must take our world as we find it. We are not all like the man who made yon hole in the mountain. We may not make laws for ourselves, as he did. Would I tell you of him? Why not? If the Señor will do me the honor to listen.

"Beginning, Señor, the Slide takes its name from El Demonio Blanco, a bandit whose stronghold lay there, just above it, under the very frown of the mountain. A strange thing, that a gringo should ever have led a Mexican band, yet so it was. He was a Texan, this Demonio, who won his place and power by the killing of five of the band who waylaid him in the mountains. A tall man, huge, fair, tremendously strong; the tradition had it that once he had been a vaquero, and that he had killed a gringo captain of cavalry who ruined his love up there on the Texan plains; a tradition which his conduct colored. For though he allowed his men to take their pick of the girls in this valley, though many a soft bosom fluttered under its lace as he rode by, no woman could say that she had seen love flame in his eyes. Cold, stern, he occupied himself with the business of brigandage—then Mexico's most honorable industry—extending his operations until half a state yielded toll to his band. *Si*, he was held in fear by the rich folk, the great haciendados, but was beloved of the miserable peons who worked like beasts in the fields. Things were at this pass when, having brought order from political chaos, Porfirio Diaz turned his eye on us.

"First came his famous order: a pardon for all bandits who would join the gray *rurales*, then newly formed. That was the order which brought me out; out from rugged Guerrero where I had already made some name. Until a certain day the order held, then came the second.

"'You will go out on the mountains, and be not too careful with those you meet on the trails. In all cases—make certain!'

"So it ran, and we obeyed, laying all doubts, along with their subject, five feet below the

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HER CAPTOR'S THICK HEAD WAS PROVED TO THE UTTERMOST BY EL DEMONIO'S BUFFET.

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sod. For months, passes and defiles echoed the sudden shot, the valleys rang with the widow's wail, the mountains gave back the orphan's cry. It was cruel work, yet necessary; for God had set no mark on his innocent, and we gathered in wheat with the tares. Nor paused we in that grim weeding until, save Demonio Blanco, no single bandit walked on Mexican soil.

"The troops that were sent against Demonio fared ill. Of five companies that entered the defile that led up to his stronghold under the brow of Ixtaccihuatl, no man was ever seen again. They disappeared from the face of the earth. His name took on mysterious terrors; the convict rabble of regular troops would not go against him again.

"He might have endured to this day if Rafael, the One-Eyed, his right-hand man, had not, in a drunken freak, carried off Consuela Silviera, daughter of the old Haciendado of San Nicolas. José Maria, the Administrador, was her cousin. Rafael caught her as she came out from church with her maid—the pure soul of the girl sweetened by confession and meditation. It was a wickedness sufficient of itself to invite disaster. Moreover, the Hacienda San Nicolas had paid El Demonio's toll; and so, by brigand law, was exempt. Not that Rafael intended personal harm to the girl; it all sprang from a drunken, freakish humor. Having pondered, in his pots, on his chief's loneliness of life, nothing goes but that he, Rafael, procure him a suitable partner. Wherefore, save for a heavy wetting from a three hours' ride in rain, Consuela was good as new when she arrived in the camp.

"Once there, she fared better than her captor, whose thick head was proved to the uttermost by El Demonio's buffet. Picture the three up there on the rock-fenced plateau, under the mountain's brow: Rafael, cowering under El Demonio's sudden anger, Consuela looking on, fear in her eyes.

"Then and there El Demonio would have returned her home, but a wind had now joined to the rain and the heaviest storm of the season was scouring the country's face. Already the *arroyas* were swollen to rivers, the rivers were sweeping the plains. So, after sending Rafael, author of the mischief, to carry the news and regrets to San Nicolas as best he could, El Demonio set himself to make Consuela comfortable. They dried their soaked clothing, she and her maid, at the fire he built in the cave which served him for quarters; and that night he stretched in his *sarape* across their door, for though his men were well in hand, he would run no chances with such a piece of sweetness.

"His promise was that she should go home on the morrow. But dawn brought no cess of weather; nor the next day, nor still the next. Well over her fear after that first evening, Consuela amused herself those days with woman's natural diversion, the subjugation of man; and those who saw said that the frost of years in El Demonio's eyes thawed quickly.

"What else could conditions such as those bring forth? A handsome girl, a comely man, dark glances fencing with blue, at short range, for full three days! And Consuela was as sweet a piece as ever love fashioned for man's delight or torment. A healthy girl in perfect flower, the soul of a woman was just beginning to peep out of eyes that were deep and dark as the woodland pools in which shy girls bathe. Small wonder that she got the better of El Demonio!

"One matter was always a wonder to me: how her father, old Manuel Silviera, could ever have been worked to the point of promising her sweet youth to such a dry hunks as José Maria, the Administrador. It was the act of a dotard. For José was forty, prematurely old, mean as withered, jealous as malignant. Jealous! For though the girl had never given direct consent to her father's wish, José had from the beginning usurped the air and authority of a husband, closely watching her goings and comings, and now for a day and the night following her abduction, he paced the great *corredor* over the patio, mad, furious, striking blindly at the *criados* whose duties caused them to cross his path. As for the old Señor: the blow, falling upon his infirmities, sent him to a sick bed from which he was never to rise. Thus it happened that when, having drowned his horse, Rafael, the One-Eyed, footed it into San Nicolas, it fell to José Maria to receive the explanation of Consuela's mishap.

"You will imagine the pair of them, in the *corredor*, Rafael in a pool of drippings, half-drowned, but composed as became a man of his reputation in a crowd of mere laymen; the Administrador black, malignantly glowering, quivering to sting.

"'It is a matter of grief with El Demonio,' Rafael says, 'that a patron should be put to pain through misconduct of his men. He bids me say that the Señorita Consuela will be returned in honor to your household at first

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slack of the rains. Meanwhile she, and her *criada*, are safe. Of nights, the master himself lies across their door.'

"'A pretty tale!' screeches the Administrador. 'And which side of the door lieth he? Tell, ere we string thee up by the thumbs!'

"'Thou hast the truth,' Rafael answers. 'As for the stringing up—rest easy, for every pain of mine, the master will exact a score of thee.' The threat simply stirs José Maria to a greater madness.

"'Thou first!' he yells. 'Him after!'

"So Rafael was strung up, and after he had twice fainted, he cried: '*Bueno!* I confess! She's smirched, black even as your jealousy could paint her! Now, make an end!'

"It was, of course, lawful for any citizen to do execution upon a proved bandit, but it were great folly with Demonio Blanco at large in the mountains. Yet the Administrador's passion ran to that length; and when, next day, Consuela returned, Rafael's body still swung from a beam of the *corredor*. By the girl's unconscious eye, the innocent set of her mouth, it were easy to see that the bloom still clung to the peach, but it pleased the black fool to believe other. His anger flamed at the sight of her. Ay, he had Rafael's body cut down and delivered with a defiance to Demonio's men who escorted her.

"'Tell your master,' she called out as the men rode away, 'that my skirts are clear of this!'

"These words, you may be sure, did not mend the Administrador's humor. They say that he raised hand to strike her, but wilted as she faced round upon him.

"'Save your blows for your wife,' she said. 'She will probably prefer them to your kisses.'

"It was a hard shot, and the sting of it, doubtless, first set him at his foul work with the *criada*, Consuela's servant. She proved a keen tool for José Maria's purpose. Conveyed to the old Señor's sick-bed, she laid out a tale that, for innuendo, double-meanings, and vindictive lying, could not be matched in hell itself. Consuela's innocent flirtings, innocent coquetry, unconscious leanings were all construed to her utter damnation. It nigh killed the old man.

"'My girl! my girl!' he cried, rousing from a stupor. 'My girl! And she seemed so like her mother!'

"Of course José Maria was ready with sympathetic counsel. As yet the thing was known only to these three, and the *criada's* mouth could easily be stopped! As for himself: for the honor of the house he would still stand by his marriage proposal; more, he pitied rather than blamed! Let it be forgotten; not mentioned even to her. There was no need. A command, and she would bow to her father's word!

"Was there ever such self-sacrifice? The Señor's grateful tears washed that black villain's hand. Consuela was sent for; though kind, even pitiful, the father was inexorable. She should marry her cousin first thing next morning; and married she would have been had not dawn brought a summons from Demonio Blanco. He demanded the body of José Maria Silviera.

"As a bucket of water in the face, so that chill summons cooled José Maria's madness, leaving him to confront, clear-eyed, the consequence of his violences and boastings. It brought out the craven fear that lay at the heart of the man, and he mounted and rode, three days, into Morelos, where the governor had his seat.

"Now it chanced that I, already a lieutenant of *rurales*, had just made a clean sweep in the mountains of Morelos; so the governor commanded me for this new commission, telling me that if I brought in El Demonio he would sign my commission as colonel of *rurales*—a promise which, as you may well believe, put an edge on my zeal.

"After due reflection I decided to make a trap of San Nicolas, using José Maria as the bait. It was, of course, impossible to march my fellows into the hacienda. Demonio's spies would have scented us at a hundred miles. But it chanced to be coffee-picking season, when much extra labor was required upon the haciendas. So, one week later, two hundred innocent-looking extra peons were at work in the San Nicolas *cafetal*. I, their *mandador*, kept close watch on the hacienda peons, guarding them so closely that only a single whisper leaked through our walls; this, that José Maria had returned and was lying close.

"This, I felt sure, would bring Demonio, but, though our straining ears questioned two nights, he came not. As, on the third, I came from the midnight round of my sentries, I found Father Ramereau, the village priest, waiting at the door of my quarters.

"'Son,' he said, 'the old Señor nears his end. I doubt that he sees the light of another morning. But ere he departs, he wishes to see his daughter safely bestowed. We desire thee as a witness.'

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THE GREAT BODY OF HIM SMASHED DOWN UPON ME, CRUSHING ME TO EARTH.

"The old Señor was talking when we entered, his weak voice scarce topping a whisper. Picture the scene: a vaulted room with adobe walls a yard thick, and deep windows heavily barred. The candles about the bed make but a flicker in its vast gloom; their yellow light falls on the white hair of the Señor; beside him, one at either side of the bed, stand Consuela and the Administrador.

"'Daughter,' he is saying, 'José was first cousin to thy dear mother, and has been ever a faithful steward, conserving our interests as his own. Child, this is a hard world for a handsome woman, and no weak girl's hand

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WHEN WE RAN TO THE DOOR WE SAW ONLY CONSUELA WRINGING HER HANDS.

may hope to hold large fortunes. José has passed the folly of youth and will make thee a wise husband.'

"Señor, never have I seen aught so uncanny as this linking of death, the end of life, with marriage, its forerunner. Hands crossed above the bed they were never to share, the priest married them. With the last word, she sank, sobbing, to her knees, and lay, arms clasped about her father, face buried in his pillow; and so she still lay when, answering a quick call from a sentry, I hurried away.

"José Maria followed me out. I sickened at his craven fear. Far off, over against the mountain, the sentry had noted a baying early in the night; and this had drawn nearer, the dogs of the different haciendas giving tongue the one after the other. Even as he spoke, the hounds of the village a mile away loosed a furious belling.

"'Is everything made sure, no chance of miscarriage?' The quaver in José Maria's tone caused the sentry a laugh.

"'Nothing is sure but death, *hombrecito*. Take thy head to bed, little man, lest a stray bullet make a miscarriage of it.'

"At one time a high wall had ringed the hacienda, but the rains had washed its southern face till little was left but a ruin, and here, in the nature of things, the attack would be delivered. Along its front I had builded a fence, a clumsy thing of brush that would scarce have turned a cow; such a piece of fool work as any shrewd bandit would be justified in crediting to a blockhead haciendado like José Maria. Purporting defence, it was really a beacon of dried leaves, undermined with a train of powder to which sub-trains ran from a dozen points under the old wall. A match touched to one of these and our whole front would leap into flame while we crouched in the shadow behind the wall.

"Already the men were posted. A quarter hour passed. The village hounds became quiet. Only the whine of the mosquitoes troubled the night. It was nervous waiting, the black waiting that sends men crawling away from the danger line, the danger which looms gigantic in the gloom. But my men were picked. Denying themselves even a comforting whisper, they lay as in the grave till the ground trembled under advancing feet. A hasty shot now would undo all, but I waited, waited, waited, held my hand till the gloom resolved into dim shapes, till the fence cracked under the impact of a heavy body, till a curse sounded under my nose, then—

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"The flames leaped high, throwing a red glare over the bandits, eighty of them. Surprised, they stood, staring, some with arms outstretched as they had reached to pull away the fence. Opposite me, distant less than a score of feet, stood El Demonio. He was enormously tall. His yellow hair shone gold. His great blue eyes threw back the fire's redness. Ruddy as a fire-god, he loomed for a breath through smoke and flame. Then, roaring a hard gringo curse, he crashed through the fire and leaped the wall.

"I had trained a pistol on him, but his suddenness sent my bullet wide, and the next instant the great body of him smashed down upon me, crushing me to earth. One of his heavy boots drove into the pit of my stomach, and—he was gone. Had his men been equally ready, San Nicolas had seen a pretty butchery. But as I rose, catching my wind, a crash tore the night; our wall spurted flame that licked up a full half of the brigands. A second volley caught the remnant, running; a third finished the toll.

"A glance gave me all this, and, furious at my own miscarriage, I called Tomas Ilorma, my sergeant, and struck, hot-foot, after El Demonio. Leaping high above the south wall, the flames showed him running straight for the hacienda buildings. 'If—he—enters—the patio,' Tomas panted, 'he's—trapped.'

"Enter he did; his boot struck fire on the cobbles at the far end as we came in at the gate. He could now only mount the steps and come flying back along the *corredor*.

"'Follow around—you!' I gasped.

"Thinking to meet him midway, I took the steps by the gate, five to the stride, and at the top plumped hard into a man—so hard that he went down, backwards, with me atop. My sword flew from my hand, but I fastened to his throat, and, as we rolled and twisted, Tomas Ilorma tripped over the heap.

"'His teeth are in my leg!' howled Tomas, as he went down. 'A knife! Give me the knife! Quick!'

"Having reinforcements, I loosed my knife hand from the bandit's throat, but, as I drew, the voice of José Maria issued like that of a strangling crow. 'Mercy! I will make amends! Mercy!'

"Just then *criados* came running with lanterns, and I heard Tomas's curse ring through the patio, saw him rub his mangled leg, muttering vindictively.

"But where was El Demonio? High and blank, the wall of the patio shone under the lanterns. He might have crouched on the *corredor*, let Tomas by, then gained harborage in a room as we rolled and tumbled. A shrill scream colored the theory. It came from the sick room, but when we ran to the door we saw only Consuela, wringing her hands.

"'He is dying! Bring the priest!'

"The glazed eye, the fallen jaw, told that Manuel Silviera had already made his passing. We left her to the priest, who hurried in from his broken rest, and pushed the search. It was, however, bootless. Though we ransacked the hacienda, poked out its every corner, the bandit's trail died there at the foot of the patio wall.

"Morning brought a solution of the mystery. The rooms that opened out on the *corredor* were part of the outer wall; casting about for sign at dawn, Tomas and I came on the prints of a man's feet, deep driven in the clay under the old Señor's window. Looking up, we saw also that the window bars were pried apart the width of a man's body.

"'She could not be persuaded to take her rest,' Tomas growled. 'Must needs watch all night by the body! Who would have laid it to such modesty? Pish! but women have more tricks. What will Señor Dry-Bones say to this? See you! Marriage, death, and elopement, all of the same night.'

"Even as he spoke José Maria followed around the corner; such was his nervous terror he would not let us out of his sight. It was early, so early that the hacienda still slept. No one had disturbed Consuela's vigil. As the Administrador stared up at the pried bars, I saw that he shared our thoughts.

"But we had all wronged her. As we came trooping around and threw wide her door, she rose, staring at us over the deathbed. Her eyes were somber as velvet, ringed with a heavy blackness, stern as those of the angel at the gates of Eden in the church up there.

"'Yes,' she answered the Administrador's accusing finger, 'while you stood there last night, he lay where I had hidden him, here, at my feet.'

"'Thou hast made a bawdy house of thy father's death chamber!' the Administrador screeched. He added a vile name and would have essayed a second but that Tomas, my old grumbler, jammed it back in his teeth.

"Such eyes as she turned on her husband as he lay there, spitting blood and teeth! 'As he had dealt by me,' she said calmly, 'so I dealt with him. That was the law of our

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HE BROKE JOSÉ MARIA'S GRIP AND SENT HIM HIGH OVER HIS HEAD.

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house—when it bred men—an eye for an eye, a life for a life, a tooth for a tooth. Well was it for thee that I held him. Otherwise I should now be widowed as well as orphaned. Now go, and come not near me again lest I achieve that enviable condition with my own hands.'

"After the old Señor was laid away, Consuela kept her own room, completely ignoring her husband. Ay, he who had spun his cunning webs about her father's house, was caught and suspended like a withered fly as a mock for the men and maids.

"Of this, his purgatory, I have knowledge only by report, for I, with Tomas, and ten gray *rurales*, was hard on the trail of El Demonio. One would have expected him to strike north for his own country, where the deed of his hot hand had been long ago forgotten. But no! His trail led south and east, the length and breadth of the Sierra Madres. Three months we followed it. Sometimes it faded from the face of the earth. But the Señor knows the *rurale?* One day, one year, ten, he hunts his man so long as his feet press Mexican soil. Spreading wide, we would sweep our line over half a state and so pick up the scent. Moreover, there was no surety for a man of his color and inches; and his very works betrayed him. Here he had given an alms; there had half-killed a man for beating a woman. Through Guerrero, where the hills are turned on edge, under the pines of Oaxaca uplands, into the fever jungles of Chiapas, we followed the trail of this last of the brigands till it led almost to the Guatemala line; then, touching safety, swung back to the north.

"There was but one answer to such a riddle. A Mexican must return to his *pais*, but a gringo will live and die abroad. Two things alone will draw him—gold, or the lure of a woman. 'We now head straight for San Nicolas,' I told Tomas when we found the turn, and that wise old grumbler agreed, for once, without a word.

"Though, at this time, he had a week's lead, we overshot him on the homeward trail; but we sat down in San Nicolas to wait in confidence, taking care that no word of our presence went beyond the walls. It was black waiting for Consuela. She knew, ay, better than we she knew, that her own dark eyes were drawing a man to his doom. She required not José Maria's assurance. Yet it were too much to expect his black nature to hold back now that he had a tool to cut her pride; daily, he wrought out his mean revenge. So, for another week, expectancy hung thick in the air; then, one midnight, a peon came in, hot-foot, with the news that El Demonio had supped with him that night, and was now sleeping, in the cane patch of Esperza, ten miles away. The report threw José Maria back into his shivers.

"'What if he come here, while you seek him there?' he cried. And when I showed that a round fifty of his peons were left to guard the hacienda he cried again that not one of them but would sell him twice for a *peso;* which was gospel truth; he had skinned them so in the tithings of corn and beans. Nothing would suit but that he should go with us.

"To hunt a man in cane, by night, were futile as seeking a grain of corn in the desert, so we picketed the horses at a safe distance and drew a cordon about the patch. At dawn we searched the tall green thicket, José Maria sticking close to me as a thirteenth rib, but we found only the place where he had lain; and two tracks in the mud of a ditch, those of a man and a boy. He had been warned!

"But when we questioned the peon that had been messenger as to whether he had dropped a word to other than us, he replied: 'Only to the Señorita Consuela, who brought me a bite with her own hands.' But that Tomas shoved in between, José Maria would have cut the fellow down with the naked machete he had carried all morning.

"'Ay,' Tomas questioned further, 'and what then?'

"'She called Paulo, the *charro*, and went to her room.'

"The cat was out of the bag. But we were ahorse and they afoot and the mountain twelve *leguas* off. Through a heavy drizzle we spurred on, and, four *leguas* on our way, came on a fellow who had seen the two as he called his cows at dawn. From his description—a slim youth, dark, large-eyed—José Maria recognized Paulo, the play-fellow of Consuela's youth and now her favored servant. He had seemed tired, the herd said, was limping and leaning heavily upon his companion. Though the lad had ventured his own neck, I wondered that El Demonio should so burden himself; a wonder that grew when, after three more *leguas*, we spoke to a charcoal burner who had seen him within the hour, carrying the boy.

"The rain now slanted down in sheets, and we entered upon a country wild and in-

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hospitable beyond the imagination of man. Rough, seamed, cracked, its strata turned on edge, it was veritable slag from the casting of the world. Rightly a horse could do no better in it than a walk. But I could see my colonelcy, the prize of that long trail, glimmering ahead, and I took chances on my beast; and José Maria and myself were a full mile in the lead when two parallel ranges of hills nipped into a vast ravine, that led, like an enormous funnel, into a gorge at the mountain's foot. It sounds like romance, Señor, but the man, carrying the boy, had beaten the horses.

"It towered above us, the mountain, a thousand feet sheer. Above that a belt of chaparral lay like a heavy beard across its face; from that a huge bank of clay rubble rose steeply up to Demonio's stronghold, three thousand feet above. There in the cañon, the storm was hushed. In awful silence the mountain's great grim face returned our stare. From our feet the trail climbed the precipice by a water gorge, so deep and overgrown as to be impenetrable to the eye, then wound, a narrow ribbon, through the chaparral. I knew that we must be close on Demonio, yet my breath caught, as rain and gray mist drifted aside, revealing him on the very edge of the precipice. His arm was outstretched, and I felt that he was indicating our followers, more than a mile away. Ourselves, close in, he did not see. Lonely, lordly, he stood—the mists veiled him again.

"The awful silence in which the huge gray figure loomed out and faded set José Maria at his tremblings once more.

"'Better wait for the others,' he said as I dismounted; yet he refused to stay alone with the horses; he followed me into the mouth of the gorge.

"Toiling over huge boulders and brown water-worn stones; slipping, sliding, splashing, we made our way up through deep pools and cataracts. An old mountaineer, the pace tried even my strong limbs; José Maria was one muck of sweat. I was hot as a hunter on the fresh trail of a stag. I pushed on and up through the chaparral to the edge of the rubble bank. There we gave pause while José Maria dubiously surveyed the bank. It cut the trail off, clean as a knife. 'It used to lead straight up and on,' he said. Then, suddenly clutching my shoulder, he pointed to a rusty tube, six inches of rifle barrel, that protruded from the clay. 'They are there!' he whispered. 'The five companies of regulars!'

"Body of Joseph! I confess to a chill! Think yourself of that stark soldier who lay beneath, at the other end of that gun. And as we stood, staring, the mountain read us the riddle of the five companies. Loosened by the rains, a stone fell from a point midway of the slide and rolled down; with it started a mass of earth. Though it was a tiny landslide, it illustrated the story of the old gun-barrel. Running to escape it, we came upon a new trail, with fresh tracks in its mud, leading around the mountain's flank to a second gorge that zigzagged up to Demonio's stronghold.

"It was again hard climbing, ay, harder than the first. It had tried even El Demonio's enormous strength. He must have rested often, for we gained upon him so that we caught the rattle of a loosened stone as he climbed out at the top. Yet, what with the gorge's devious winding, we did not see him; not till we had crawled to the very edge of the chaparral that grew densely along the plateau's eastern face.

"Then we saw. He was sitting on a great stone, one of a row that balanced on the dizzy verge of the plateau. Behind him, a broad reach ran back to a sheer cliff, the face of which was honeycombed with the caves that had sheltered his men. It were easy to divine the purpose of the stones. It would go hard with my *rurales* should he loose that enormous hail upon them as he had upon the soldiers.

"As I say, he sat on the stone, with the *charro* beside him, looking down on my men who were now debouching from the first gorge. It were easy to shoot him there. But as I drew the bush aside to train a pistol, the *charro* suddenly stooped, and tenderly wiped the sweat from El Demonio's brow with the skirt of his blouse. The action, so thoroughly feminine, gave me pause, and as El Demonio swung a great arm and drew the lad to his knee, the scales fell from my eyes—God o' Mercy! it was Consuela herself!

"Ay, Consuela, but Consuela transformed, and such a transformation! Gone the somberness of her later manner, her dreaminess, the virgin flutterings. A drooping tenderness held their place, rich love lit her eyes. Any habit adorns true beauty, but her boy's dress added piquancy to her charms. Her voice, too, was changed, rang full and sweet as a mellow bell.

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"'Is there no other way?' I heard her ask. 'The commander is a kindly man, and the sergeant—he smote *him* on the mouth!'

"God! it were hard to do after that. I would have given a thousand colonel's commissions to escape it. Yet the words of her own mouth bade me to my duty, and his next words confirmed the sentence.

"'No other way, *Caracita*. It is me and you—or them.'

"As I trained on him again, he stooped to kiss her, and I, young fool, gave him full time for that last caress.

"It signalled, that kiss, a sequence of events that ran out so rapidly I could only stand and stare. Glancing aside, I saw the face beside me so devilishly distorted that I turned in quick disgust. The garnered spite, hate, and jealousy of years had flooded away José Maria's reason and drowned his craven fear. For as I fired, he screeched—such a shriek as the damned give at the first sight of hell—and leaped wildly out between me and them, taking my bullet in the thick of his leg. A second he stood, jaws grinding in foam, then raised his pistol and fired.

"A great cry followed the report; a roar, terrible in its agonized anger as that of a bereaved lion. Its echoes bellowed in the cañon. My men heard it a thousand feet below and stood at the foot of the bank; old Tomas, Garcia, Manuel, staring upward. There had been a quick juggling of persons, each striving to save the other, but Consuela gained the bullet. As she slid from his arms to the ground, El Demonio sprang, spurning the gravel in showers from the force of his leap; knife, pistols, machete, hung at his belt; forgetting all, he rushed his man, hands outstretched, yellow mane tossing, hard eyes gleaming.

"Señor, you have seen a tarantula, mad, venomous, blindly grapple a menacing stick? But with a single swing, Demonio broke José Maria's grip, tore loose the clutching hands, the writhing limbs, and sent him high over his head and out down the slide.

"Things had moved so quickly that I still lay in the chaparral, and as I now rose there came a noise—How shall I describe its enormous volume? In the stained glass of San Xavier's window is a verse of Holy Writ: 'The mountains cried aloud!' Señor, I heard the voice of a mountain, and my eyes witnessed its travail. Rushing forward, I looked over, then shrank back, for the plateau seemed to be shooting skyward. It was an illusion. Rotted by heavy rains, the whole side of the mountain had slipped out. My *rurales* were gone, engulfed by the moving mass, but far down on its surface, I saw José Maria, a black spread-eagle, shooting down at frightful speed. Even as I looked he crumpled against a rock. Over him curved that vast yellow tide; with the voice of a thousand oceans, it plunged on down over the precipice. Tall pines bent at the shock as to the blast of a storm, the mountain quaked, a dust cloud shot thousands of feet in the air, and then—the rain fell softly as before, and a moaning breeze came like a wail out of the east. A voice roused me. 'Water! water! She is dying! Quick! Run, you!' He spoke imperiously, the blue eyes of him gazing straight at me; commanded me as though I were a *mozo*, me who had hung a long three months on his trail, who had come there to destroy him, who now, in my grief, anger, and shame, could have locked hands in his throat and have dragged him into the gulf that now yawned at our feet. It takes his hard breed to rise to such a moment, and of all that I have known of the gringo blood, this man was the hardest. As I say, he commanded me, and I, catching one look at the girl's dead face, ran.

"But he divined that my haste was not of fear, for he made room when I brought water from the pool under the cliff, nor offered protest when I slid my hand within her blouse. She was not dead; the heart beat firm. But I was puzzled till he discovered the graze of the bullet in fondling her hair. It was but a graze, yet the shock held her insensible for a full hour; every minute of that hour we old foes shared like old friends. When she opened her eyes, moreover, I took as much of her smile as he; and, Oh, rare tact of womanhood! when she rose, it was to me she offered her hands.

"There was no need. In the presence of the awful forces our feeble passions had released, looking down on that vast grave, the tomb of men as good as ourselves, petty ambitions dwarfed to naught. Moreover, deep in my heart was a feeling that this was a bigger man than myself. Sitting there, I watched him take her up again in his great arms, and set his face north on the trail that led from the west end of the plateau back over the divide. I freely gave my commission for the parting wave of her hand."

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BEFORE ADAM

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.—Big-Tooth is one of the Tree-Folk who lived in the far-off Mid-Pleistocene period. Thousands of years later he relives his experiences in the dream-memories of the author, who weaves these memories into the autobiography of Big-Tooth. The Tree-Folk baby's adventures begin with his escape from a murderous attack of wild boars. Later, his father dies and his mother marries a cruel ape-man, "The Chatterer," who drives the infant Big-Tooth from his tree home. After long wandering, the outcast comes upon a settlement of Cave-Folk and first encounters the formidable Red-Eye.

CHAPTER V (*Continued*)

AT last Red-Eye decided that there was no danger lurking about. He was returning from the head of the runway, from where he had taken a peep down at the drinking-place. His course brought him near, but still he did not notice me. He proceeded casually on his way until abreast of me, and then, without warning and with incredible swiftness, he smote me a buffet on the head. I was knocked backward fully a dozen feet before I fetched up against the ground, and I remember, even as the stunning blow was struck, hearing the wild uproar of clucking and shrieking laughter that arose from the caves. It was a great joke—at least in that day; and right heartily the Folk appreciated it.

Thus was I received into the horde. Red-Eye paid no further attention to me, and I was at liberty to whimper and sob to my heart's content. Several of the women gathered curiously about me, and I recognized them. I had encountered them the preceding year when my mother had taken me to the hazel-nut cañons.

But they quickly left me alone, being replaced by a dozen curious and teasing youngsters. These formed a circle around me, pointing their fingers, making faces, and poking and pinching me. I was frightened, and for a time I endured them; then anger got the best of me and I sprang tooth and nail upon the most audacious one of them—none other than Lop-Ear himself. I have so named him because he could prick up only one of his ears. The other always hung limp and without movement. Some accident had injured the muscles and deprived him of the use of it.

He closed with me, and we went at it for all the world like a couple of small boys fighting. We scratched and bit, pulled hair, clinched, and threw each other down. I remember I succeeded in getting on him what in my college days I learned was called a half-Nelson. This hold gave me the decided advantage. But I did not enjoy it long. He twisted up one leg, and with the foot (or hind-hand) made so savage an onslaught upon my abdomen as to threaten to disembowel me. I had to release him in order to save myself, and then we went at it again.

Lop-Ear was a year older than I, but I was several times angrier than he, and in the end he took to his heels. I chased him across the open and down a runway to the river. But he was better acquainted with the locality and ran along the edge of the water and up another runway. He cut diagonally across the open space and dashed into a wide-mouthed cave.

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Before I knew it, I had plunged after him into the darkness. The next moment I was badly frightened. I had never been in a cave before. I began to whimper and cry out. Lop-Ear chattered mockingly at me, and, springing upon me unseen, tumbled me over. He did not risk a second encounter, however, and took himself off. I was between him and the entrance, and he did not pass me; yet he seemed to have gone away. I listened, but could get no clue as to where he was. This puzzled me, and when I regained the outside I sat down to watch.

He did not come out of the entrance, of that I was certain; yet at the end of several minutes he chuckled at my elbow. Again I ran after him, and again he ran into the cave; but this time I stopped at the mouth. I dropped back a short distance and watched. He did not come out; yet, as before, he chuckled at my elbow, and was chased by me a third time into the cave.

This performance was repeated several times. Then I followed him into the cave, where I searched vainly for him. I was curious. I could not understand how he eluded me. Always he went into the cave, never did he come out of it, yet always did he arrive there at my elbow and mock me. Thus did our fight transform itself into a game of hide and seek.

All afternoon, with occasional intervals, we kept it up, and a playful, friendly spirit arose between us. In the end, he did not run away from me, and we sat together with our arms around each other. A little later he disclosed the mystery of the wide-mouthed cave. Holding me by the hand, he led me inside. It connected by a narrow crevice with another cave, and it was through this that we regained the open air.

We were now good friends. When the other young ones gathered around to tease, he joined with me in attacking them; and so viciously did we behave that before long I was let alone. Lop-Ear made me acquainted with the village. There was little that he could tell me of conditions and customs—he had not the necessary vocabulary; but by observing his actions I learned much, and also he showed me places and things.

He took me up the open space, between the caves and the river, into the forest beyond, where, in a grassy place among the trees, we made a meal of stringy-rooted carrots.

As twilight came on, the open space was deserted. The Folk were seeking the safety of the caves. Lop-Ear led the way to bed. High up the bluff we climbed, higher than all the other caves, to a tiny crevice that could not be seen from the ground. Into this Lop-Ear squeezed. I followed with difficulty, so narrow was the entrance, and found myself in a small rock chamber. It was very low—not more than a couple of feet in height, and possibly three feet by four in width and length. Here, cuddled together in each other's arms, we slept out the night.

CHAPTER VI

While the more courageous of the youngsters played in and out of the large-mouthed caves, I early learned that such caves were unoccupied. No one slept in them at night. Only the crevice-mouthed caves were used, the narrower the mouth the better. This was from fear of the preying animals that made life a burden to us in those days and nights.

The first morning, after my night's sleep with Lop-Ear, I learned the advantage of the narrow-mouthed caves. It was just daylight when old Saber-Tooth, the tiger, walked into the open space. Two of the Folk were already up. They made a rush to escape. Whether they were panic-stricken, or whether he was too close on their heels for them to attempt to scramble up the bluff to the crevices, I do not know; but at any rate they dashed into the wide-mouthed cave wherein Lop-Ear and I had played the afternoon before.

What happened inside there was no way of telling, but it is fair to conclude that the two Folk slipped through the connecting crevice into the other cave. This crevice was too small to allow for the passage of Saber-Tooth, and he came out the way he had gone in, unsatisfied and angry. It was evident that his night's hunting had been unsuccessful and that he had expected to make a meal off of us. He caught sight of the two Folk at the other cave-mouth and sprang for them. Of course, they darted through the passageway into the first cave. He emerged angrier than ever and snarling.

Pandemonium broke loose among the rest of us. All up and down the great bluff, we crowded the crevices and outside ledges, and we were all chattering and shrieking in a thousand keys. And we were all making faces—snarling faces; this was an instinct with us. We were as angry as Saber-Tooth,

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though our anger was allied with fear. I remember that I shrieked and made faces with the best of them. Not only did they set the example, but I felt the urge from within me to do the same things they were doing. My hair was bristling, and I was convulsed with a fierce, unreasoning rage.

For some time old Saber-Tooth continued dashing in and out of first the one cave and then the other. But the two Folk merely slipped back and forth through the connecting crevice and eluded him. In the meantime the rest of us up the bluff had proceeded to action. Every time he appeared outside we pelted him with rocks. At first we merely dropped them on him, but we soon began to whiz them down with the added force of our muscles.

This bombardment drew Saber-Tooth's attention to us and made him angrier than ever. He abandoned his pursuit of the two Folk and sprang up the bluff toward the rest of us, clawing at the crumbling rock and snarling as he clawed his upward way. At this awful sight, the last one of us sought refuge inside our caves. I know this, because I peeped out and saw the whole bluffside deserted, save for Saber-Tooth, who had lost his footing and was sliding and falling down.

I called out the cry of encouragement, and again the bluff was covered by the screaming horde and the stones were falling faster than ever. Saber-Tooth was frantic with rage. Time and again he assaulted the bluff. Once he even gained the first crevice entrances before he fell back, but was unable to force his way inside. With each upward rush he made, waves of fear surged over us. At first, at such times, most of us dashed inside; but some remained outside to hammer him with stones, and soon all of us remained outside and kept up the fusillade.

Never was so masterly a creature so completely baffled. It hurt his pride terribly, thus to be outwitted by the small and tender Folk. He stood on the ground and looked up at us, snarling, lashing his tail, snapping at the stones that fell near to him. Once I whizzed down a stone, and just at the right moment he looked up. It caught him full on the end of his nose, and he went straight up in the air, all four feet of him, roaring and caterwauling, what of the hurt and surprise.

He was beaten and he knew it. Recovering his dignity, he stalked out solemnly from under the rain of stones. He stopped in the middle of the open space and looked wistfully and hungrily back at us. He hated to forego the meal — we were just so much meat, cornered but inaccessible. This sight of him started us to laughing. We laughed derisively and uproariously, all of us. Now animals do not like mockery. To be laughed at makes them angry. And in such fashion our laughter affected Saber-Tooth. He turned with a roar and charged the bluff again. This was what we wanted. The fight had become a game, and we took huge delight in pelting him.

But his attack did not last long. He quickly recovered his common sense, and, besides, our missiles were shrewd to hurt. Vividly do I recollect the vision of one bulging eye of his, swollen almost shut by a stone we had thrown. And vividly do I retain the picture of him as he stood on the edge of the forest whither he had finally retreated. He was looking back at us, his writhing lips lifted clear of the very roots of his huge fangs, his hair bristling, and his tail lashing. He gave one last snarl and slid from view among the trees.

And then such a chattering as went up. We swarmed out of our holes, examining the marks his claws had made on the crumbling rock of the bluff, all of us talking at once. One of the two Folk who had been caught in the double cave was part-grown, half child and half youth. They had come out proudly from their refuge, and we surrounded them in an admiring crowd. Then the young fellow's mother broke through and fell upon him in a tremendous rage, boxing his ears, pulling his hair, and shrieking like a demon. She was a strapping big woman, very hairy, and the thrashing she gave him was a delight to the horde. We roared with laughter, holding on to one another or rolling on the ground in our glee.

In spite of the reign of fear under which we lived, the Folk were always great laughers. We had the sense of humor. Our merriment was Gargantuan. It was never restrained. There was nothing half-way about it. When a thing was funny we were convulsed with appreciation of it, and the simplest, crudest things were funny to us. Oh, we were great laughers, I can tell you.

The way we had treated Saber-Tooth was the way we treated all animals that invaded the village. We kept our runways and drinking-places to ourselves by making life miserable for the animals that trespassed or strayed

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upon our immediate territory. Even the fiercest hunting animals we so bedeviled that they learned to leave our places alone. We were not fighters like them; we were cunning and cowardly, and it was because of our cunning and cowardice, and our inordinate capacity for fear, that we survived in that frightfully hostile environment of the Younger World.

Lop-Ear, I figure, was a year older than I. What his past history was he had no way of telling me, but as I never saw anything of his mother I believed him to be an orphan. After all, fathers did not count in our horde. Marriage was as yet in a rude state, and couples had a way of quarreling and separating. Modern man, what of his divorce institution, does the same thing legally. But we had no laws. Custom was all we went by, and our custom in this particular matter was rather promiscuous.

Nevertheless, as this narrative will show later on, we betrayed glimmering adumbrations of the monogamy that was later to give power to, and make mighty, such tribes as embraced it. Furthermore, even at the time I was born, there were several faithful couples that lived in the trees in the neighborhood of my mother. Living in the thick of the horde did not conduce to monogamy. It was for this reason, undoubtedly, that the faithful couples went away and lived by themselves. Through many years these couples stayed together, though when the man or woman died or was eaten, the survivor invariably found a new mate.

There was one thing that greatly puzzled me during the first days of my residence in the horde. There was a nameless and incommunicable fear that rested upon all. At first it appeared to be connected wholly with direction. The horde feared the northeast. It lived in perpetual apprehension of that quarter of the compass. And every individual gazed more frequently and with greater alarm in that direction than in any other.

When Lop-Ear and I went toward the northeast to eat the stringy-rooted carrots that at that season were at their best, he became unusually timid. He was content to eat the leavings, the big tough carrots and the little ropy ones, rather than venture a short distance farther on to where the carrots were as yet untouched. When I so ventured, he scolded me and quarreled with me. He gave me to understand that in that direction was some horrible danger, but just what the horrible danger was his paucity of language would not permit him to say.

Many a good meal I got in this fashion, while he scolded and chattered vainly at me. I could not understand. I kept very alert, but I could see no danger. I calculated always the distance between myself and the nearest tree, and knew that to that haven of refuge I could outfoot the Tawny One, or old Saber-Tooth, did one or the other suddenly appear.

One late afternoon, in the village, a great uproar arose. The horde was animated with a single idea, and it was an idea of fear. The bluffside swarmed with the Folk, all gazing and pointing into the northeast. I did not know what it was, but I scrambled all the way up to the safety of my own high little cave before ever I turned around to see.

And then, across the river, away into the northeast, I saw for the first time the mystery of smoke. It was the biggest animal I had ever seen. I thought it was a monster snake, up-ended, rearing its head high among the trees and swaying back and forth. And yet, somehow, I seemed to gather from the conduct of the Folk that the smoke itself was not the danger. They appeared to fear it as the token of something else. What this something else was I could not guess. Nor could they tell me. Yet I was soon to know, and I was to know it as a thing more terrible than the Tawny One, than old Saber-Tooth, than the snakes themselves, which had seemed to me the most terrible things possible.

CHAPTER VII

Broken-Tooth was another youngster who lived by himself. His mother lived in the caves, but two more children had come after him and he had been thrust out to shift for himself. We had witnessed the performance during the several preceding days, and it had given us no little glee. Broken-Tooth did not want to go, and every time his mother left the cave he sneaked back into it. When she returned and found him there her rages were delightful. Half the horde made a practise of watching for these moments. First, from within the cave, would come her scolding and shrieking. Then we could hear sounds of the thrashing and the yelling of Broken-Tooth. About this time the two younger children joined in. And finally,

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like the eruption of a miniature volcano, Broken-Tooth would come flying out.

At the end of several days his final ejection was accomplished. He wailed his grief, unheeded, from the center of the open space, for at least half an hour, and then came to live with Lop-Ear and me. Our cave was small, but with squeezing there was room for three. I have no recollection of Broken-Tooth spending more than one night with us, so the accident must have happened right away.

It came in the middle of the day. In the morning we had eaten our fill of carrots, and then, made heedless by play, we had ventured on to the big trees just beyond. I cannot understand how Lop-Ear got over his habitual caution, but it must have been the play. We were having a great time playing tree tag. And such tag! We leaped ten- or fifteen-foot gaps as a matter of course. And a twenty- or twenty-five-foot deliberate drop clear down to the ground was nothing to us. In fact, I am almost afraid to say the great distances we dropped. As we grew older and heavier we found we had to be more cautious in dropping, but at that age our bodies were all strings and springs and we could do anything.

Broken-Tooth displayed remarkable agility in the game. He was "It" less frequently than any of us, and in the course of the game he discovered one difficult "slip" that neither Lop-Ear nor I was able to accomplish. To be truthful, we were afraid to attempt it.

When we were "It," Broken-Tooth always ran out to the end of a lofty branch in a certain tree. From the end of the branch to the ground it must have been seventy feet, and nothing intervened to break a fall. But about twenty feet lower down, and fully fifteen feet out from the line of the perpendicular, was the thick branch of another tree.

As we ran out the limb, Broken-Tooth, facing us, would begin teetering. This naturally impeded our progress; but there was more in the teetering than that. He teetered with his back to the jump he was to make. Just as we nearly reached him he would let go. The branch was like a spring-board. It threw him far out, backward, and as he fell he turned around sidewise in the air so as to face the other branch into which he was falling. This branch bent far down under the impact, and sometimes there was an ominous crackling; but it never broke, and out of the leaves was always to be seen the face of Broken-Tooth grinning triumphantly up at us.

I was "It" the last time Broken-Tooth tried this. He had gained the end of the branch and begun his teetering, and I was creeping out after him, when suddenly there came a low warning cry from Lop-Ear. I looked down and saw him in the main fork of the tree crouching close against the trunk. Instinctively I crouched down upon the thick limb. Broken-Tooth stopped teetering, but the branch would not stop, and his body continued bobbing up and down with the rustling leaves.

I heard the crackle of a dry twig, and looking down saw my first Fire-Man. He was creeping stealthily along on the ground and peering up into the tree. At first I thought he was a wild animal, because he wore around his waist and over his shoulders a ragged piece of bearskin. And then I saw his hands and feet, and more clearly his features. He was very much like my kind, except that he was less hairy and that his feet were less like hands than ours.

It came to me instantly, as I looked at him. This was the terror of the northeast, of which the mystery of smoke was a token. Yet I was puzzled. Certainly he was nothing of which to be afraid. Red-Eye or any of our strong men would have been more than a match for him. He was old, too, wizened with age, and the hair on his face was gray. Also he limped badly with one leg. There was no doubt at all that we could outrun him and outclimb him. He could never catch us, that was certain.

But he carried something in his hand that I had never seen before. It was a bow and arrow. But at that time a bow and arrow had no meaning for me. How was I to know that death lurked in that bent piece of wood? But Lop-Ear knew. He had evidently seen the Fire People before and knew something of their ways. The Fire-Man peered up at him and circled around the tree. And around the main trunk above the fork Lop-Ear circled too, keeping always the trunk between himself and the Fire-Man.

The latter abruptly reversed his circling. Lop-Ear, caught unawares, also hastily reversed, but did not win the protection of the trunk until after the Fire-Man had twanged the bow. I saw the arrow leap up, miss Lop-Ear, glance against a limb, and fall back to the ground. I danced up and down on my lofty perch with delight. It was a game!

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The Fire-Man was throwing things at Lop-Ear as we sometimes threw things at one another.

The game continued a little longer, but Lop-Ear did not expose himself a second time. Then the Fire-Man gave it up. I leaned far out over my horizontal limb and chattered down at him. I wanted to play. I wanted to have him try to hit me with the thing. He saw me, but ignored me, turning his attention to Broken-Tooth, who was still teetering slightly and involuntarily on the end of the branch.

The first arrow leaped upward. Broken-Tooth yelled with fright and pain. It had reached its mark. This put a new complexion on the matter. I no longer cared to play, but crouched trembling close to my limb. A second arrow and a third soared up, missing Broken-Tooth, rustling the leaves as they passed through, arching in their flight, and returning to earth.

The Fire-Man stretched his bow again. He shifted his position, walking away several steps, then shifted it a second time. The bowstring twanged, the arrow leaped upward, and Broken-Tooth, uttering a terrible scream, fell off the branch. I saw him as he went down, turning over and over, all arms and legs it seemed, the shaft of the arrow projecting from his chest and appearing and disappearing with each revolution of his body.

Sheer down, screaming, seventy feet he fell, smashing to the earth with an audible thud and crunch, his body rebounding slightly and settling down again. Still he lived, for he moved and squirmed, clawing with his hands and feet. I remember the Fire-Man running forward with a stone and hammering him on the head . . . and then I remember no more.

Always, during my childhood, at this stage of the dream, did I wake up screaming with fright—to find, often, my mother or my nurse, anxious and startled, by my bedside, passing soothing hands through my hair and telling me that she was there and that there was nothing to fear.

My next dream, in the order of succession of events, begins always with the flight of Lop-Ear and myself through the forest. The Fire-Man and Broken-Tooth and the tree of the tragedy are gone. Lop-Ear and I, in a cautious panic, are fleeing through the trees. In my right leg is a burning pain; and from the flesh, protruding head and shaft from either side, is an arrow of the Fire-Man. Not only did the pull and strain of it pain me severely, but it bothered my movements and made it impossible for me to keep up with Lop-Ear.

At last I gave up, crouching in the secure fork of a tree. Lop-Ear went right on. I called to him—most plaintively, I remember—and he stopped and looked back. Then he returned to me, climbing into the fork and examining the arrow. He tried to pull it out, but one way the flesh resisted the barbed head, and the other way it resisted the feathered shaft. Also it hurt grievously, and I stopped him.

For some time we crouched there, Lop-Ear nervous and anxious to be gone, perpetually and apprehensively peering this way and that, and myself whimpering softly and sobbing. Lop-Ear was plainly in a funk, and yet his conduct in remaining by me, in spite of his fear, I take as a foreshadowing of the altruism and comradeship that have helped make man the mightiest of the animals.

Once again Lop-Ear tried to drag the arrow through the flesh, and I angrily stopped him. Then he bent down and began gnawing the shaft of the arrow with his teeth. As he did so he held it firmly in both hands so that it would not play about in the wound, and at the same time I held on to him. I often meditate upon this scene—the two of us, half-grown cubs, in the childhood of the race, the one mastering his fear, beating down his selfish impulse of flight, in order to stand by and succor the other. And there rises before me all that was there foreshadowed: I see visions of Damon and Pythias, of life-saving crews and Red Cross nurses, of martyrs and leaders of forlorn hopes, of Father Damien, and of the Christ Himself, and of all the men of earth, mighty of stature, whose strength may trace back to the elemental loins of Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth and other dim denizens of the Younger World.

When Lop-Ear had chewed off the head of the arrow, the shaft was withdrawn easily enough. I started to go on, but this time it was he that stopped me. My leg was bleeding profusely. Some of the smaller veins had doubtless been ruptured. Running out to the end of a branch, Lop-Ear gathered a handful of green leaves. These he stuffed into the wound. They accomplished the purpose, for the bleeding soon stopped. Then we went on together, back to the safety of the caves.

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CHAPTER VIII

WELL do I remember that first winter after I left home. I have long dreams of sitting shivering in the cold. Lop-Ear and I sit close together, with our arms and legs about each other, blue-faced and with chattering teeth. It got particularly crisp along toward morning. In those chill early hours we slept little, huddling together in numb misery and waiting for the sunrise in order to get warm.

When we went outside there was a crackle of frost under foot. One morning we discovered ice on the surface of the quiet water in the eddy where was the drinking-place, and there was a great howdy-do about it. Old Marrow-Bone was the oldest member of the horde, and he had never seen anything like it before. I remember the worried, plaintive look that came into his eyes as he examined the ice. (This plaintive look always came into our eyes when we did not understand a thing, or when we felt the prod of some vague and inexpressible desire.) Red-Eye, too, when he investigated the ice, looked bleak and plaintive, and stared across the river into the northeast, as though in some way he connected the Fire People with this latest happening.

But we found ice only on that one morning, and that was the coldest winter we experienced. I have no memory of other winters when it was so cold. I have often thought that that cold winter was a forerunner of the countless others to come, as the ice sheet from farther north crept down over the face of the land. But we never saw that ice sheet. Many generations must have passed away before the descendants of the horde migrated south, or remained and adapted themselves to the changed conditions.

Life was hit or miss and happy go lucky with us. Little was ever planned, and less was executed. We were illogical, and inconsequential. We had no steadfastness of purpose, and it was here that the Fire People were ahead of us. They possessed all these qualities which we possessed in such small measure. Occasionally, however, especially in the realm of the emotions, we were capable of long-cherished purpose. The faithfulness of the monogamic couples I have referred to may be explained as a matter of habit; but my long desire for the Swift One cannot be so explained, any more than can the undying enmity between me and Red-Eye.

But it is our inconsequentiality and stupidity that especially distress me when I look back upon that life in the long ago. Once I found a broken gourd which happened to lie right side up and which had been filled with the rain. The water was sweet, and I drank it. I even took the gourd down to the stream and filled it with more water, some of which I drank and some of which I poured over Lop-Ear. And then I threw the gourd away. It never entered my head to fill the gourd with water and carry it into my cave. Yet often I was thirsty at night, especially after eating wild onions and watercress, and no one ever dared leave the caves at night for a drink.

Another time I found a dry gourd, inside of which the seeds rattled. I had great fun with it for a while. But it was a plaything, nothing more. And yet it was not long after this that the using of gourds for storing water became the general practise of the horde. But I was not the inventor. The honor was due to old Marrow-Bone, and it is fair to assume that it was the necessity of his great age that brought about the innovation.

At any rate, the first member of the horde to use gourds was Marrow-Bone. He kept a supply of drinking-water in the cave that belonged to his son, the Hairless One, who permitted his father to occupy a corner of it. We used to see Marrow-Bone filling his gourd at the drinking-place and carrying it carefully up to his cave. Imitation was strong in the Folk, and first one and then another and another procured a gourd and used it in similar fashion, until it was a general practise with all of us so to store water.

Sometimes old Marrow-Bone had sick spells and was unable to leave the cave. Then the Hairless One filled the gourd for him. A little later the Hairless One deputed the task to Long-Lip, his son. And after that, even when Marrow-Bone was well again, Long-Lip continued carrying water for him. By and by, except on unusual occasions, the men never carried any water at all, leaving the task to the women and larger children. Lop-Ear and I were independent. We carried water only for ourselves, and we often mocked the young water-carriers when they were called away from play to fill the gourds.

The one big invention of the horde, during the time I lived with it, was the use of gourds. At first we stored only water in the gourds—in imitation of old Marrow-Bone. But one day some one of the women—I

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do not know which one—filled a gourd with blackberries and carried it to her cave. In no time all the women were carrying berries and nuts and roots in the gourds. The idea, once started, had to go on. Another stage in the evolution of the carrying receptacle was due to the women. Without doubt, some woman's gourd was too small, or else she had forgotten her gourd; be that as it may, she bent two great leaves together, pinning the seams with twigs, and carried home a bigger quantity of berries than could have been contained in the largest gourd.

So far we got, and no farther, in the transportation of supplies during the years I lived with the Folk. It never entered anybody's head to weave a basket out of willow-withes. Sometimes the men and women tied tough vines about the bundles of ferns and branches that they carried to the caves to sleep upon. Possibly in ten or twenty generations we might have worked up to the weaving of baskets. And in this connection, one thing is sure: if once we had woven withes into baskets, the next and inevitable step would have been the weaving of cloth. Clothes would have followed, and with covering our nakedness would have come modesty.

Progress was slow with us. The adults played through life, much in the same way that children play, and we played as none of the other animals. What little we learned was usually in the course of play, and was due to our curiosity and keenness of appreciation. We were just getting started, and we could not go far in a single generation. We were without weapons, without fire, and in the raw beginnings of speech. The device of writing lay so far in the future that I am appalled when I think of it.

Even I was once on the verge of a great discovery. To show you how fortuitous was development in those days let me state that had it not been for the gluttony of Lop-Ear I might have brought about the domestication of the dog. And this was something that the Fire People who lived to the northeast had not yet achieved. They were without dogs; this I knew from observation. But let me tell you how Lop-Ear's gluttony possibly set back our social development many generations.

Well, to the west of our caves was a great swamp; but to the south lay a stretch of low, rocky hills. These were little frequented for two reasons. First of all, there was no food there of the kind we ate; and next, those rocky hills were filled with the lairs of carnivorous beasts.

But Lop-Ear and I strayed over to the hills one day. We should not have strayed had we not been teasing a tiger. Please do not laugh. It was old Saber-Tooth himself. We were perfectly safe. We chanced upon him in the forest, early in the morning, and from the safety of the branches overhead we chattered down at him our dislike and hatred. And from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, we followed overhead, making an infernal row and warning all the forest-dwellers that old Saber-Tooth was coming.

We spoiled his hunting for him anyway. And we made him good and angry. He snarled at us and lashed his tail, and sometimes he paused and stared up at us quietly for a long time, as if debating in his mind some way by which he could get hold of us. But we only laughed and pelted him with twigs and the ends of branches.

This tiger-baiting was common sport among the Folk. Sometimes half the horde would follow from overhead a tiger or a lion that had ventured out in the daytime. It was our revenge; for more than one member of the horde, caught unexpectedly, had gone the way of the tiger's belly or the lion's. Also by such ordeals of helplessness and shame we taught the hunting animals to some extent to keep out of our territory. And then it was funny. It was a great game.

And so Lop-Ear and I had chased Saber-Tooth across three miles of forest. Toward the last he put his tail between his legs and fled from our gibing like a beaten cur. We did our best to keep up with him; but when we reached the edge of the forest he was no more than a streak in the distance.

I don't know what prompted us, unless it was curiosity; but after playing around a while, Lop-Ear and I ventured across the open ground to the edge of the rocky hills. We did not go far. Possibly at no time were we more than a hundred yards from the trees. Coming around a sharp corner of rock (we went very carefully, because we did not know what we might encounter), we came upon three puppies playing in the sun.

They did not see us, and we watched them for some time. They were wild dogs. In the rock wall was a horizontal fissure—evidently the lair where their mother had left them, and where they would have remained had they been obedient. But the growing life, which in Lop-Ear and me had impelled

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us to venture away from the forest, had driven the puppies out of the cave to frolic. I know how their mother would have punished them had she caught them.

But it was Lop-Ear and I who caught them. He looked at me, and then we made a dash for them. The puppies knew no place to run except into the lair, and we headed them off. One rushed between my legs. I squatted and grabbed him. He sank his little teeth into my arm, and I dropped him in the suddenness of the hurt and surprise. The next moment he had scurried inside.

Lop-Ear, struggling with the second puppy, scowled at me and intimated by a variety of sounds the different kinds of a fool and a bungler that I was. This made me ashamed and spurred me to valor. I grabbed the remaining puppy by the tail. He got his teeth into me once, and then I got him by the neck. Lop-Ear and I sat down and held the puppies up, and looked at them and laughed.

They were snarling and yelping and crying. Lop-Ear started suddenly. He thought he had heard something. We looked at each other in fear, realizing the danger of our position. The one thing that made animals raging demons was tampering with their young. And these puppies that raised such a racket belonged to the wild dogs. Well we knew them, running in packs, the terror of the grass-eating animals. We had watched them following the herds of cattle and bison and dragging down the calves, the aged, and the sick. We had been chased by them ourselves more than once. I had seen one of the Folk, a woman, run down by them and caught just as she reached the shelter of the woods. Had she not been tired out by the run, she might have made it into a tree. She tried, and slipped, and fell back. They made short work of her.

We did not stare at each other longer than a moment. Keeping tight hold of our prizes, we ran for the woods. Once in the security of a tall tree, we held up the puppies and laughed again. You see, we had to have our laugh out, no matter what happened.

And then began one of the hardest tasks I ever attempted. We started to carry the puppies to our cave. Our hands could not be used for climbing; most of the time they were occupied with holding our squirming captives. Once we tried to walk on the ground, but were treed by a miserable hyena, who followed along underneath. He was a wise hyena.

Lop-Ear got an idea. He remembered how we tied up bundles of leaves to carry home for beds. Breaking off some tough vines, he tied his puppy's legs together, and then, with another piece of vine passed around his neck, slung the puppy on his back. This left him with hands and feet free to climb. He was jubilant, and did not wait for me to finish tying my puppy's legs, but started on. There was one difficulty, however. The puppy wouldn't stay slung on Lop-Ear's back. It swung around to the side and then on in front. Its teeth were not tied, and the next thing it did was to sink them into Lop-Ear's soft and unprotected stomach. He let out a scream, nearly fell, and clutched a branch violently with both hands to save himself. The vine around his neck broke, and the puppy, its four legs tied, dropped to the ground. The hyena proceeded to dine.

Lop-Ear was disgusted and angry. He abused the hyena, and then went off alone through the trees. I had no reason for carrying the puppy to the cave except that I *wanted* to; and I stayed by my task. I made the work a great deal easier by elaborating on Lop-Ear's idea. Not only did I tie the puppy's legs, but I thrust a stick through his jaws and tied them together securely.

At last I got the puppy home. I imagine I had more pertinacity than the average Folk, or else I should not have succeeded. They laughed at me when they saw me lugging the puppy up to my high little cave, but I did not mind. Success crowned my efforts, and there was the puppy. He was a plaything such as none of the Folk possessed. He learned rapidly. When I played with him and he bit me, I boxed his ears, and then he did not try again to bite for a long time.

I was quite taken up with him. He was something new, and it was a characteristic of the Folk to like new things. When I saw that he refused fruits and vegetables, I caught birds for him, and squirrels and young rabbits. (We Folk were meat-eaters as well as vegetarians, and we were adept at catching small game.) The puppy ate the meat and thrived. As well as I can estimate, I must have had him over a week. And then, coming back to the cave one day with a nest full of young-hatched pheasants, I found that Lop-Ear had killed the puppy and was just beginning to eat him. I sprang for Lop-Ear —the cave was small—and we went at it tooth and nail.

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And thus, in a fight, ended one of the earliest attempts to domesticate the dog. We pulled hair out in handfuls, and scratched and bit and gouged. Then we sulked and made up. After that we ate the puppy. Raw? Yes. We had not yet discovered fire. Our evolution into cooking animals lay in the tight-rolled scroll of the future.

CHAPTER IX

RED-EYE was an atavism. He was the great discordant element in our horde. He was more primitive than any of us. He did not belong with us, yet we were still so primitive ourselves that we were incapable of a cooperative effort strong enough to kill him or cast him out. Rude as was our social organization, he was, nevertheless, too rude to live in it. He tended always to destroy the horde by his unsocial acts. He was really a reversion to an earlier type, and his place was with the Tree People rather than with us who were in the process of becoming men.

He was a monster of cruelty, which is saying a great deal in that day. He beat his wives—not that he ever had more than one wife at a time, but he was married many times. It was impossible for any woman to live with him, and yet they did, out of compulsion. There was no gainsaying him.

Often do I have visions of the quiet hour before the twilight. From drinking-place and carrot-patch and berry-swamp the Folk are trooping into the open space before the caves. They dare linger no later than this, for the dreadful darkness is approaching, in which the world is given over to the carnage of the hunting animals, while the forerunners of man hide tremblingly in their holes.

There yet remain to us a few minutes before we climb to our caves. We are tired from the play of the day, and the sounds we make are subdued. Even the cubs, still greedy for fun and antics, play with restraint. The wind from the sea has died down, and the shadows are lengthening with the last of the sun's descent. And then, suddenly, from Red-Eye's cave breaks a wild screaming and the sound of blows. He is beating his wife.

At first an awed silence comes upon us. But as the blows and screams continue we break out into an insane gibbering of helpless rage. It is plain that the men resent Red-Eye's actions, but they are afraid of him. The blows cease, and a low groaning dies away, while we chatter among ourselves and the sad twilight creeps upon us.

We, to whom most happenings were jokes, never laughed during Red-Eye's wife-beatings. We knew too well the tragedy of them. On more than one morning, at the base of the cliff, did we find the body of his latest wife. He had tossed her there, after she had died, from his cave-mouth. He never buried his dead. The task of carrying away the bodies, which else would have polluted our abiding-place, he left to the horde.

Not only did Red-Eye murder his wives, but he also murdered in order to get them. When he wanted a new wife and selected another man's, he promptly killed that man. Two of these murders I saw myself. The whole horde knew, but could do nothing. We had not yet developed any government, to speak of, inside the horde. We had certain customs and visited our wrath upon the unlucky ones who violated those customs. Thus, for example, the individual who defiled a drinking-place would be attacked by every onlooker, while one who deliberately gave a false alarm was the recipient of much rough usage at our hands. But Red-Eye walked roughshod over all our customs, and we so feared him that we were incapable of the collective action necessary to punish him.

It was during the sixth winter in our cave that Lop-Ear and I discovered that we were really growing up. From the first it had been a squeeze to get in through the entrance crevice. This had had its advantages, however. It had prevented the larger folk from taking our cave away from us.

At first we dug the crumbling rocks away with our fingers until our nails got sore, when I accidentally stumbled upon the idea of using a piece of wood on the rock. This worked well. Also it worked woe. One morning, early, we had scratched out of the wall quite a heap of fragments. I gave the heap a shove over the lip of the entrance. The next moment there came up from below a howl of rage. There was no need to look. We knew the voice only too well. The rubbish had descended upon Red-Eye. We crouched down in the cave in consternation. A minute later he was at the entrance, peering in at us with his inflamed eyes and raging like a demon.

"Before Adam" will be continued in the December number.

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A King in Business

Leopold II of Belgium, Autocrat of the Congo and International Broker

By ROBERT E. PARK

I

A NEW figure looms large on the horizon of Europe! A figure strange, fantastic, and ominous—the king who is capitalist, *le roi d'affaires*; the man who unites in himself the political and social prestige of a reigning monarch with the vast material power of a multimillionaire.

Assume, by way of illustration, that John D. Rockefeller had, by an act of Providence or a freak of fortune, in his young manhood been made perpetual President of the United States, and that he had retained as perpetual President all that thrift and cautious daring which enabled him to create the Standard Oil Company.

Suppose that he had then chosen to use his position as perpetual President to further his private interests as a money-getter. Consider the advantages of his position, at home and abroad, from the point of view of high finance: he would be able to control legislation at home, in the interest of his own private enterprises, and would have at his command all the machinery of the foreign diplomatic service to aid him in his intrigues abroad.

No doubt he would find himself hampered in his operations by constitutional formulas, the nagging criticism of legislators, and the inquisition of the press. But the art of controlling public opinion has, in recent years, reached a high state of perfection. Through the elaborate machinery of the modern press bureau a man of this president's wealth could reach and influence the entire world.

Suppose, now, that with all this vast power at his command, he had got the colonies of the United States, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and the rest, including Santo Domingo and Cuba, absolutely under his control, so that he could treat them as his personal possession and the inhabitants as something between tenants and serfs.

With the tremendous power he had acquired abroad he would then increase his power at home, aiming to make it as absolute there as it was in the colonies.

Conceive all this, not as the mere furniture of some fairy-land, but as an actual situation, and you will have a working knowledge of the conditions that exist in the thrifty little country of Belgium, of which Leopold II is king, business manager, and general superintendent.

II

THE seat of the Belgian Court is the king's palace, which stands in the left lobe of the heart-shaped figure that three boulevards have cut out of the heart of the Belgian capital. This palace is the official headquarters of His Majesty, in his dual capacity of Belgian ruler and sovereign of the Congo State.

Facing the royal palace is the *Palais de la Nation*, where the two chambers of the Belgian Parliament, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, hold their sessions. Between the two is a park. Here a few years ago one might often see a tall man, in a sack coat and derby hat, striding along, with his shoulders well back, as if he were walking for a wager. He had invariably a cane in his hand, and his trousers rolled up, although the path might be perfectly dry and the sun shining. One would have said, at the first glance, that this was a man of business, or perhaps a gentleman farmer, with just a touch of the sport about him.

But a second glance would have convinced even the stranger that the tall figure, six feet five inches, with large, impassive features, eyes "glittering with intelligence and with

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malice," bearing aloft that imposing and inimitable beard, could be none other than Leopold, King of Belgium, the most unique figure, and the most enterprising monarch in Europe; and, in all probability, the richest man in the world.

The popular conception of Leopold II is a typical creation of the daily press. Newspapers have produced an endless series of little cinematographic portraits of the king in which all that is superficially characteristic of him has been exaggerated, while the large and simple outlines, which might have revealed the essential traits of his personality, have been neglected. He has been by turns revealed in the rôle of the jaded pleasure-seeker, pursuing a new sensation in the purlieus of the Parisian boulevards; the royal sport, lending a vogue to the gaming-tables at Ostend, in which he was, it is charged, a secret partner; the domestic tyrant, driving his wife into retirement by the brutalities of his scandalous life, imprisoning his daughter in an asylum because she rebelled against a marriage without love or respect; the miserly libertine, who, after squandering money lavishly on his mistresses, robbed his wife of her fortune while she was living, and cheated his daughters out of their heritage after she was dead.

But the daily press, which writes history by flash-light, gives us in the end only caricatures.

In all these little scenes, which have been more or less dramatized to suit the popular taste, it is the actor rather than the real personage that we see. Leopold is less the avaricious adventurer, philanthropist, and satyr than a cynical man of the world, who sees through, even while he enjoys, the pretty, visible, trivial world of sport, fashion, and affairs. His real life is with the great game of high finance, where he seeks not merely money and the power money gives, but the reestablishment, behind the forms of a constitutional government, of something corresponding to the old feudal absolutism. The story goes that the king's physician once asked him how he would like to be president of a Belgian Republic instead of king. The king smiled cynically and asked: "How would you like to be a veterinary surgeon?"

The truer picture of the king is that which represents him, in his château just outside Brussels—living in the midst of luxury, in the "most commodious palace in Europe," with almost austere simplicity. At Laeken the daily order of his life is somewhat as follows:

The king rises punctually at five, calls his *valet de chambre*, and proceeds rapidly with his toilet. As soon as he is dressed, he drinks a pint of water, and, if the weather permits, takes a short brisk walk in the garden, alone. The chamber in which he has passed the night shows none of the refinements of an effeminate luxury. The furniture is simple and not for show. The bed is that of a soldier rather than that of a king and a millionaire. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the room, reflecting, as it does, the dominant note in the king's character, is quite middle-class.

At six o'clock the first post arrives from the city. The king disposes of it in the course of his morning exercise, classifying it, and making notes as he walks. Upon his return he responds briefly to all pressing correspondence, reserving that which requires a more extended reply or a more careful examination.

At half past seven the second mail arrives. This is always large. Varied and multitudinous as these letters are, each one is the subject of the king's personal care and attention. He dictates replies to his secretary, plans the duties of the day, and fixes the list of those whom he will receive or summon. While he goes to breakfast an orderly delivers his commands to the persons concerned.

After breakfast the king takes a second walk, during which he discusses with an official who accompanies him the day's program, and formulates his decisions in regard to each item. At eleven o'clock he returns, and swallows, before seating himself again at his desk, two large glasses of pure water. He repeats this draft at numerous times during the day, believing that this regimen has contributed much to the preservation of his remarkably good health.

In the meantime a third post has arrived, and after disposing of this he takes a third walk, at the end of which he is ready for luncheon. This is a comparatively formal function, at which he meets the Princess Clementine, the maids of honor, and other members of the household, but the king, who has adopted the American maxim, "Time is money," disposes of it in the briefest time possible. There is little said, and the meal, which begins at precisely 12.30, is usually finished twenty minutes later.

After luncheon the king, accompanied as usual by his orderly, drives directly to Brus-

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sels, where at one o'clock he gives audience to those who have arranged to see him. When the weather is fair, and business does not compel him to go to Brussels, Leopold usually takes another long walk. Frequently he chooses the Meysse Avenue, which leads from his palace at Laeken to that of Bouchout, where his unfortunate mad sister, the "tragic widow" of the ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico, has been for many years a prisoner.

Toward three or four o'clock he returns from that mournful visit, and takes again his "bowl of water," or a cup of tea. In the meantime a fourth and a fifth mail have arrived, and the king disposes of these immediately before dinner, which is served at six.

Thus his day is taken up with a mingling of physical and mental activities which enables him to accomplish a prodigious amount of real labor and still preserve to a remarkable degree, in spite of his seventy-one years, the mental and physical vigor of youth.

He works with unusual rapidity, but with an extraordinary sense for details, never signing a paper before he has examined critically every word and phrase. He has the trait of all great executives, of wishing to be understood and seconded on the instant, and with a word. It is this which has given rise to the report that he is abrupt with his employees, dry with his orderlies, and inflexible with his ministers.

Though King Leopold has been, as he promised at his coronation, "a Belgian, heart and soul," there are few men more cosmopolitan. He employs men of all nationalities in the Congo State. Of Americans, some of whom he has found useful in his business enterprises, he is supposed to be especially fond. It was chiefly with the aid of two Americans, Henry M. Stanley and General Henry Sanford, that he first succeeded in establishing himself in Africa. For some years, Thomas F. Walsh, "the Cripple Creek mining man," was said to be partner in his American mining ventures. He recruits his officers in the Congo State largely from the Swedish and Italian governments. He employed Englishmen in the work of exploration in the Congo. But his ideal clerk the king finds among the Belgians, in whom the bureaucratic spirit is strongly marked. Wherever Leopold has found a foothold in China, Persia, or Africa, it is to Belgians alone that he has entrusted the task of administration.

Although Leopold, true to the traditions of his father, has maintained the rigor of the court ceremonial, and has done much to increase, among a people who have little genius for parliamentary government, the power and prerogatives of the crown, personally he is the most democratic of monarchs. He travels much, and almost always incognito. He has been more than once known to arrive in Paris with no other luggage than that which he carried in a single hand-satchel.

In 1902 the Chinese Prince Tsai-Chen visited the king, who was then at Ostend. Leopold received him in the most ceremonious way, in the morning. That afternoon some mandarins, of the prince's suite, were seen looking in wonder and astonishment at the king, in careless civilian attire, mounting a slot-machine, and, after weighing himself, announcing to the admiring crowd that he weighed just eighty-five kilograms, one kilogram more than when he arrived.

Such is the strange old man who has succeeded in gaining a domination over his own country unequaled by that of any other monarch in Europe, and who holds in his inflexible hands a vast commercial empire, which extends to the uttermost limits of the earth.

When an ex-minister was asked, in the lobby of the Belgian chamber last spring, what he considered the dominating purposes in Leopold's life, he replied: "The king has but two dreams. To die a milliardaire" (the possessor of one thousand million francs), "and to disinherit his daughters."

The statement contains about as much truth as one can ordinarily condense into an epigram. Leopold undoubtedly hates his daughters, Louise and Stephanie. He has tried, in an endless number of ways, to set aside, to their detriment, the provisions of the civil code in the matter of parental succession. But at seventy-one, even the most worldly man must needs think of something other than money and the satisfaction of his personal malice.

The king has yet to consolidate his power and to perpetuate the situation he has created.

III

OTHER monarchs have had more or less illicit relations with the stock-market. Gossip says that half the thrones of Europe are indirectly allied with the Standard Oil Company.

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But Leopold has gone openly into the money markets; he has put himself at the head of the Belgian group of financiers and led the crusade for foreign concessions.

At the present time Belgium has no less than fifty concessions in China. They are established in Siam, in Persia, and Morocco. A French and Belgian syndicate owns more than half the debts of Santo Domingo. It is safe to say that there is not a spot on the globe where the weakness or rottenness of local government has cast the scent of concessions on the air that Belgians are not already settled, or hovering about expectantly.

Photograph by Russell & Sons, London, England.

LEOPOLD II, KING OF BELGIUM.

In the scramble for foreign concessions, Leopold, the financier, has been greatly aided by Leopold, the king. Not only has he used all the diplomatic machinery of the Belgian Government to secure for his own companies the concessions he desired, but actually he has spent the government's funds to exploit them. He borrowed thirty-one million francs from the Belgian Government to carry on his Congo enterprise, and then took the money from the sinking fund created to pay back this loan and put it in the Pekin-Hankow Railway scheme in China. In all these operations he has acted with the untrammeled freedom and singleness of purpose of a captain of high finance, giving about as much consideration to the interests of Belgium as a railway president does to the interests of the stockholders.

In this disposition to look upon the state rather as a business concern than a political organization, and to exercise, in the struggle "to get results," the arbitrary powers of a general manager, one may see the temper and the type of the business monarch.

Leopold II became King of Belgium December 17, 1865, when he was thirty years of age. He had hardly been installed upon the throne when he presented to the chambers a law fixing his income from the state at 3,300,000 francs. This was 700,000 francs more than his father had received, but, in the enthusiasm of the moment, the law passed, and there has been no complaint since that the king does not earn his salary.

He came to the throne prepared for the task he has since undertaken to perform. He had traveled widely in Africa, Asia Minor, and the Far East. Perceiving that Belgium, with the densest population in Europe, was in sore need of markets for her manufactures, he had already formulated the policy that has been the one great thought of his reign —the idea of a colonial empire.

Belgium, however, was a little country, with an insignificant army. Her few feeble attempts at colonization, one in Guatemala, South America, and the other in the Island of Formosa, had failed. Besides, being a neutral state, called into existence for the convenience of the powers, and having aside

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from this no good excuse for being, it was doubtful if Belgium was entitled to have colonies at all.

It is a testimony to the political genius of King Leopold that he has turned every one of these weaknesses to his own and Belgium's advantage. Because Belgium was feeble and neutral and, to all appearances, a mere international convenience, the country offered an ideal situation for an international broker and business man. Leopold made of himself the middleman for the Powers, engineering projects and conducting negotiations for them which, because of international jealousies, they did not think it advisable to carry on in their own names. There is more than a suspicion that in China, and also in Persia, Leopold has been at once the partner and the agent of Russia, and probably, at different times and places, of Germany and of France. The story of the Pekin-Hankow Railway is a case in point:

When, in 1896, the Chinese Government determined to build a railway from Pekin to Hankow, it was expected that Chinese capital would be used. After it appeared that the imperial treasury would be unable to bear the expense, American capitalists were invited to assist in the construction; that failing, the government turned to Belgium.

Photograph by E. Hautecœur, Paris, France.

ONE OF THE KING'S CHÂTEAUX.

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The preliminary contract was made with a Belgian syndicate in 1897. Before it was ratified, Lord Salisbury telegraphed, June 9, 1898, to Sir Claude MacDonald, British Minister at Pekin: "Her Majesty's government entertained objections to the Pekin-Hankow line when it originally heard the concessions were granted to the Belgian syndicate; when there is likelihood of the Russo-Chinese bank, which is tantamount to Russia's government, financing the southern section of that railway, that objection is greatly increased. A concession of this nature is no longer a commercial or industrial enterprise, and becomes a political movement against British interests in the Yangtse."

LEOPOLD INSPECTING THE MOTOR BOATS AT THE MONTE CARLO EXPOSITION.

Surely a curious situation in which a railway, owned by the King of Belgium, becomes an instrument of political aggression in the hands of Russia.

In the same year in which the king got the concession for the northern branch of the railway from Hankow to Pekin, the American China Development Company, of which the late Senator Brice was first president, obtained the concession for the extension of that line from Hankow to Canton. By the terms of this concession, it was agreed that the Americans "could not confer the rights of these agreements on other nations or people of other nationality."

In spite of this provision, toward the close of 1899 General Whittier, who, after the death of Senator Brice, had become the head

A TOWN MUNICIPALITY RECEIVING THE KING.

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of the American company, was, it is said, employed under instructions from Brussels to purchase a controlling number of shares in the American company. The effect of this was to put Leopold in control of the whole railway from Pekin to Canton.

If you will look at the map of China, and follow with your eye the line of the railway from Pekin to Canton, you will see that it cuts that vast and populous empire through the middle. Recall that at this time Russia had already inaugurated in Manchuria the method of "conquest by railway and bank," and you will perceive the vast proportions of the political movement that Russia had projected, and, but for the intervention of Japan, would perhaps have carried to completion, with the aid of Belgium's business monarch.

Russia aimed at the dismemberment or gradual absorption of China. But what was the ultimate goal of Leopold's ambition? Knowing that possession of a railway meant in China political control, did he intend, finally, to turn this road over to Russia, giving her a single line of railway from St. Petersburg across Siberia, through Manchuria and China, to Canton? Or did he dream that, after using the influence of China and France to obtain the concession and to build the road, he might depend upon the jealousy of England and China to hold the road permanently for himself? That would have permitted him to apply in Central China the process of absorption, which Russia was at that time employing in Manchuria.

Any such dream of "peaceful conquest" was dispelled in the smoke of the Russo-Japanese war. China has since bought back, at considerable profit to Belgian as well as American investors, the concessions that she granted to Americans alone. As a result of the whole transaction, American prestige in China has been severely shaken, and the American tradesman is the sufferer.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT BRUSSELS.

IV

THE Pekin-Hankow-Canton Railway, although financially profitable, was, considering the vast result at which it aimed, a failure. But the Congo State has been a success, and the proportions of that achievement reveal the vast perspective of the king's schemes.

It is not possible within the limits of one brief article even to sketch the story of the wide-extended intrigue, the ruthless waste of life, and the financial hocus-pocus that have enabled the King of Belgium not only to set up in the interior of Africa a political absolutism, but to create a commercial monopoly, the most gigantic the world has ever known. For it comprises not only 800,000 square miles of the richest soil in the world, but includes also the forced labor of the 20,000,000 serfs who inhabit it.

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The facts in the story are these: September 12, 1877, there took place in the palace in Brussels one of the most momentous of those "little conferences" that in the last forty years have so often been held in this same palace. As a result of this meeting, the "International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Central Africa" was formed.

This was a mere preliminary. Four years later when Stanley crossed Africa and by one bold stroke tore aside the veil of mystery that had up to that time concealed the interior of the dark continent, Leopold saw the goal of his ambitions clear before him. He summoned the returned explorer to Brussels. As a result of that visit a new organization was formed. It was called "The Society for Studies in the Upper Congo."

The name had a harmless and academic sound. It was, however, but a mask for the real enterprise, which was commercial and political. The king hired Stanley and hurried him off to Africa. He was to establish stations along the Congo River, make treaties with the native chiefs, and, in short, do what he could to establish the sovereignty of the association in that region.

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THE LATE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

Photograph by Koller Karley, Budapest.

THE ARCHDUCHESS STEPHANIE, LEOPOLD'S DAUGHTER.

The enterprise was pushed with haste and secrecy, but the scramble for the possession of Africa had already begun, and one of the secondary results of this venture was the Berlin Conference. This met in 1884, and declared the Congo Basin neutral territory. It was to be a sort of international common, to which the commerce and the missions of all nations should have free entry. Leopold was appointed international guardian of this political orphan. For five years he kept the doors of the Congo State wide open, encouraging missionaries of all denominations to enter, and inviting the trade of the world. Then, in 1890, he took advantage of the Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference to wring from the Powers the right to levy import duties.

There was a grand change of scene. The king himself, in the name of the state, now entered actively into trade. In the sixteen years since that time he has crowded out or absorbed all private trade in 800,000 of the 900,000 square miles of territory in the state. Trade has been supplanted by taxation. The territory of the state has been parceled out among stock companies, who pay fifty

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per cent. of the profits to the state for the privilege of assessing and collecting these taxes. The men employed to collect the taxes are mostly armed savages.

Leopold says that the results are civilization. The missionaries say they are hell. *But everybody admits that they are profitable.*

THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTER, CLEMENTINE, AT THE ARMY MANEUVERS.

At the close of the Berlin Conference in 1885 the world looked upon the Congo State as a sort of international colony of which King Leopold had been appointed trustee. By the time he had begun to capitalize its wealth and the labor of its people, and to sell the stocks on the Brussels Exchange, the Congo had come to be regarded as a Belgian colony.

It seems inconceivable that a single man should claim as his personal property a territory so vast. But there is no mistaking the meaning of his recent proclamation. No one can put it more plainly than this:

"This situation is without precedent and unique, I admit, as was the creation of the state. All the responsibilities, as all the liabilities of the foundation of a regular government by private initiative, *without any link with the metropolis*, in the midst of an atmosphere where the creation of a state was looked upon as unrealizable, have fallen upon me. Belgium was good enough to help me to a certain extent with her moneys. But *the task of constituting the new state was mine exclusively. The Congo, then, could only be, and has been, a personal enterprise.* Now there is no more legitimate or respectable right than the right of the author to his own work, fruit of his labor. *The Powers surrounded the birth of the new state with their good-will, but none of them were called upon to participate in our efforts; none possess any right of intervention, which nothing could justify.* There is no special international law for the Congo. The Act of Berlin adopted a few general principles relating to the conventional Basin of the Congo. These principles apply in equal manner to all the states having possessions on the conventional Basin, and curtail, in so far as such were specified, some of their sovereign rights. . . . *These rights must be energetically proclaimed*, because *Belgium possesses none in the Congo apart from those which will come to her from me.*"

The Congo State is the most unique government on earth, a commercial monopoly farmed by an autocrat.

It was reported some years ago that, up to 1892, the period at which the state began to pay, Leopold had invested something like 30,000,000 francs in the Congo. What he has since taken out of the state from direct and indirect sources no one knows. This is the one fact of his private and public life that the king has most zealously guarded. Four years ago the minister of one of the great Powers representing his government at Brussels said that the king's enterprises in the Congo brought him an income of about $5,000,000 per annum. E. D. Morel, the editor of the *West African Mail*, who knows more than most people about the Congo and Leopold, believes that the king's revenue from this source is "at least £1,000,000 and probably more."

Viewed merely as a business enterprise the Congo State has been an immense success. But the Congo is more to Leopold than an investment. It is the bulwark of his enormous personal influence and power in Belgium. The inheritance of this royal Captain of Industry was a little kingdom, made up of heterogeneous elements, Catholic and Protestant, Germanic and Gallic, patched together and presented to his father by the Powers in 1830. The constitution, founded on the model of England, provided for a king who should reign, rather than rule; whose function seemed to be limited to providing a sort of ornamental façade, behind which the parliament, representing the people, was to conduct the affairs of the state. While the king has shared none of the German emperor's medieval aspirations, he has, perhaps, done more than any other monarch to reestablish the principle of personal government and to show how it is possible, in

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modern Europe, to rule even though you are king.

When the king capitalized the Congo situation, put the stocks on the Antwerp market and made them pay enormous dividends, he went far toward converting the Belgian public to the notion of his personal and absolute government in the Congo. When again, with the capital he had taken out of the Congo, he put himself at the head of the Belgian financiers and led the campaign for foreign concessions, he gathered about him the strongest influences in the Belgian state. And, later, when the possession of foreign concessions opened new markets for Belgian manufactures and Belgium began to grow rich under the impetus the king had given to foreign trade, Belgian manufacturers discovered that there were sound reasons for letting the king run Belgium.

The fact of the matter is that it is easier to sit tight and not murmur under a General Manager than it is under a king or any other form of government. The reason is that we expect personal dignity, intelligent consideration, justice, and the like from a king. We ask only one thing of a General Manager—dividends. The crucial question is: "Has he the goods?"

If the Belgian public and the Belgian Government have shown in recent years an otherwise incredible subserviency to a king whose private life has been a public scandal, and whose public career a shameless and unscrupulous clutching after gold, it is because they recognize in him the General Manager. Those who have not bowed to the prerogative of the king have yielded to the imperious necessities of business.

A few weeks ago, at an exciting meeting of the Wells-Fargo Company, the attorney for E. H. Harriman, the railway magnate, being hard pressed to defend his client, gave the first utterance to the "new thought" in high finance. Speaking to the stockholders he said: "He [Mr. Harriman] cannot be replaced, for he moves in a higher world, into which we may not enter." It is to this doctrine of "the higher world," applied here to the relation between magnate and stockholder, that Leopold has given in Belgium the latest application.

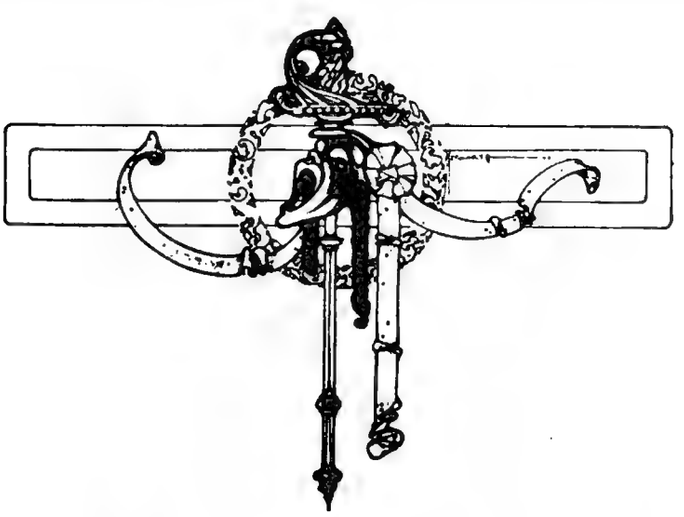
Stated simply, this doctrine means that the men who are supreme in the world of finance are endowed, by the very necessities of the great interests that they represent, with an arbitrary power, like the authority imposed by military necessity, which supersedes the ordinary political rights of ordinary human beings. It means that the "divine right" has been transferred from the king to the financier.

The fact is, that while other countries have shown an increasing disposition to take from capital its control of the industries, in Belgium we may see a country where capital, represented by the king, has taken possession of the government. Of the results of this policy the Congo Free State is, however, the capital illustration.

As the king says, the situation is unique and unprecedented. But the Socialists are right when they point to King Leopold as the crowned incarnation of the aspirations and tendencies of a business people and a business age.

(To be continued)

King Leopold's heartless exploitation of the Congo and the organized system of plunder and outrage which has decimated its population will be treated in the December number.



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C. S. TITUS, THE CHAMPION SINGLE SCULLER.

The Sporting Champions of the Year

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustrated with photographs by the Pictorial News Co.

OF the many thousands of vigorous Americans who compete each year in the sports of track, field, and river, there survive a few, almost to be counted on one's fingers, that are called "champions" in their several orbits of athletic endeavor. They come in all sizes and shapes of human packages, these heroes of the cinder-path, the tennis-court, the golf-course, the prize-ring, or the oar. Physically they have nothing at all in common by which the observer may hope to generalize regarding the essentials of a champion. Even in one field of sport, such as running, you will find six-footers of a toothpick architecture, spidery midgets, well-muscled young giants, and pudgy, big-waisted men, all enrolled in the lists of notable victors.

There is one inner quality, however, without which no athlete ever won and held a championship of any consequence, and that is courage, better known as "sand" or gameness. Not long ago James E. Sullivan, executive head of the American Amateur Athletic Union, was a guest at a White House luncheon during which President Roosevelt said to him with emphatic earnestness:

"My boy Theodore, who played on the Harvard freshman eleven last year, will never be a great football man. He hasn't the weight to measure up to the demands of the university teams of to-day. He played a pretty fair game against Yale, but what I liked was that after his collar-bone was broken, he kept right on playing. That showed he was *game*. *Yes, I liked that.*"

Mr. Sullivan, who has seen more athletes compete for championships than any other man living, echoed this view when he said:

"I have often seen a hard-pressed runner, when he was passed by another man, turn his head to see where the next man behind him was. In other words, as soon as he had lost the lead, he began to think of holding second place. That kind of a fellow will never win championships. But the man who looks straight ahead, sets his teeth and goes after the man that passes him, still fighting for first place and thinking of nothing else, he's the kind to win championships. He is game; he won't be content with second honors as long as he has any breath in him. He doesn't know when he is licked. That's what makes winners, provided there is the proper physical machinery to respond to the driving power of the will."

Intelligence may be linked with courage as a common factor of athletic prowess. Years of experience and the efforts of multitudes of strong men have evolved in every field of sport certain lines of action by means of which the most efficient results can be obtained with the least waste of exertion. Such lines of action, which set the standard of the right way to do the athletic act, are called "form." It is the special province of the coach and the trainer to teach "form," and

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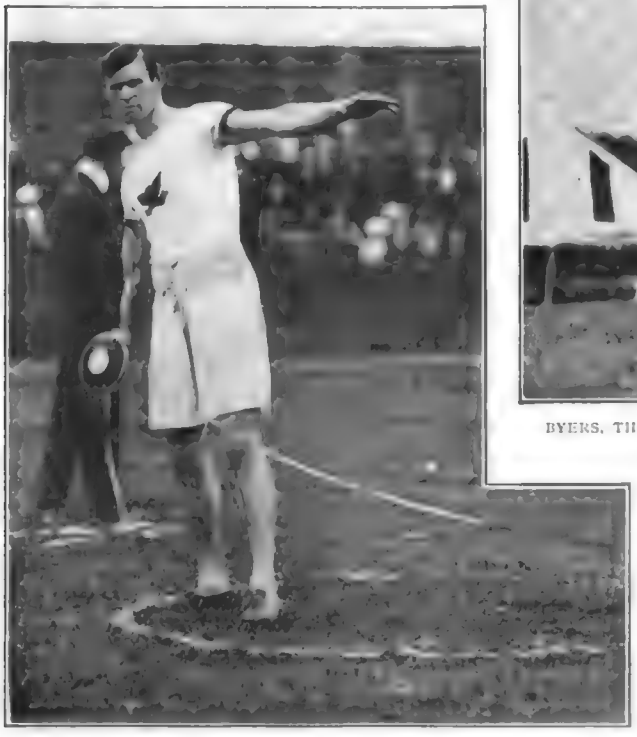
the pupil who is quick to grasp these fundamentals and retentive in using them, has an advantage over his slower-witted rival from the start. He proves anew that mind is greater than muscle, and he is in a fair way to win championships.

The ability to concentrate nervous energy, or to make the body obey the mind on the instant, is another essential of most competitive sport. This gift is very highly developed in the sprinter who is able to utilize every ounce of his energy in running a hundred yards, and it is also conspicuous in the driver of the racing automobile, whose nerve-alertness and promptness of muscular response are almost incredible. For example, in January of this year Marriott drove a steam-car along the Ormond beach one mile in 28⅘ seconds, a faster rate than two miles in one minute. It was a speed at which expert engineers had predicted that a motor-car would fly to pieces. A little later Marriott drove his car two miles in 59⅘ seconds. In his record-breaking mile the car was fairly leaping over the sand, 185 feet in every second of time. The direction of its projectile-like flight was controlled only by the steering-wheel and the hands of the driver. This, the most sensational deed of the year in motor racing, was mechanical only in part. Much depended upon the magnificent correlation of brain and nerves in the make-up of Marriott, the driver, as well as upon his dashing bravery.

In striking contrast, at certain points, with this motor championship was the winning of the amateur golfing honors of the year by Eben N. Byers at Englewood in July. Although a young man of twenty-five, he was a seasoned golfer, having been runner-up for the title in two previous years. This year he defeated in the final round a Canadian,

BYERS, THE GOLF CHAMPION, AT THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT, 1906.



M. J. SHERIDAN, WHO HOLDS THE WORLD'S DISCUS-THROWING RECORD.

Lyons, almost old enough to be his father. Young Byers had a natural aptitude for the game, backed up by much experience at home and abroad. But he had to possess, also, a quiet and dogged kind of pluck, and perfectly poised nerves. There was no need for a frenzied burst of energy, nor for physical endurance of a heroic order. But

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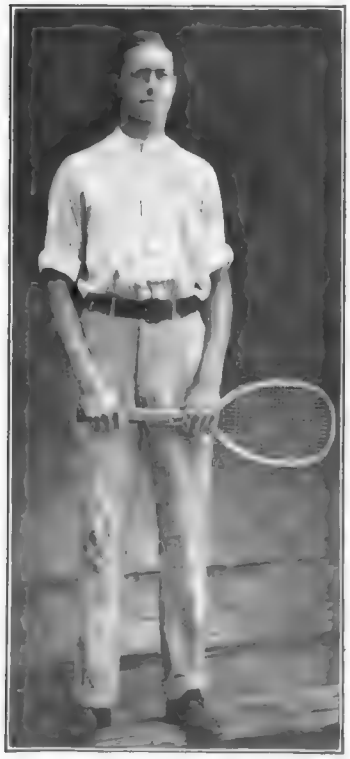
he could not have won from the pick of the country's golfers except for the true athlete's ability to do his best in the crucial hour, without letting any fear of his opponents pluck at his nerves.

Many persons carelessly class tennis with golf as a gentle pastime hardly to be called athletic. The fact is that a championship match at Newport demands the endurance of a prize-fighter and the nervous force of a sprinter. "Bob" Wrenn, one-time Harvard football captain and tennis champion, has feelingly observed:

"I would rather play football against Yale and Pennsylvania on successive days than play a three-set-in-five match at singles for the tennis championship."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

TOM KIELY, ALL-ROUND CHAMPION.



WILLIAM J. CLOTHIER, WHO WON THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP IN SINGLES AT NEWPORT.

This year the first honors fell to William J. Clothier, a six-foot Harvard alumnus, who defeated the title-holder, Beals C. Wright, in three straight sets. For several years Clothier had been fighting his way to the front rank. He had become a masterful, cool-headed veteran, whose strokes were as skilfully placed as those of a billiard-player. The most interesting match of the championship struggle was that in which he defeated Karl H. Behr, of Yale, a youngster with a meteoric season behind him. In spite of this defeat Behr this year proved himself to be the most remarkable player ever seen in this country. Rated as no more than a promising youngster, his dashing play, bulldog courage, and uncommon endurance carried him through five steady weeks of tournament play, during which he was always a contender in the final rounds. He was beaten at Newport by an older, wilier player, who was better able to maintain consistent form under a punishing stress.

The leading oarsman of the year was C. S. Titus, who won the amateur single-sculling championship from Fred Shepard. Titus has been rowing for ten years, winning a local reputation in the South while he lived in New Orleans. He fairly earned a national title when he met the best oarsmen of the country at Worcester in the

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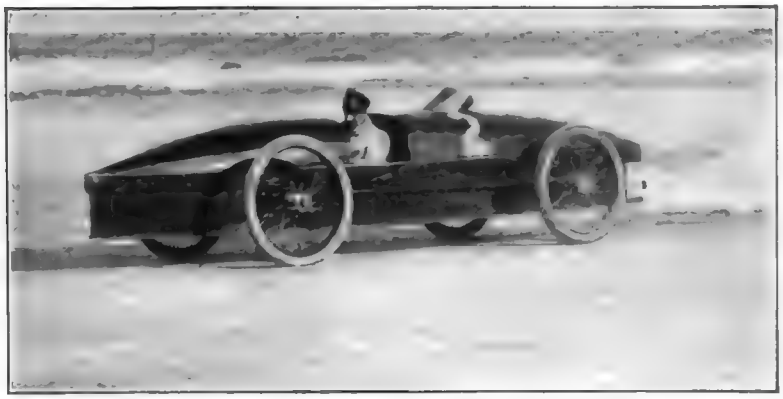

MARRIOTT, WHO DROVE A STEAM-MOTOR ONE MILE IN 28 2-5 SECONDS.

summer. Single-sculling is a sport in which skill is more vital than muscle. It is one of the pastimes in which "form" can laugh at blundering brawn. It is also the only kind of rowing in which the individual is not merged with the crew. When Cornell won the intercollegiate regatta in June, the eight oarsmen in the shell were no more than cogs in a beautifully finished machine; and back of them was the mastermind of Courtney, the coach who had fitted them together. They endured a wearing strain, and showed great skill as well, but the victory was won by the crew, not by the individuals.

DANIELS, WORLD CHAMPION IN 100- AND 200-YARD SWIMMING.

At New London, when Harvard won a rare victory over Yale, the two eights were evenly matched in skill, but a head wind gave Harvard an advantage because of her greater weight and muscle. It seldom happens in crew rowing, however, that strength can overcome skill. The moral stimulus of this sport is singularly wholesome because there is no room for selfish endeavor. If one man loses heart or rows badly, his comrades must suffer with and because of him.

Inasmuch as mankind has been swimming for a good many thousand years, it would seem that the best way to swim should have been discovered long ago. Speed swimming, however, has been marked by radical changes of "form" within the last five years. The "crawl" stroke has been recently adopted by the fastest swimmers, who have found it so much more effective than their former styles that records were smashed this year in sensational fashion. In a series of contests held by the New York Athletic Club in February, C. M. Daniels, the champion American swimmer, made a new world's record of 58 seconds for 100 yards, and in September broke the world's record for 220 yards. In the Olympic contest at Athens Daniels defeated a formidable foreign field in the hundred-meter race. Inasmuch as almost all of the crack swimmers who

PAUL PILGRIM, THE 440-METER WINNER AT ATHENS.

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HACKENSCHMIDT (ON THE RIGHT), THE "RUSSIAN LION," CHAMPION WRESTLER OF THE WORLD.

have taken up the "crawl" stroke are bettering their former records, it is apparent that in swimming "form" counts more than anything else. It is worth noting that swimmers do not train down "fine." Most of them are generously padded, and have a sleek and well-fed aspect. This is because the man well clothed with flesh can better resist the chilling effects of water than your skinny or muscle-bound chap.

In track athletics the most sensational person to adorn the sporting calendar for 1906 was Dan Kelly, a red-headed Irish lad of Portland, Ore., who ran a hundred yards in 9⅘ seconds. This world's record was equaled by Arthur Duffy several years ago, but Duffy has since confessed that he was a professional in sheep's clothing, wherefore his deeds have been expunged from the amateur records. This Dan Kelly is an athletic prodigy whose record only awaits official indorsement before he is listed among the immortals. On the famous day at Spokane when he made this record, he also ran 220 yards in 21⅕ seconds, another world-beating achievement. Also, he made a running jump of 24 feet 2½ inches, which stands as the most meritorious leap of the year. This limber and fleet-footed Westerner is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. It happens that this ratio of height to weight agrees with a table prepared by an expert who has attempted to standardize the type of the ideal all-round athlete.

When one considers how many thousands upon thousands of swift runners have struggled to clip one-fifth of a second from the record for a hundred yards, such a feat as Dan Kelly's appeals to the imagination as unique and picturesque. Somewhere in his frame was stored that extra atom of energy, in some corner of his brain was the surpassing impulse that drove his long legs to snatch from hostile time that priceless fifth of a second in a hundred yards. Ten seconds seems to be the normal limit of the human frame in covering this distance. The man who goes faster than this is the rare exception, the phenomenon.

A new and brilliant star among the pole-vaulters was Leroy Samse, of Indiana University, who soared over the bar at 12 feet 4⅞ inches at Chicago in June. A few days earlier Gilbert, of Yale, had disturbed the world's record, only to have it snatched from his grasp by Samse, who won laurels thereby as the most notable college athlete of the year. Garrels, of the University of Michigan, deserves honorable mention as an all-round college athlete comparable with the famous Kraenzlein, of Pennsylvania. In one afternoon he ran the 120-yard hurdles in 15⅘ seconds,

JOE GANS, LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

the 220-yard hurdles in 25⅕ seconds, hurled the discus 136 feet ½ inch—a new record at that time—and won second place in putting

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the shot, achieving all this against the flower of the college athletic material of the Middle West in the Conference Meet at Chicago.

A mightier man with the classic discus, however, is Martin Sheridan, a New York policeman, who was one of the most heroic performers at Athens. In the opinion of James E. Sullivan he is the greatest living athlete. In the Olympic games he won first place in the discus throwing (free style), and in putting the shot, and won second place in

FLANAGAN THROWING THE HAMMER.

the standing broad jump, the standing high jump, and throwing the stone. After his return to America he enrolled himself among the year's record-breakers by tossing the discus 137 feet 11 inches. Sheridan is a fine, strapping figure of an Irish-American, with rare agility for his weight and inches. He is a splendid type of the "natural-born" athlete, whose abilities have been developed by skilful training and conscientious endeavor.

Though young Paul Pilgrim did not break records at Athens, he won two running races in a fashion that entitles him to a place among the great athletes of the year. In the 440-meter sprint he was pitted against the American champion, Harry Hillman; the champion of Australia, Nigel Barker; and the British champion, Halswell. Pilgrim had been taken along with the American team as a substitute or "second string," a youngster who was ranked as "promising." The experts omitted him from their predictions. He wore his rivals down, one by one, and fought his way to victory in what was probably the most sensational sprinting race ever witnessed. The moral of Pilgrim's victory lay in the fact that these famous champions could not daunt him. He was game, and no odds could shake his "nerve." With the same fine spirit he entered the 880-meter race, in which he was also rated as an "outsider." With better generalship than his opponents showed, he ran them off their feet and added another impressive winning to the string of American successes.

Worth noting at Athens also was the meeting of the world's two greatest broad-jumpers, Peter O'Conner, of Ireland, and Myer Prinstein, of America. Prinstein won, and with his brains as well as his legs. He had observed that the foreigners sat on the ground waiting their turns, without thinking it worth while to wrap up in blankets or bath-robes. Wise American trainers had taught him that a jumper's muscles become stiff after a few minutes of such exposure. Therefore he waited indoors until the summons for his first trial, and put forth his best effort on this first jump. It was his longest leap and it won him a championship.

One of the most interesting rivalries on the program of the Amateur Athletic Union is the all-round championship in which the contestants try each other's mettle through the following list of ten events: 100-yard dash, running high jump, running broad jump, pole vault, throwing 16-pound hammer, putting 16-pound shot, throwing 56-pound weight, 120-yard hurdle race, half-mile walk, and one-mile run. This is the hardest competition of its kind ever devised, and requires an extraordinary athletic versatility. It was won this year by Kiely, an Irishman, who left his native land a year or so ago to show the Yankees that the island which bred Sheridan and Flanagan and Conniff and Peter O'Conner was not running short of lusty lads. Besides winning the all-round championship, Kiely broke records for the competitions in throwing the hammer and the 56-pound weight.

Championship prowess with hammers and other weighty missiles has been the peculiar

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province of a race of Irish giants. Flanagan and Sheridan, Jim Mitchel, Horgan, and Kiely, have fairly toyed with these events, and hurled defiance at the law of gravity. Flanagan's record-breaking feat for this year was a throw of the 56-pound weight 43 feet and 5 inches, and no one is likely to disturb his laurel wreath for some time. Even in a sport that seems so wholly a matter of brawn as throwing the hammer, such mighty men as Mitchel and Flanagan have shown that brains and wit have room for action. They used to spend many evening hours together trying to devise ways of improving the handiness of the hammer. The first improvement was the substitution of a flexible wire handle for the wooden handle previously in use. Then the grip was made easier by the use of a wire loop handle, in which both hands could take hold together. Finally these ingenious athletes decided that a ball-bearing swivel handle might help them to throw the hammer a foot or so farther, and ball-bearings were tried and approved. Thus the story of the development of so simple a sporting implement as the 16-pound hammer has its lesson of intelligence as an aid to broad shoulders and bulky chests.

J. M. AND "LARRY" WATERBURY, POLO PLAYERS WHO HELPED TO WIN THE ASTOR-CUP CHAMPIONSHIP.

Whether or not a man needs brains in the prize-ring is a mooted question. Nine times out of ten, the fighter with the quickest mind will whip a slower-witted opponent of equal physical ability. Then along comes such an exception as the late and unlamented "Young Griffo," who was scarcely more than a beast gifted with powers of speech limited almost wholly to profanity. Yet he was one of the cleverest and most scientific boxers ever seen in the ring, and what passed for his brain must have hidden this one fighting instinct somewhere in an undeveloped convolution. The only prize-fighter of this day who had notable intelligence, James J. Corbett, used his brains to lift him from the ring before it was too late.

The pugilistic luminary of this year was the colored lightweight, Joe Gans, who won the championship from a thug called "Battling" Nelson at Goldfield after a fight of forty-three rounds. Gans has acquired unusual skill in boxing and has that bulldog quality of courage which accepts fearful physical punishment without flinching. The prize-ring, brutal and savage at best, seems recently to have touched the lowest depths of crooked knavery and thievery. It is taken for granted that a pugilist or his backer will sell a fight in advance unless he is watched, and not a prominent "pug" in the ring to-day is clear of the suspicion of "dirty work" at some time in his career. The pugilist who fought for the sake of winning was a brute, perhaps, but he was an admirable figure of a man compared with his successors of to-day.

Among the athletic figures of the year one looms with a unique appeal: Edward Payson Weston, once a famous long-distance pedestrian, who in April walked from Philadelphia to New York, more than one hundred miles, in less than twenty-four hours. Weston had passed his sixty-ninth birthday when he made this remarkable journey. It was undertaken in a spirit of the most praiseworthy sportsmanship. This sturdy veteran of the open road believes that what with bicycles, trolleys, and automobiles, the present generation of Americans is in danger of losing the use of its legs. He holds that walking is the most beneficial of all outdoor exercises, and at seventy years he is the sturdiest argument that his cause could ask. At his age

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his hundred-mile walk in a day must be recorded as one of the most startling athletic performances of his time.

Polo is a sport in which the pony must share honors with the player. Without assuming the difficult task of ranking the most sagacious polo ponies of the season, one may note that the most brilliant of their riders have been the brothers Waterbury, Lawrence and J. M., who finished their season by playing with the Meadowbrook team which defeated Bryn Mawr in the battle royal for the senior championship. Polo is a rich man's sport, a dashing and hardy pastime which in peace improves the physical condition of the young men who are lucky enough to be able to play it, and in time of war finds an economic outlet in recruiting the ranks of Rough Rider regiments.

A far more militant championship was won at Sea Girt in September by J. Kethley, a seaman from the battle-ship Illinois. He was ranked as the best marksman in the United States after scoring 95 out of a possible 100 points in 20 shots with a service rifle at 200 yards' range, shooting off-hand. Kethley is said to be a Sioux Indian. His preeminence was won by virtue of his remarkable score, but the formal title of "military champion of the United States" was gained by Private E. C. Simpson, of the Connecticut National Guard. In the match for the President's Cup he shot the winning score of 193 points against 278 competitors. His scores were made at ranges of 200 and 600 yards, including rapid and skirmish fire.

There are many kinds of sporting rivalry in which the mechanical equation outweighs the personal, such as yachting, in which one thinks rather of the winning boat than of the winning skipper. And in all forms of team competition, the individual champion is lost in the organization. Yet wherever there is sport worthy of the name, all success in rivalry must be built upon a foundation of individual grit, courage, and self-denial. And in these qualities all honest champions are brothers.

Shore-Winds

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

FOLLOW us into the rains!
To where the sands lie white
And the marshes are choked with the surge
And the shores and the inlets merge
As the day is dissolved in the night.

Strange are the songs we sing you!
Songs of the pain of old;
And the sound of mournful runes
Creeps over the empty dunes
Till the blood runs pale with cold.

To bring you surcease of sorrow?
Never and never again!
The days shall rise and be spent
With fear and with fear unblent,
And the soul shall swoon with pain.

To bring you surcease of sorrow?
Never and never again!

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SHE HAD SUNKEN AGAIN ON THE COUCH, AND CROSSED HER FEET WITH AN UNERRING GRACE.

—"*The Interpreter.*"

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THE INTERPRETER

By ALICE BROWN

Author of "The Mannerings," "Paradise," etc.

Illustration by A. B. Wenzell

THE city was gasping under a moist, intolerable heat. The general mind was given over to temperature and that overworked term humidity, dwelling at last, with enfeebled but inborn necessity, on a consideration of dear life, that now seemed held in the balance, to be clung to blindly until the springing of a breeze.

Nina Castro languished on a wicker couch, with cool drinks at hand and a maid to fan her and divine new wants. The couch had been demanded when the temperature ran up, and was as hastily produced by a hotel management bound to propitiate a star so cognizant of her rights. Half the blind had been left cleverly open, so that a sun-shaft, obliquely thrown, accented her yellow hair and brightened her white dress. The maid tiptoed about with a solemn and ostentatious zeal, and the secretary, a hardheaded young person, who knew Nina through and through, and had no opinion of her, half in satirical policy preserved the same expectant attitude at the desk where she awaited orders. The maid and the secretary and the actress were all acting, each in her degree. There was a knock at the door, and the maid fled to meet it in a horrified haste, testifying to the profanity of invading lightly a shrine like this. She came back bearing a card, and the actress took it in a languid hand. But instantly a thrill ran through her. She rose, with a charming sweep of draperies, and spoke in the voice trained so untiringly to the curves of beauty that now its artifice simulated all the freedom of nature:

"Send him up. Miss Melcher, you may go."

Miss Melcher bestirred herself with a careful courtesy, and placed her pen and paper in order on the desk. After that was done, she paused a moment before leaving, and considered Nina's beautiful back, as the actress stood, in a trance of some emotion or its counterfeit, still musing over the card. Miss Melcher's look was an illuminating commentary on the woman she had served for many years—contempt for the beautiful back and envy of it, a bitter worship of charms not her own and the clear-sighted scorn, instinct with sex itself, of cheap goods not yet marked down by Time. Then, as Nina turned, with a little frown and a recalled attention, Miss Melcher gave the desk another hasty touch and slipped out of the room. The man was entering. Miss Melcher threw him a comprehensive, half satirical look in passing, as if to say: "You're here again. You haven't changed. No more has she."

He recognized her as an unconsidered personality he had been used to before his three months' absence in Europe, and held out his hand. But the girl apparently failed to see it, and immediately he was in the room, before the dangerous reefs of Nina's beauty and her unsparingly administered charm. His eyes rested upon her in a half unwilling pleasure, as hers sought him sweetly with no withdrawal in them. She extended both her hands, and he took them. She brightened more and more. To her mind, he had not changed. He was still handsome, incalculably virile—and hers. How worn he had been growing in the last years, how dulled his eyes were now from some flagging of the spirit, she did not see.

"Tired?" she asked him fondly, leading him to a chair, and he remembered, with his old amused commentary on her, that this was the full-throated voice she had built up from crude beginnings and used now too indiscriminately.

"No," he said, "we had a smooth passage. Not a ripple. I slept most of the time. How are you?"

He threw into his tone the caressing anxiety she challenged and, in one form or

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another, always received. She had sunken again on the couch, and crossed her feet with an unerring grace. Her face became a page of sweet contradictions where the brows frowned while the mouth was smiling. She answered gently, with a childlike pettishness calculated to augment the charm.

"I am worn to the bone, dear, simply worn to the bone. The new play won't go."

"Seems to me I've heard that before, or something like it!"

She shook her head.

"No," she denied, "nothing so bad as this. It's a flat failure. I haven't even rehearsed it."

"It's Mary Gale's, isn't it?"

"Yes. I had great faith in her. But she can't do it. She's no good."

"Told her so?"

"Yes. I told her yesterday."

"How did she take it?"

"Take it? Why, I don't know. How should she take it?"

He looked at her for a moment, still smiling in a way destined always to arouse in her a vague discomfort. It suggested pastures where she never fed.

"You know," he explained, "I used to see Mary Gale when I was a boy. We went to school together."

"Yes, you said so. But let's not talk of her. I've lost time over it, and I'm disappointed. That's all there is about it."

"Have you a copy of it?"

She laughed.

"Forty thousand, in that desk. We've gone over it until—stale! Well, I should think so. The lines don't mean any more to me now than so much Greek. I ought to have Melcher pack these up and send them to her. I don't want them."

He rose and went over to the desk.

"I'll take them," he said. "I'll see that she has them."

"You can't do one blessed thing with it," she warned him. "It's awfully sweet of you—but the thing's no good. I might have seen it sooner, and saved my pains."

He was quietly pulling out neat acts of typewritten manuscript, and arranging them in a pile on the desk. Then he placed his gloves upon it, as if to fix his claim.

"I suppose you told her your part didn't suit you?" he said incidentally, returning to his seat.

"Yes, that was it. It didn't suit me. Not a bit."

"You told her she had great emotional power, but she must learn construction."

"Yes."

"Then you said play-writing and book-writing were two entirely different matters. In the play, there must be no mystery for the audience. In a book the mystery must be preserved. In a play, every line must count. In a book, you may digress, explain. Didn't you tell her that?"

"Why, yes! but what's the use now, when I've found she can't do it?"

"You told her to observe the effects you got in 'The Lost Fiddler,' and asked her if she couldn't learn something from that. Now didn't you?"

"How do you know?" she asked, again wrinkling her brows delightfully.

"Bless you, child, it's what you said to me, seven years ago, when I went to you with my first play. It's what you all say. You learn it from one another. It's your form of polite farewell. Half the time you don't know what you mean by it. You never happen to think, any of you, that the poor devils of authors may know all those platitudes, pat as print. They can't do the trick, but aphorisms won't make them any for'arder. What's the use of saying to a man with no legs, 'My dear fellow, in walking one uses legs.' He knows that as well as you do. That's where the shoe pinches."

"I don't believe I said those things to you," she objected, with that fascinating good-nature which is one step toward supremacy, when the way is lost. "I recognized you from the first."

"You did!" He lost his tired look and roared with ironic laughter. "I should rather say you did. You kept me hanging round for other purposes; but recognized my—" Then he sobered. "My dear child," he said, "it was all a lucky fluke. You didn't recognize me. Somehow I clambered on, and when the house got a laugh out of me, I stayed. But I'll see that Mary Gale has these things. Pardon me." He was looking at his watch.

"No! no! you'll stay to luncheon. Then we'll drive out into the country, and do something this evening."

"I've got—" he hesitated, and ended gravely, "I've got to run down to Doctor Tarbell's."

"What!" The frown meant heavy weather. She sat up, and there were lightnings on her brow. "She doesn't know you are

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home?" she suggested, in a determined quiet.

"No," he answered, "but I *am* home."

"Have you been writing to her?"

"Yes."

"Once a week?"

"Twice."

She mused a moment, her delicate hands trembling in her lap. Then she rose, and, with a little soft rush, sank at his feet and laid the hands upon his. She looked up at him movingly.

"Sidney," she said, in a broken voice, one he knew also from the stage, "why aren't you sensible? Why aren't you firm?"

He was looking down at her in a grave kindliness as at a child who expects too much, and yet must not be disappointed.

"Perhaps I'm too firm, Nina," he said. "Perhaps that's what you don't like."

"It means either one thing or the other. Either you are fond of her, or you are not. She's half out of her mind. She has been for years. Doesn't that release you from her?"

He stroked her hands tenderly.

"I rather think I must go, Nina," he said.

She bent her head and cried a few silent tears. Suddenly she began laughing through them.

"She ought to know this, too," she interjected.

"Who?"

"Mary Gale. She thinks you're a hero. She gave you the leading part in the play."

"Your play?"

"Yes. I had to keep cutting you out." She rose, with the suppleness of her craft, and went back to her seat, giving herself, when she got there, little reestablishing touches—patting her hair with a pretty grace, and pressing her handkerchief to her eyes with the art that aids without havoc.

"What do you mean, Nina? What has Mary Gale done?"

"Why the man in the play was an all-round angel. I told her he'd have to be cut, and she said he made the play. That's all she knew."

"But what about him?"

"Why, he was meant for you. She owned it—said she'd followed your career for years. Said she knew about you from old friends of you both, and they told her about it, about your faithfulness to—your wife." A quick breath came with the word, as if she felt repugnance to it.

Sidney was not looking at her.

"Well," he said at last, "that's odd. And it's doubly odd it should come now."

"Why?"

He turned to her then with the air of making an intemperate confession to which she had a claim.

"You mustn't use it against me, Nina. You mustn't remind me of it when I feel another way. But it's true that I've had moments, especially coming home on the steamer, when I've wondered whether you mightn't be right."

"Yes!" She bent forward now in a restrained eagerness, hands clasped on her knees, her eyes blazing.

He spoke with difficulty, aiming at absolute fairness and at the same time painstakingly translating his habit of thought into hers.

"I found I had to mull over it all the time on the boat. It had made a break, going away. Coming home would be starting over again, so to speak. For the first time I wondered whether I should start in another fashion."

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, Sidney, yes."

"I've wondered—I wonder, too—" he broke his speech with a little bitter laugh—"I wonder, too, if I'm a cad for saying it—whether you are right and I have taken needless—pains."

"It's only—" she spoke in a full, sweet voice, with that indescribable nobility of mien which was also, he recognized, a part of her outfit, "it's only, Sidney, the effect on you. It drains you. Don't you see it does?" He was not listening, save apparently to his own inner voice. "Your work, too," she breathed. "If you were free, you'd be another man."

Now he got up and looked for his hat in a vague way he had when he was thinking, and Nina also arose. She confronted him, superb and challenging. "Well?" she said.

He recalled himself with a start.

"I'll come in to-morrow," he promised, adding winningly, with the smile that always earned him pardon, "shall I?"

"Not this afternoon?"

"No, dear, not this afternoon."

A flush came to her cheeks. Her eyes grew dark.

"Sidney," she said, "you deserve to be told to come this afternoon or—" unfailing tact forbade her to go on.

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He was looking at her seriously.

"Nina," he said, "I don't please you, do I?"

She answered quickly.

"You please me when you—please me!"

He laughed a little, and at that her eyebrows began to go up whimsically. He put out both hands.

"Come, Nina," he entreated, "be friends with me."

At the moment of laying her hands in his, she snatched them back and raised them to his shoulders. There she held them while she talked rapidly into his face.

"She's half insane, Sidney. You know it. She doesn't miss you. She can't. The doctors say so. You've been gone long enough for her to forget all about you. Now you mean to go down there and remind her again. I wouldn't say a word if it did her any good; but it only takes it out of you. You know that. O Sidney, give it up! Give it up, dear—please."

He was bending toward her vivid face, the flush upon it, the eyes wet with tears, when she laughed, in a bubble of coming triumph.

"Mary Gale said you were a hero. Be a hero, if you want to, but don't be this kind. Rule things. Don't let them rule you."

He raised his head, with an air of hearing a recall.

"Mary Gale!" he echoed. "Well, let's see what Mary Gale's got to say on the subject. I'll read the play."

Her hands slipped from his shoulders, but he took them, with a quick pressure, and let them go again. "I'm sorry I bother you," he said honestly. "Let me come round tomorrow." When he reached the door, she was still looking at him silently, what judgments forming behind the jewels of her eyes he could not guess. But he had been accustomed to ignore the cruder elements in her, and now he nodded, in a frank goodfellowship, and went out.

That night, after his two hours at Dr. Tarbell's, he took dinner in his own room, and then drew a chair to the window, to read Mary Gale's play. A little kind wind had crept in from the east and was cooling the city. It touched his face, and he was grateful to it. He would not think of the afternoon yet, or the choice it had gravely offered him, and, rather to defer debate, he opened the first act and began to read. He read carefully, and presently with a flush upon his forehead and the knitted brows of sharp consideration. He finished the act, the play, and then, before the summer light had failed, went back to read it here and there again. At last he put the acts together, got his hat, and ran downstairs. There he called a hansom and ordered the man to drive him to the address penciled on a corner of the play.

It was a dull street, with dressmaking advertised on windows old in dust. Women, in brazen challenge to the breeze, were sitting upon doorsteps, exchanging summer repartee with coatless men, and down the street a group of ragged children danced happily to a hurdy-gurdy, and passed an adored and lessening bit of ice from hand to hand. A panting maid, summoned by his ring from some ashy depth, bade him "go right up," and when he hesitatingly complied, he found Mary Gale, warned by another bell from below, standing in the attic hall. He knew her at once, the gaunt, clean look, the good gray eyes and general testimony to shyness and New England virtues, the way of wearing her dull clothes as if they were for use, not plumage, and as if no one had ever praised her for them. She was overwhelmed at seeing him. That was plain at once.

"Why!" she said, and then seemed lost in the depth of her own wonder. "Why!"

He had reached the top stair and given her his hand.

"Hello, Mary!" he remarked, in the language of their school days. "Awfully glad to find you."

Flushed with a kind of rapturous recognition, she led him in and established him in a rocking chair under her one dormer window.

"I never expected such a thing," she declared, and then he understood that she really thought him a good deal of a personage. It amused him, but it touched him also.

"It's only queer I haven't looked you up before," he said. "I know your work."

Mary shook her head and laughed.

"Not all of it," she demurred. "You've seen the stories—not my fashion notes, and my current items, and my pearls of thought."

"Is it as bad as that, Mary?" he asked, with a solemnity she loved.

"Worse," she laughed back at him. "I edit the Girls' Letter-Box." Her eyes had fallen on the manuscript in his hand, and he noted the quick change in her. It was

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pathetically compounded of hope and terror. The play might have been an old misery she had fought so long that she expected it at every turning. "Why," she faltered, "how did you—?"

"How did I come across this? Miss Castro entrusted me with it."

"I never wanted to see it again," she burst forth, eying it as if, having done strange things to hurt her, it might unexpectedly do more.

He laid it down on the little table, and there was silence between them of the sort that preludes candor. He wished she would ask him what he thought of the play. She was hoping he would tell her.

"Want to do it awfully, Mary?" he was asking, in his kindest tone.

"What?"

"Write a play."

"You know I do. Don't we, all of us? I don't know whether it's the money—no, it isn't. It's creating life, and seeing it breathe and walk. Well?" She looked at him a moment, and ventured breathlessly: "You don't believe I've got it in me!"

He touched the manuscript with a gentle finger.

"It isn't in this, Mary."

Something faded out of her face.

"It's queer, isn't it?" she mused. "I took the biggest story I knew. I knew it, mind you. I didn't imagine it and hang garlands on it. I had watched it growing. The man was a hero, the only hero I've known. To be sure, I had to make him subservient to her—that foolish woman."

"She isn't foolish, Mary," he reminded her. "She's very charming—after her own kind."

"I dare say. She seemed foolish to me, the more I saw of her. I don't care much for exotics. I like to find a good, wholesome weed even, growing out of a crack and nourishing itself on air, and still growing."

He spoke in a low tone.

"That was the way your hero seemed to you?"

"Just the way. It seemed to me he fed on nothing and still grew tall. Oh, what a funny world it is!" She threw herself back in a little gale of laughter, and her eyes were wet. "I suppose if I told you how my hero looked to me, you'd never recognize him. You'd never think you'd seen him even."

"Maybe not, Mary." He had a hungry desire to urge her on. He was even willing to entrap her. She seemed to be illuminating page after page of his life, with a rapid brush.

"Fancy," she said, "a man that might have been spoiled by praise, and yet worked on, doing the same sweet, sane things he began by doing—a man that might have had the blare of trumpets announcing him all the time, and scorned them. No, he didn't even scorn them. He never seemed to hear. He was too busy being faithful to the old humble ties of his life. Some candles go out, you know, some we depend on to light us along to bed. He never seemed to flicker even."

The warmth had come into his face, and his eyes were lustrous.

"Nevertheless," he warned her, "that isn't necessarily drama."

"I suppose it isn't. I'd got so used to seeing it march in my own mind, I fancied it would move of itself anywhere. But that woman! She's as thin as an eggshell. I bungled it. She spoiled it. I can't do anything for her. Maybe I couldn't anyway."

"It's a tough job," he said, feeling about for phrases. Mary's eyes brimmed with laughing tears.

"Now, don't you tell me it's a separate art," she said, "and that it's got to be concentrated, and there mustn't be a word too much, and——"

"Have they said all that to you?"

"Law, chile, yes! over and over! There must be an actor's commonplace book, like the key to the arithmetic. Well, never mind. I had one beautiful story, and I've written it and that's the end of it."

"I'm not sure that it's the end of it," said Sidney, suddenly, in a sharp assertiveness that made her wonder. "Mary, when have you seen her?"

"Your wife?"

"Yes. You knew her pretty well."

"She was in the class below," said Mary. She looked away from him briefly, and flushed a little, speaking. "I saw her while you were abroad."

He bent keen eyes upon her.

"What made you do that?"

She hesitated.

"I knew you had to be away," she said at last. "I knew you had arranged everything perfectly, but yet it seemed as if somebody ought to look in, in your place, and keep an eye on her."

"So I've had a friend I never thought of! That was mighty good of you."

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"No," she said frankly, "it was gratitude. You've meant a lot to me, right along. You've been a sort of beacon. And when you couldn't be on the spot—well, your care of her has been something so wonderful it seems as if we all ought to stand by and help a little."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, and sat there a moment, musing.

"She was glad to see me to-day," he said irrelevantly.

"Yes," answered Mary.

"She—" Until now he had not spoken voluntarily of his wife to any one except the doctors and nurses who had charge of her. The unaccustomed relief made him assert almost with an eager passion: "She's really different, Mary. They all say so. She was glad to see me. She was quite herself."

"It's beautiful," said Mary.

"There's one thing—" he hesitated. "I believe I'll tell you. Tarbell thinks I might take her away—just she and I—to the sea, perhaps, and find out how it works. She doesn't know about it. I didn't want her to know until it's decided."

"Until Doctor Tarbell decides?"

"Until I decide."

"Oh!" Then she said tentatively, "I suppose it would be wonderful to her."

"I suppose it would." He spoke in a heavy brooding. "Really, Mary, I did get the idea, as I was talking with her—he had told me before I saw her—that she would be quite wild with happiness. And in a good way, too, a good, wholesome way."

Mary was smiling at him.

"That settles it," she said.

"No," he owned, "it didn't settle it then. Something has settled it since. At first I was afraid. Not of her, of course. She has never been violent. But of the outcome."

She was smiling now, in a skepticism half scorn.

"Oh, no," she said, "you're not afraid. You couldn't be."

He had got upon his feet.

"Yes, I could, Mary," he said lightly. "But I'm not afraid now, at any rate. Yes, I think we'll do it. I'll look out some little place, and we'll go there with that good maid of hers and see what comes of it. Good-by, Mary. You're a dear."

She stood at the stair-head and watched him down. He knew what thoughts were following him.

He walked home by roundabout ways that took him past Nina's hotel. Under her window he halted a moment, listening to the trained sweetness of her voice crowning the perfection of a song. Other voices rose in commendation and light laughter when the song had ceased. He waited a moment, as if in ceremonious farewell, and then, taking off his hat to the greatening breeze, walked quickly on.

Indian Summer

By FRANCESCA DI MARIA PALMER

NOVEMBER comes like dame distressed,
With pale brow all afrown,
Her lips drawn thin and close compressed,
Her long hair tumbling down;
And now she's listless, calm and still,
And forces back her tears,
And now she moans and raves until
The conquering winter nears—
'Tis then she yields with tender grace,
Bewitches autumn days,
And glides away with sunny face
Soft veiled in purple haze.

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A Mother of Americans

The Story of an Immigrant Woman's Life of Wise Sacrifice for a New Generation

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

THE old town of Lake View, in Chicago, is largely settled by Germans and people of Germanic origin. It is a region of small frame cottages and double frame tenements, now giving way to the encroachment of stone-fronted, bay-windowed flat buildings, but still offering a grateful contrast to the more modern sections of the city in the way of bright beds of flowers, tiny fountains, well-trimmed shrubbery, and all the odd fancies with which Germans love to make beautiful their homes. Turning into a certain little-traveled street bordered by the older tenements that stand each a garden's width back from the walk, and going through the passage between two of these tenements to a second yard and garden in the rear, one finds a frame cottage, plain but neatly painted and in the best of repair. On clear, bright days there is likely to be a chair or a bench beside the open door, and on that bench a woman sitting—not idly, but with her hands swiftly plying sewing- or knitting-needles, or shelling peas, or peeling potatoes. And one may know by her mobile and expressive face, by the lips that break into contemplative smiles, bringing out strangely youthful dimples—one may know that her mind works as nimbly as her fingers.

There is not a man or woman among us who would not be the better for an hour's conversation with Marie Schuylart as she sits there at her doorside. She is only a woman of the people, this Marie Schuylart, a peasant from Flanders; but she has lived a good life and has done a good work; she has watched with open and seeing eyes all that has taken place about her; and now in late middle age she has attained to that philosophic contentment, so rare in America, which comes from the knowledge that work undertaken in youth has been well completed.

Yet though there is a restful comfort in the contemplation of this contented woman, it is not this primarily nor ultimately that makes her most worth our knowledge. Rather is it the story of this task which she looks back upon, accomplished, and of the manner of its accomplishment.

The value of this story is twofold. It has the personal urgency of any life-story that reveals heroic struggle and self-sacrifice; that shows purpose clearly grasped in consciousness and unfalteringly carried out.

But Marie Schuylart is more than an individual, and her story has a bigger significance than the personal. Good mother, good wife, good citizen that she is, and so meaning much to her adopted country, her life has in still another sense a national meaning. For this old peasant woman represents in herself the transition that is America. She has been at once a movement, the force of the movement, and its guide; and to trace the movement is to see American citizens in the making. It would be too much to say that she is the typical immigrant mother of American men—would that there were so many like her that she might be called such; but she does represent in herself completely the ideal of the European peasant bettering her fortunes and founding her family in America, true Land of Promise.

In the district of East Flanders from which she came, her ancestors, generation after generation, divided their property into smaller and smaller portions, grew poorer and poorer, following the everlasting progression of overcrowded peasants toward poverty. There came a time when Marie stood, as it were, at the point of a cone, where no further division was possible. To remain in Europe was to stop at the point, at zero. But—continuing the figure—Marie chose to produce the surface of the cone so that it should be again expanding. She came to America to establish

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here a new generation, one that should increase instead of diminish, that should be extensive, not intensive, looking beyond, building for the furthest future.

In New York's Ghetto, in Boston's North End, among the hunchbacked Hollanders crawling on hands and knees across Chicago's truck gardens, one may see countless women from the European peasantry in whose family such a development may be started. But Marie Schuylart excels most of them in this, that she set about her work with definite determination, and followed it without deviation. She has succeeded. She has reared eight children who to-day are Americans among us, self-respecting men and women, honest, sturdy, upright, educated, working purposefully for the development of their country. And now, before the door of the little cottage in Deering, a section of Lake View, sits Marie, rounding out her threescore years in peace and contentment, living on her own land, supported by rentals from her own properties; while beside her sometimes sits her husband, Louis, no longer a laborer, reaping in his age the fruit of his own faithful toil and of his wife's firm purpose.

Forty years ago Louis and Marie Schuylart were young people growing up together in Belgium. Betrothed, they faced the problem of a long lifetime. Where should it be spent? What should they do with it? And when it was over what would they bequeath from it to their children? These questions, which many of us who have been abundantly educated take too lightly, Marie Schuylart brought directly to Louis to be answered. He was an easy-going young fellow, willing to work as hard as a man may; but when his working-hours were over he cared only to rest and smoke and to watch in silence the face of his betrothed. What should they do? It was an easy question to him. They should do exactly as their parents and their grandparents had done—remain at Saint Laurent and work for their living—till their fields, rear their children, live and die. What need for more? It had been done generation after generation. It was the natural thing to do.

He is not an easy man to move. Were he a Yankee he would be considered "sot in his ways."

"When I want to do anything," says Marie, "I begin about six months before I want to do it, and I tell him it ought to be so.

"'No, no,' says he, and that is all. Next time I suggest it, again he says some arguments against it. He talks a good deal about it, always against it. I say little—but I keep saying it. Then when the time comes I say: 'Well, here it is time to do what I said. Now we will do it.'

"'All right,' he says."

"All right," he said at last to the project of crossing the ocean to the Land of Promise; and having said so, was promptly packed off ahead to establish himself. He came to Chicago and found work—such work as a husky young Belgian could do—shoveling coal out of cars for the Illinois Central Railroad. For this he was paid a dollar and a quarter a day. When he was thus established Marie came over and they were married. They were just two ordinary young immigrants, more industrious, more intelligent, more valuable, to be sure, than the average of those who landed at Jamestown or at Plymouth, but very like hundreds who land every day at Ellis Island. They rented a room in a poor part of town, several miles from the coal-yard, and set up housekeeping.

How to keep house on a dollar and a quarter a day is a problem that many Americans have had to solve. To make so small a sum cover not only the cost of food and fuel, rent and clothing, but car fares, medicines, incidentals, amusements, for two—and in most working men's families it is soon for three, for four, for five—seems well-nigh impossible. Marie solved the problem by cutting a Gordian knot. They would have no car fares, no incidentals, no amusements, no medicines. Being housewife and cook she undertook to see that her family was so nourished that it kept well; and she resolved that she herself would provide for her husband what he might seek in saloon or in theatre. The dollar and a quarter had to provide only food, clothes, fuel, and rent, and the second of these items Marie reduced to a minimum. Needlework she had learned in girlhood. She was as thrifty with cloth as with money. And as Louis knew the cobbler's trade, they were able to buy second-hand shoes and to rebuild and mend them in the evenings, so that their feet were always warmly and neatly clad at the slightest cost. As for the food, Marie had acquired in girlhood an invaluable part of a poor woman's education—a part but too commonly lacking from the education of both poor and rich—the art of making nutritious and satisfying foods out of poor materials. She had a natural eye for the good in meat. She could

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step into the poor little corner butcher-shop and with a glance at the "bargain counter" select something that contained a maximum of nourishment at a minimum price. She could choose as quickly from the cheap piles of vegetables those that were still worth while. And from these she could make such soups as a rich man might sigh for—if he had the appetite of a worker. Strong, nourishing, tasty, the contents of her soup kettle were always ready and always good.

I think it is a fact that will not be questioned by those who have lived among the very poor in cities that poor nourishment and poor cooking are closely related to the drink problem. The workman who comes home at night to a half-satisfying supper, or to a cold meal, or to a mess of indigestible pie and baker's bread, wanders out afterward for something more comforting—and finds it. Louis did not need it. He had Marie's soup. And at night, after all his long labor and his long walking, he was ready for a copious helping of it, for an hour of rest and talk and cobbling, and for his sleep.

An income of a dollar and a quarter a day is meager enough, but to Marie Schuylart it was ample for what she had in mind. Until she had borne six children she had never more than that to provide with. From the start she put it carefully into the bank, and drew out only exactly what was necessary for their living. The thing that took the largest lump sum, and that she consequently objected to most, was the rent. Searching about, she discovered the great vacant area where Deering and Gross Park now stand. There were miles of unoccupied land just about to be opened for settlement. It was cheap, but it had no conveniences. There were no paved streets, no sewers, no water, no lights, nothing but flat open country broken by big clay holes and brick-yards. It was six miles or more from the coal-yard —but it was land and it was cheap. Marie determined to buy a lot.

Louis was not so ready.

"No, no," he said. "We will stay where we are. Let us pay rent. Then we can move when we want and where we want. Why should we bother ourselves to buy land?"

"For our children—that is why we should." That settled it. She drew her money out of the bank and bought the lot. When it was paid for she borrowed money on it and began building a house. It was only a little frame cottage that cost about $400, and even that she insured as it was being built, to protect the loan; but it was a house, and when it was done she and Louis moved into it, took his brother Frank for a boarder, at $3 a week, thus stopping that endless drain on their savings for rental. To be sure there was a big loan to repay—big if one views it from the standpoint of a dollar and a quarter a day—but there were now $3 a week from the boarder to help out.

The neighborhood was, as I have said, largely empty space. It was undrained. Marie could dip water out of neighboring puddles and ponds for washing and scrubbing, but all the drinking-water she had to carry several blocks from a house that was on a street with water-mains. Early every morning, rain or snow or shine, winter and summer, Louis trudged cheerily away on his six-mile walk to his work, and every night he trudged his six miles homeward uncomplainingly. And meanwhile there came children in rapid succession to the new home.

These were healthy, hearty youngsters, well nourished, strong. And as the number of them increased, Marie drew more money out of the bank, raised the cottage roof and put another story under it. Later, she moved the cottage to the back of the yard and in front of it built a two-story tenement. That cost $1,200. Louis and Marie had never had nor even seen that much money. But they borrowed it on their land, their house, and the insurance on the new building, borrowing part at first and the rest when the new house was under way. At last it was completed, and though some hundreds of dollars in debt, they found themselves in the fortunate position of being able to rent house-room to others.

However, that did not alter their mode of living. Louis still trudged his twelve miles a day and gave Marie his envelope unopened. More than that, he was plying a trade at home, with his cobbling. To making and mending his own shoes and hers and the children's, he sometimes added a shoe for a neighbor, for the district had begun to fill up now. Long before daylight Marie was up sewing or preparing for the day's work, and long after nightfall Louis sat cobbling shoes. Their days were very long and their nights short; but good food, good cheer, and the satisfaction of accomplishment kept them in good health.

So year after year went on the work of accumulation. When the rentals from the

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"house in front" had paid the debt upon it, Marie bought more land near-by, and in course of time built a tenement on that. Later she bought still more land, and built a third house. Even then not one penny was added to the family living expenditures. The earnings of Louis had increased to $40 a month, and on that the family lived. Children had continued to come to them. Eleven had been born and eight had lived—six boys and two girls.

Provision for these was the primary object of the move to America. In the accomplishment of that provision the estate had been built up. But Marie, while establishing her fortunes, had not neglected to make of her children men and women as worthy as she of the Land of Promise that had welcomed her. She had begun a work of expansion, and she prepared them for carrying it on. To that end she sacrificed, when it seemed necessary, something of her money-saving thrift. For instance, each yard in her neighborhood contained a vegetable garden which aided largely in the family's support. The Schuylart yard alone was bare. A neighbor one day asked why this was so.

"Vell," said Marie, a little on the defensive, but certain of her ground, "I haf asked myself vould I haf a garten, un I haf said, 'Vill I haf wegetables in de yard und de boys in de street? or will I haf de boys playing in de yard?' Und I says, 'I will haf de boys playing in de yard.'"

Not far from the home of Louis and Marie is a large public school. For more than twenty years there was not a year when that school had not a Schuylart among its pupils. In all that time no children were more welcome there than these. Fed, housed, and clothed all out of that $40 a month, they were the best fed and the best dressed children in the school. Never a garment was on them that was not patched and mended to the limit, but never one of them came to school with torn clothes, with a hole unmended, or with ragged shoes. In a region where children often came breakfastless to school and dragged their way soddenly through their studies with heads aching from hunger, the children of Marie Schuylart, bright and healthy, were cheery, alert, and wholesome.

One might suppose that, working and planning so constantly for her children, Marie would have had neither time nor strength for others. Yet she found time to nurse the sick, out of her poverty she gave to neighbors in want, and always she was ready with wise advice. For, if she had not education, she had understanding, which is better. Her wisdom was proved when, perhaps fifteen years ago, Lake View was swept by an epidemic of typhoid fever so severe that it is still recalled in the city as "the typhoid year." It was a winter of terrible severity. Most of the factories at Deering and in the neighborhood were shut down. Hard times were on the land. As the winter advanced, dozens of children, ill with typhoid, or kept at home through lack of clothing, were missing from every schoolroom. Like the indomitable American schoolma'ams that they were, the teachers called for contributions of clothing and food and set out to cover and feed the needy and to nurse the sick. In this section intelligent nursing was one of the prime necessities. Mothers ignorant of the nature of the fever endeavored to feed their sick children on black bread and boiled cabbage, often fragments from the dump, with naturally fatal results.

A teacher called one afternoon at a house where one of her girl pupils lay very ill. The mother was trying to force her to swallow some sauerkraut, which she considered a sick-room delicacy. The teacher argued long and vainly in German, trying to make the woman understand why she must not do it. But as she went sorrowfully out through the front yard a pleasant-faced peasant woman leaned over the palings from next door and called to her.

"Teacher," she said, "don't you worry not'ing about dat girl next door. Always after dis I take care of her. I know how iss de fever. Nossing to eat, so says doctor. But dose oder children—her brothers and sisters—efery day I get dem ofer here und gifs dem a bellyful of goot soup. Dot womans—her man makes $4 a day—but she knows not how to do, so he goes efer by saloon to spend it."

That girl pulled through, and many a starving youngster came back to health and strength under the tender care and wise generosity of the peasant woman from Flanders.

Yet in her own times of illness she would have no aid. Calling at her door one morning on her way to school, the teacher was invited by a voice from the bedroom to enter. Propped up on pillows on the bed sat Marie, busily peeling potatoes. As the teacher came in she proudly lifted a quilt and showed be-

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side her a new-born babe—her first daughter. Then she passed a hand over the potatoes.

"Do not tink I always gif der children potatoes, so," she said as in apology. "It iss too costly. Only to-day I could not go out to market. To-morrow I will go."

That baby girl has grown up and gone through grammar school and through business college, and has for several years added her share to the family income. Louis Schuylart has given up his labor, and settled down with Marie to enjoy a life of leisure. Her task is finished. She has only now to guide and counsel. So it was as one might go to visit a retired general or a pensioned pilot that I went out to Lake View not long ago, and found my way to the little rear cottage and to Marie Schuylart.

Sitting by her doorside she told me the whole story of her life, somewhat as I have told it here. As she talked I was struck constantly with the fact that this immigrant woman, whose children and grandchildren now exercise and for generations perhaps will exercise continually greater influence in American affairs, has known every day what she was about, and to-day looks back with complete satisfaction on what she has accomplished. She talked in a quaint dialect, and her face was alive with quick expression of her moods, as she told of the slow struggle to amass her competence. Always she spoke of her husband with pride, especially when she touched—as she frequently did—on the drink question. What a curse drink is to the working men no one sees more clearly than she.

"Louis wass efer a good man," she said. "Efery week he brought me home all his envelope. Und alwayss I put it by. But he was so goot, und I would see de oder men alwayss spending so much—sometimes I chuss hand him out five cents, or maybe ten cents, und I tell him go get himself some beer, too. It makes me know how goot he iss when I see a man what one time rents our oop-stairs in front. He earns in his envelope more dan $40 efery two weeks at Deering. Und I tell you, I hadt to poot him out because he couldn't pay his rent. Now dat is so. He had sooch a nice wife, und I like her, und I wass sorry—but only had we the rent could we pay the money that owed on the house, und I could not help it. I kept them many months before I could do it. Out of his $40 efery two weeks he could gif her sometimes only fifty cents in a week—once only ten cents—und the rest he wass drinkt oop in saloon. I see all de saloonkeepers getting rich around und I says my neighbors, dere is vere deir hoosband's money goes to—but it iss no goot talkin'.

"Den dere is diss wit' me. I chuss cannot waste anything efer at all. Not a piece of bread even. I say, it is clean when it come into house—I shall keep it clean while it is in house, den it muss be clean always und iss to eat. So if dere is piece breadt on de children's plate when dey are troo breakfast, I say can dey eat it? No. All right, I eat it myself, den I need dat mooch less next time, and de bread is useful. Dere wass man had our front house one time. He earned $4 a day bei Deerings. Dat man's wife could trow out more mit teaspoons at de back door dan he could shofel in wit' scoop at de front door. Her swill-pail had some weeks more in it than I buy for my whole family, yet she got only t'ree childer. Dat man comes bei me und says, my Gott, he haf to mofe. He can't pay sooch goot rent any more. He don't know vatt iss. He earn enough, but he nefer see where it goes. I know—but he couldn't see. It vent into swill-pail.

"Und dere is anoder t'ing. I have now eight children—nefer wass better children. Nefer once in my life did I haf enviousness feelings to another vomans about children. Nefer did I say her children iss better dan mine, nor dey is better closed, nor dey is politer, nor dey got better toys, nor dey spends more money on deyselves. No! No! I says myself efer, 'Not in Deerings, not in Chicago iss dere children healt'ier dan mine, children who eats besser—efen if it is only common t'ings.' Dey iss healt'y. Und nefer wass my children on street when close was torn, nor stockin's got holes, nor dey wass dirty. Always I wash, und I mend—I patch und darn, und alwayss I say I care not whether it iss stylish or pretty or not. Anyway it iss warm, und whole, und clean und healt'y. Dose, now I tell you, iss de important t'ings.

"People will say my life is hard. So it iss. I have always turn nickel ofer in my palm many, many times before I spend it. I haf work, I haf safe. Yet what compensation I haf also! My children—dey vass so goot."

Then she told me what position each held. The oldest, Alphonso, finished the eighth

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grade in school, and then went into Marshall Field's as cash boy, earning $10 a month, and selling papers on the train to make his car fare. Still not a cent more was spent on the living. Only, $10 more each month was put into the bank, for Alphonso brought her his envelope untouched, as his father did. "So goot a boy he is efer," Marie said, "when he was twenty-one years old, I just couldn't help gifin' him somepin. I gif him ten cents to haf birthday wit'."

At twenty-six he married, but the very week before, he still brought his envelope to his mother. Now Alphonso and his wife live in Marie's house, caring for it and collecting rents for her.

Another son is an iron-founder. In the course of his work, he has been in England, in China, in the Philippines. Now he, too, is married, and lives in Washington State.

Of the girls Marie admits that she is perhaps prouder than of the boys. They both went through business college, Mary entering at fourteen. With her mother's own determination, the girl, growing impatient at the delay of the school in securing her the promised position, went down-town and found for herself a place in a big wholesale house.

So Marie went through the story of her family, and at the end I asked about her own life, her own amusements.

"Now you have money," I said, "do you never go down-town to see things?"

"No, no," she said quickly. "Maybe twice in a mont' I go as far as to de front gate und look out on street. Oder times I sits here und works, und t'inks what has been in past, what will be in future.

"Always my boy Alphonso, he comes und says, 'Mamma, you come wiss me to park, to teaytre. You come see fun.'

"'Very well, Alphonso,' I says one time. 'I will come.'

"So he gets tickets und he und Marie take me teaytre. Well, de teaytre iss grand place, very handsome. Dere is lights und music, und pretty soon oop goes curtain und man cooms out und says somet'ings und eferybody laughs. Den he does funny bitzness all around stage, und more laughs. Den he laughs und more people does so. He sings und dey laughs. Und always he keeps oop funny bitzness. But me—now, why iss it dat he makes dat funny bitzness? I do not know. I do not understand what he says, what he sings, or why it iss dat he acts so. So when we comes home I says to Alphonso: 'Nefer again,' I says, 'need I to go teaytre. Always you go, und Marie. Dat iss for you, because you understand it. But me—see, my boy, I haf lifed many years. I have done und seen many t'ings. I sit by my door many hours of the day und in efenings, und I like look back und say, 'Sooch a day, sooch a year, what it wass happened?' 'Ah, I know!' 'Where wass I den? What wass I to do? Well—did I do it?' So I t'ink efer haf I done eferyt'ing I make out for myself to do? Haf I finish my work?

"Efery year, efery day in my life haf had somet'ing done in it. Dere is interest for me in dose t'ings now. Dere are funny doings in dem dat still amuse me. Dere are sad t'ings und dere are t'ings to learn. So I t'ink about dem efer und about peoples I haf known und how dey haf done wit' their lifes—haf dey done what dey could.

"Nefer iss a moment when I am not busy so, und finding happiness in it. I say teaytre iss for dose who haf to be amused, who haf not in demselves t'oughts, memories, wit' which to keep deir minds busy. For dem it iss necessary mans should go on stage und make funny bitzness. But me—no, no, my life iss too mooch to me for dat."

And if there were no more to Marie Schuylart than that last thought, I believe she would be worth the attention and the consideration of each of us. But because there is so much more in her of personal inspiration than written words can represent, so much of civic promise in the gift of fine men and women she has bestowed upon the State—I wish, without destroying the serenity of her life, I could send every reader of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to her door as I went, to spend an hour with a humble philosopher and loyal citizen.

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The Gravosa Road

by Justus Miles Forman

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Journey's End," "Tommy Carteret," etc.

Pictures by L. Mazzanovich

NOW I am getting on for an old man, I suppose, and I have been everywhere in the world, and seen all the things there are to see, and all the different ways of doing the same thing; and looking back upon them from the mountain of my accumulated wisdom I am surprised to find how very little the ways matter. After all there are but three essentials in a man's life. He is born, he breeds his kind, and then he dies and gets out of the way. But the fashion in which he accomplishes these three very commonplace acts is, in spite of the absurd fuss he makes over it, of singularly small importance.

The above is theory. I know it is true for I am very wise, but I cheerfully grant you that when it comes to practise it is like all other theories. It won't do at all. We've all got to live together—no! not all, thank God! If I had to live with some of the people I know I'd end in the criminal courts—but what I mean is we're a gregarious lot and, if we don't file down our corners and curb our occasional taste for murder and such, the whole lot is made uncomfortable. Society is a number of people who've agreed to do the same things in more or less the same way.

That was the trouble with young Waring. He wouldn't do things in the way we have agreed they must be done, and while, as I have said before, that theoretically does not in the least matter, practically it—well, it simply won't do, you know. It won't do.

The reason I happen to be thinking about Waring is that I had to lunch to-day at my club with an elderly ass called Benson who tried to pump me about the lad, knowing that I'd known him and his people forever. Popped out at me with a line from What's-his-name's poem, about:

> "'What's become of Waring
> Since he gave us all the slip?'"

I told him I didn't know, which was in part a lie (as old Benson politely intimated), but he put me in a temper that I shall have to sleep off— What's become of Waring, indeed? The romantic young fool!

As I say, I had known the lad ever since he could toddle—and long before that; I used to bring him gewgaws and hold him on my knee, blowing open the back of my watch to make him gurgle and beat his foolish little fists together. Why, if a pair of solemn young idiots hadn't quarreled and turned their

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backs on each other a few years before that I might have been his father!

Eh, well, I'm not—and glad of it! But for all that I took a huge liking to the lad—I'd liked his mother, you understand. Fine woman, though hasty! And I watched him grow up, watched him go through school, bragged about him to all my friends when he took a first at Oxford, got him into the way of coming to me with all his silly little troubles. Oh, yes, I was fond of him. I kept on being fond of him even after he had come down and was playing about with the other youngsters of his sort. I used to meet him at one of the clubs which we both frequented, and I gave him a great deal of good advice which he laughed at. Then it happened that I went away to China, and so I didn't see the boy again for nearly two years, but I heard of him often in people's letters, and occasionally from him in letters of his own.

He wasn't breaking into harness as I had hoped. He seemed to have outlandish and romantic ideas—a reversion to some old family type, I expect. For that matter, though, not so old after all. His mother, I remember, used to have ideas too. But she lived them down.

At last I heard rumors about a very nice sort of girl in his own county—nothing definite at all, but it looked as if the young fool meant to settle down in the proper fashion with the proper household gods about him. That was the last I heard. The next time he came before me was several months later, and then not by hearsay. I saw him with my own eyes.

It was, of all strange places, in Ragusa, which people used to call the Pearl of the Adriatic. It does not matter what I was doing at that walled and guarded and portentously fortified little city. I was there for reasons of my own. I was sitting on the terrace of the Opcinska Kafana, where is to be found the only ice for many miles, and drinking a brownish liquid nicknamed by the local humorists brandy. Somewhere I read once that a sort of brandy is made out of potatoes. I think they send it to Ragusa. I was drinking this, as I say, in cool and comfort, surrounded by corseted Austrian officers who, wiser than I, were eating chocolate-ice, and I was blinking across the sun-baked piazza at the *facchini* who squat all day long in the shade about the cathedral steps, and at the congress of nations which filters in through the Porta Ploce and up the Corso—Morlacchi from the north, Herzegovinians from over the near border, Canalesi all in starched and fluted white, market-women from Breno, very Italian looking with their gay silk kerchiefs and gold filigree beads, huge Montenegrins with an armory of weapons in their sashes, white-breeched Albanians, Jews, Turks, Greeks, and all manner of strange vermin—when all at once I sat up and stared hard at a young man who came out of the market-place in the Piazza del' Erbe and, crossing before the café, went on past the cathedral toward the water-gate. The young man was in the usual southern Dalmatian dress, with wide Turkish breeches, a much braided and ornamented waistcoat, and a low red *kapa*. Also his face was tanned to a very dark brown, and he wore a little upturned black mustache, but he walked like an Englishman.

You who go among the nations know that each has its own walk. An Englishman cannot walk like a Chinaman or a Turk or a Cingalee, not though he devote his life to the attempt. This young man walked like an Englishman and so I stared at him thinking how very odd that was. Then when he was near he turned to speak to a Gypsyish-looking young woman who was with him and I saw his face. It was Cecil Waring!

I could not have called out to him if I had wanted to for I was knocked quite speechless. You will admit that the thing was a bit of a facer. I expect I sat there quite still for half an hour and let the flies drink my potato brandy and the precious ice in it melt away to nothing. Young Cecil Waring, who ought to have been making love to a nice pink girl in a Sussex garden, Cecil Waring whose father I narrowly escaped being myself, that lad wandering about the streets of Ragusa, got up like a comic-opera brigand and accompanied by a young woman who looked as if she had left her street-organ somewhere just round the corner! It so harrowed me up that I left the café without paying for my potato brandy, and a waiter had to chase me half-way across the piazza while the Austrian officers and the *facchini* laughed.

I lunched, after a fashion, at the Sarajevska Pivara, and afterward, though the day was hot, took my troubles—I was by now in a fine rage at that miserable youth—out of the land-gate, the Porta Pille, to the Gravosa highroad, and walked there.

It is a very fine walk, the Gravosa highroad. It begins in a long shaded avenue of mulberry trees, and mounts gently. After a bit there are high stone walls to either side, and, over

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these walls, fig-trees and myrtle and almonds and date-palms lean, and enormous azaleas in full blossom—the whole roadside is ablaze with them, a gorgeous double bank of flowering fire. Over the tops of the azaleas and fig-trees, the roofs and chimney-pots of stucco villas show themselves, and you know that that flaming paradise is a peopled paradise, and you feel envy and hatred and malice.

Presently the gardens and the walls to the left drop away and the road skirts the sea-cliff, two hundred, two hundred and fifty feet above the placid tide which laps among the rocks at the cliff's foot. It is open sea as far as your eye can reach to the westward, but away beyond that line of pearly haze which is your horizon the marshy shores of Italy lie, squat and foul, and a muddy tide slouches in and out over them as if it were ashamed of its own uncleanness.

And so you come at last to a spur of the coast-line — the peninsula of Lapad — and a foot-path, leaving the highroad, mounts among pines to the height where is the little votive chapel of St. Biagio, and where standing you may see three countries. Below your feet, stretching southward, there are the beautiful Dalmatian gardens with Ragusa thrust grim and bare, a stern mailed fist, out into the sea: beside it, green-bosomed, the island of Lacroma, where those two men of tragedy, the Emperor Maximilian and the Crown Prince Rudolf, lived and left their impress. To the east, above Gravosa, rise the naked hills of the Herzegovina; and far south, as far as eye can reach, the great Montenegrin peaks loom to the sky.

I toiled up the little shaded path, where the air was keen with the acrid scent of pine, not because I was eager to see three countries at once, but from sheer force of habit, and because I had to go somewhere. I was thinking about Cecil Waring's mother and how, when I was back in England once more, I should have to tell her what I had seen. I came out upon the tiny cleared space beside the chapel, and there, hanging his heels over the edge of the cliff and singing a little Slavic song in a minor key, sat the young man who had crossed the Cathedral Place before me in the morning.

He looked up over his shoulder and abandoned his little Slavic song.

"Hullo, Coppy!—I thought you'd be out here some time during the day," he said. "All the trippers come here to see the view." Then he began to sing again.

"I am not a tripper!" said I with some heat. "I used to come to this place, young man, before you were born."

"Ah?" he said. "Got the habit, eh? Well, anyhow, it's far better for you than drinking. I saw you drinking brown stuff out of a glass at the Kafana this morning, Coppy. Naughty!" I remembered that he had a mother and so did not push him off into the sea as all my members cried out to do.

"Can you offer me any explanation," said I, "for walking about in the face of mankind with those—those operatic garments on you—and in the company of a lady whom I take to be a fortune-teller?"

The lad scrambled to his feet beside me and looked anxiously down at his absurd breeches.

"What's wrong with my clothes?" he demanded. "I can't see anything the matter with 'em. No one but you has found fault with my clothes. They're rather superior, as a matter of fact."

"And the—lady?" I said. He flushed a bit at that.

"I think we won't talk about the lady," said he. "That is, if you don't mind."

"Well, I do mind," I cried. "Great heaven, boy, are you quite mad? This—this sort of thing, you know—why, damme, it won't do, you know! It won't do! How about that girl in Sussex I used to hear about?"

He took me by the shoulders as one who imparts a confidence to his fellow.

"Between you and me, Coppy," he said with a little whimsical one-sided grin, "between you and me, I fled. As one man to another, Coppy, I couldn't stand it. I was bored to the verge of crime. I ran away."

"Were you engaged to her?" I demanded.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Oh, bless you, no!" He gave me another of those whimsical shamefaced little grins of his.

"I'm not quite that much of a rotter, Coppy," he said. "I just got bored with it. Aggressive respectability always bored me, you know. I wasn't meant to be respectable. I was meant to be a pirate and sail the ocean blue." The lad's tone was as flippant as you like, but he turned his head a little to stare out over the sea, and I didn't like his face nor the things that had come into it in the two years since I had seen him last.

I don't mean that it was bad. There was nothing bad in it or mean, but it had an odd look that one very seldom sees in an Englishman's face. I cannot tell what it is, but you will see it in the faces of all Gypsies, and it does not mean either peace or happiness.

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"'Respectable'?" said I. "'Respectable'? No, I should think not! I can't just connect respectability—or decency, either—with the company I saw you in this morning. Come, my dear boy, there are certain limits, you know!" That brought the red to his face, but I'm afraid it wasn't a red of shame. For a minute I thought he'd strike me. He looked at me a long time and he gave an odd little sigh.

"You don't know her, Coppy," he said very gently.

Then I knew that the matter was really serious and that I should have a bad time with the boy. I'd been afraid of it and that was why I had made my silly little speech. I wanted to try him. If only he had sniggered then or laughed or looked man-of-the-world-ish, I could have got him away with no trouble.

There was a bit of low stone wall near where we were, and I sat down upon it and re-lighted the pipe I'd been smoking. After a moment young Waring sat down opposite me, squatting on the turf in his abominable Turk-ish fashion, his face turned out to sea. So we drew up our forces, as it were, to battle. I sha'n't ever forget it, not if I should live to a hundred—which God forbid! I remember everything about it, the hot still afternoon, the still blue sky, and the still blue sea, where a sort of dim haze was creeping in from the west. I remember that the air was full of a scent of thyme—there must have been some growing near. And I remember some odd little yellow flowers that had taken root in the cracks of the bit of stone wall where I was sitting. A flock of gulls mewed, far down toward the foot of that high cliff, and once Waring threw a pebble down at them, which didn't hit anything.

The lad began to speak first.

"It bored me, Coppy," he said quite gravely. "It bored me until I could bear it no longer. I had to come away. And it would bore me if I should go back." He turned his head and looked up at me.

"I expect I'm different to the rest of you, somehow," he said, speaking half in question. "The rest of you seem to take quite naturally to harness. You seem to like the round and the—conventions and the sane orderly way of doing things. But it drives me mad. I wonder why. Coppy," he said, "have you ever seen a cageful of tame rats? There's always a wheel in one end of it, you know, where the poor little beasts can get a bit of exercise, but most of them never use it. They're frightened at first, but after a few days most of them will settle down quite passively—contentedly, I dare say—and live their lives out with all the cheerfulness a rat can show. But there's always one or two in the lot, Coppy, who rave and tear about and fight with the bars, who spin that wretched wheel for hours together till they're so exhausted that you can see their poor little hearts beat through their hides; and in a few days they die. They couldn't bear it." He threw out his arms in a queer spent gesture.

"I'm the exceptional rat, Coppy," he said. "There's a touch of madness, a pagan-streak, a stone-age molecule in me somewhere. I can't bear the dull, gray commonplace of that imitation marionette show yonder. You really good and proper rats like it. It seems to you only decent. But it would break my heart in a few years."

"You're not well, boy," said I. "There's something wrong with your nerves. Harley Street is where you ought to go, not Dal-matia. I suppose you know you're talking like an hysterical schoolgirl?"

"I suppose I am," he said quite quietly, "but it's not nerves. It's deeper than that. It has always been in me." His face changed and took on that odd Gypsy look that I didn't like, and he made as if he would speak again. Then, after a moment, he laughed and shook his head.

"What's the use?" he said. "I'd like to explain to you, Coppy, how I feel about it all, but you wouldn't understand. You're one of the properest and best-behaved rats of all the lot. You never rage and fight with the bars, do you? You think it's foolish because you know you can't break them down, and you know that if you stop in the cage your feed will be brought you regularly and you'll never be hungry or wet or cold." He gave another little laugh.

"Did you ever long to be hungry or wet or cold, Coppy?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," said I. "Comfort suits me very well, thank you."

"Of course," said he. "Of course it does. That's what I said you'd say. And you never longed to be free, either, did you? Free as the wind or the sea, free to go where you want and stay as long as you like and come back to-morrow or never, as you please. You never wanted to be like that. You've always wanted a family and a circle of friends about you and a regular life to lead. You've al-

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ways wanted to know what you were to do to-morrow and a week from to-day and a year. Coppy, Coppy, I can't talk to you at all! We don't speak the same language."

"No, we don't," said I. "No, we don't, but we shall before we've done. You'll come back to your own tongue, my lad. You may think you've forgotten it, but you haven't. You'll come back. They all do. Oh, I've known others who have broken their bars just as you've done and taken to the wild. I've known 'em in India, and in the Islands, and in a dozen places. And they all come back. You can't get out of your breed and stay out; or what's civilization for? Aye, you'll come trailing back very ashamed and sorry. Look here!" I leaned down and wagged a stern finger at him. I felt that I had him now. It seemed to me that I was talking extremely well.

"Look here!" said I, "you rave on about rat-cages and marionette shows and gray routines. That's all rot. Nobody nowadays, no man anyhow, has to see any more of the regular round of life than he wants to. You don't have to live at home. There's traveling and exploration and sailing and shooting to do. What's the matter with those things?"

"I don't seem to care so much for shooting things as I used," the boy said. "It's hardly playing fair, somehow—this killing birds and beasts because you're stronger and cleverer than they are. It's jolly little better than going out and potting at the poor in the East End. Not so good, as a matter of fact. Some of the poor 'ud thank you for it. The animals don't.

"No, killing helpless beasts doesn't seem to amuse me any more. And the other things aren't amusing either. They're just doing in harness what a man might as well do in freedom. They're half-way measures and I don't like half-way measures. No, Coppy, it's no good arguing. We'll get nowhere. I've thrown off the shackles and I'm free. Let me alone!"

"Oh, my dear chap," said I, "you can't cast off your shackles in that light-hearted barbaric fashion. None of us can. They're on to stay. We don't live to ourselves, my lad. We've got responsibilities—a whole network of them, that binds us down, each one in his place."

"I've cut my net and got out of it," he said stubbornly. "Let me alone! What responsibilities have I?"

"For one thing," said I, "you've got a mother." You will observe that I had not brought in his mother before this. I was saving her for a telling stroke—the matador's thrust. And the thrust went home, too. His face twisted and the color left it for a moment. He gave me a quick glance and looked away. And he gave something like a sob. He said:

"Don't, Coppy! don't! Please! It isn't as if I were leaving her alone," he said after a bit. "She has the girls—and besides, she understands, partly. We talked it over before I came away. She partly understands."

"Girls aren't an only son," said I. "And she isn't as young as she used to be, lad. And she's a widow. No, we can't cast off our shackles. They're riveted too fast."

The boy had put up his hands over his face, and he sat like that, quite still, for a long time. I spoke to him presently, but I don't think he heard me, for he paid no heed. That had been a shrewd stroke of mine, that bit about the mother.

It must have been some minutes later that he took his hands down and his face gave me quite a jump, it had gone so white and worn. He gave a sort of groan.

"If I could only make you understand, Coppy!" he said. And after a little when I'd made no answer to that: "I couldn't stick it out, you know—even if I were to go back. I'd bolt again. I promise you."

I almost laughed out with sheer delight. The mother had done the trick. I had him.

"That's as may be," I said. "That's for the future to settle. At least you'll come back with me and give it a trial. That's no more than fair." I jumped to my feet, determined to have the thing settled before he could change his mind.

"Come!" said I. "I must be getting back to the Imperial. We can get off on the night boat for Trieste." The lad did not answer at once. He had got to his feet when I did, but stood looking down, with his hands twisted behind him.

"Come!" I said again, and clapped him on the shoulder. He looked up at me.

"Coppy," said he, "will you come a little way with me—not far—for only a few minutes? Just over to the other side of the cape here? I want—you to see something."

"Why—yes, yes, of course!" said I. I didn't like it. I was afraid. But I couldn't well refuse him just then. He might have balked. He turned about without another

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CECIL WARING—LIKE A COMIC-OPERA BRIGAND AND ACCOMPANIED BY A YOUNG WOMAN.

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word and led the way straight up over the rocky, brambly height of Lapad and down the farther slope. There was a sort of rough path such as goatherds sometimes make. And presently we came to a broad shelf of the cliff where trees stood about, and one looked out over the sea, north and west. There were two or three rough huts in the place, and a dog barked as we approached, and ran at us, then dropped its ears and trotted up to Waring, licking his hand and jumping about him.

Two men and an old woman, decently dressed peasantry, I should think, were chopping up brushwood beyond the huts. They turned, and, when they saw Waring, spoke to him, and the woman courtesied. Then she went to the door of one of the huts and called to some one inside. Of course by this time I understood, and I was prepared when the young woman whom I had seen earlier in the day came out of the hut. She was singing a gay little song under her breath, I remember, but when she saw me she stopped short, and the smile on her face went away, and she stood looking at me very gravely. After a moment she moved up beside Waring and said something to him in a language I didn't know. It wasn't Italian or Greek or any Slav tongue, or Magyar either, and the girl wasn't of any of those races. I'll swear to that. I don't know what she was, unless possibly Gypsy. And if you know what that is, you know more than most people.

She had brownish black hair, I believe, and very straight eyebrows, uncommonly straight, and a straight nose, and lips too full for my fancy, and a rather dark skin—not darker than many brunettes of our own land. Yes, and she had fine eyes, I must admit, very fine eyes; and, oddly enough, long, slim, tapering hands. Many Gypsies have, though. Altogether I suppose she was a very handsome girl in her outlandish fashion, too handsome by half for young Waring to be about with. I was glad the Trieste boat was to sail that night, for of course I understood now where the lad had got all his absurd madness. "Freedom" indeed! A pretty sort of "freedom" he was pining for.

Waring waved a hand toward me and spoke to his Gypsyish girl, who immediately made a sort of salaaming obeisance. I felt like a heathen god, and said crossly:

"What's she about? What's she doing that for?"

"I told her your title, Coppy," said young Waring, "and she's much impressed. She's not used to titles."

"Does she speak any Christian tongue?" I demanded. "Or must I make signs to her?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "several. Italian among them, if Italian's good enough for you."

So I spoke to the girl civilly enough in Italian and she answered me. She must have been in Rome some time in the course of her wanderings for now and then she dropped into strong Roman dialect. I told her, plump, that I was going to take Waring to England with me on the night boat—I thought it best to have the thing clearly understood at the outset—and at that she gave a little low fierce sort of cry and caught the lad by the shoulders, staring up into his face. It was only decent of me to look away and I did. I don't like to see people hurt.

The two of them talked back and forth for a little while very fast and low in their heathen jargon, and I could see that it wasn't easy for poor Waring. His forehead was damp and his face looked white and thin. Eh, well, it was a handsome girl. I'll grant that. She was handsome.

Then presently the three of us moved over to the edge of that great shelf and sat down on the turf there where it was shady and where a cool breath came up from the sea below. I am not going to repeat the things we said for I should be wearisome, and besides it was little else than a repetition of the struggle I had already gone through with Waring alone. Only this time I had a woman to deal with and—to do her justice—a woman who loved. Aye, she loved the boy after her fashion. I cannot doubt that she loved him. And her fashion was not a mild one either. She loved him very hard, as such half-savage people do. I had no pleasant task, but the right was on my side and I couldn't give in to her.

Waring himself acted very decently. He took no part in the discussion, but sat quite silent, his head turned away and his telltale hands hidden behind him. I saw him show feeling only once. A flight of white seagulls wheeled past the brow of the cliff where we sat, and the girl called out. One of the birds left the others, fluttered in air for a moment, and then alighted upon the girl's knee, stretching out its head to her hand with a little throaty croaking like a dove. Then Waring began to tremble, and he turned his head to look, and one of his hands went out to her.

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"Even the birds of the air!" he said with a sort of sob. "Even the birds of the air!" And though I am an old man my eyelids stung for an instant. It was a poignant little scene.

Well, I got him away. It was not easy and I expect the look of that Gypsy girl's eyes will always haunt me, but I got him away. At the last they stood together for a moment and the girl looked into his face. Her own face was white. All the rich warm color had gone out of it. She put up her two hands to the lad's head and drew them very slowly down over his face and over his throat till they lay at his heart. I expect the heart was beating fast. Also for an instant she laid her head where her hands lay, and even I, who stood at a distance, could see her shake, as if she were sobbing.

When we reached the crest of the rocky height I looked back and the girl was still there where we had left her, her hands half raised in air as if she wanted to stretch them out toward the man who was leaving her, but would not. Waring did not look back at all.

It was by this time near six o'clock. I remember that, as we came out from the trees into the open, the sun was low over the sea to the west, and eastward the high sheer naked cliffs of the Herzegovina glowed against a dull sky with astonishing clearness. They looked not a mile distant.

Waring left me on the Gravosa highroad, promising to be at the Hotel Imperial by the Porta Pille at eleven. He was an honest lad and I knew that he would not bolt or play me false. He could be trusted to keep his word. It was only when I had reached the hotel and was packing my valises that I remembered he had never given his word, had never really said he would go with me. I had a bad quarter-hour over that for I was nervous and wanted to be off, but even then I did not doubt the outcome, and I need not have doubted it, on Waring's account, for he turned up promptly enough at eleven, in the garments of civilization and with a pair of Gladstone bags.

You have to drive to Gravosa to take the big express steamers of the Austrian Lloyd or the Ungara-Croata. Only the smaller vessels land at Ragusa. But it is a journey of no more than half or three-quarters of an hour, and beautiful at any time of the day or night.

It was beautiful, I remember, on that soft moonlit night when Waring and I traversed it, jogging slowly along in a sort of victoria behind a single shambling horse. I have an odd memory for smells and I well remember the odors that were abroad that night. They came from the sea—that ever-fresh salt savor which is sweeter than all else in the world—from the bruised weeds and turf by the roadside, from the dust our sorry nag shuffled into the still air, from the wonderful gardens behind those high stone walls whence figs and oleanders and myrtles peeped.

The night was that sort of sweet enthralling night which sets a magic spell about all your being, transports you to those far-off enchanted gardens of your young days when you walked with love, and the breeze was love, and the soft sky was love, and the moon and the stars and the sweet night odors; and hope was fresh in you and courage was high and all the world was moonlight and madness.

It was something like that that the night did to me as we rolled lazily along the Gravosa road. I do not know what it did to Waring, for he sat quite still beside me, chin on breast, hands in his pockets, but that's what it did to me. And so, I expect, buried in my silly fancies, I did not look about me. I had no thought of danger.

What first recalled me to this earth was, I remember, Waring's saying all at once:

"What's that chap standing in the middle of the road for?" I think he called out then, but I am not sure, for quite suddenly our half-asleep nag reared straight up in the air—I saw him sprawled most grotesquely against the bright sky above me—hung so an instant, and then, screaming, as a horse sometimes screams for fear, began to fall back. I had just time to leap aside and out of danger.

I remember next that great thrashing, struggling body entangled in the wrecked victoria at my feet. I remember I shouted out Waring's name again and again in an agony of fear lest he had been caught and crushed. I remember at length his rising out of the mêlée before me, and staggering a few paces away, his hands to his head, unharmed but half stunned with his fall. I remember his crying out:

"'S' all right, Coppy! All right! Only bumped my head!" And that is about the last I know of the matter, for some one caught me about the arms from behind, some one cast a cloak or other heavy thing over my head, I smelt the reek of a strong volatile drug, tried not to breathe it, had to finally er

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"EVEN THE BIRDS OF THE AIR!" HE SAID WITH A SORT OF SOB.

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cease breathing at all. Then some hours later I came to my senses in the Hotel Imperial by the Porta Pille.

Waring was clean gone with no trace, and no trace of him appeared in the subsequent search which I and the constabulary of Ragusa prosecuted together. Only, thrust into an outer pocket of the coat I wore that night I found afterward a crumpled bit of paper scrawled with the words of a certain ancient proverb of the Roman Campagna. The proverb says, freely rendered, that it is no dishonor to steal from a thief. There was no signature, but none was needed, for Waring's Gypsy girl was as clean gone as the lad himself.

The day after my return to London I went down to Sussex to Waring's mother. I had not seen her for two years, and she made me welcome. Her three girls were there—pretty, pink, very commonplace young creatures as girls should be. But after lunch they went about their own affairs, and we two oldsters repaired to the garden lawn, to the shade of a great beech where cane chairs, meet for particular old bones, had been set snugly arm to arm.

And there I told her all I knew, all I had seen, and something of what I had guessed about the boy and his madness and about the young Gypsy creature at Ragusa.

She heard me through quite quietly, without comment of any sort, and when I had finished she nodded and said:

"Thank you, Charles! You did what you could." She fell silent then for a space, but at last a touch of color came into her cheeks and she looked up at me oddly with something like a gentle defiance.

"I think I am glad of it all," she said, and more color came into her cheeks. I only stared, for I could find no words.

"I think I am glad," she said again, "for he is probably happy. It may not last—I don't know about that, but now he is happy and—that's something. Some of us, Charles, never— Oh, I do not think happiness ought to be thrown away! It is too precious and too rare. Yes," she said after a pause, "I expect I have lost him, but if he is happy I am content. He has something, Charles, that we, in our cage—as he would put it—have not. I wonder if, after all, it's not worth while. Sometimes, you know, long, long ago I—even I, Charles, even I— Ah, well, I'm an old woman!"

Presently, when she had been for a time silent, she laughed.

"I rather like that girl's attacking you by night and carrying him off," she said. "There's something in that that I like." And I had to join in her laugh, for, in a shamefaced fashion, I rather liked it too.

"And of course," she went on, "after a woman had done all that for his sake he'd feel that his obligation to her was stronger than to us. He'd feel free of any promise he had made to go away with you."

"He hadn't made any promise to me," I admitted handsomely, "but even if he had that would fairly free him. Oh, yes, the Gypsy girl won him fairly enough. He'd have been a blackguard to leave her after that. Still——"

Waring's mother put up her hand to stop me.

"Let's hope he is happy, Charles," she said, "happier than we know anything about—and let's leave it at that."

So I'll leave it at that. Indeed I must, for that is all I know of the matter. Still I should like to find out where that young madman and his——

I was called away from my writing just then to receive a parcel which had come in the evening post—a flat parcel with a Rumanian postmark and Rumanian stamps on it. The contents of the parcel stand propped up before me now, here on my table—a large photograph of two people. One of the two is my mad young friend Cecil Waring. He is in a very smart-looking uniform of cavalry. I don't know where he got it; it is a uniform strange to me. Standing beside him is his Gypsy lass with the straight eyebrows and the straight Greek nose, but she would seem to have put away her coarse peasant's garments, for she is in silks and furbelows, she wears orange blossoms in her hair, and a bridal veil hangs down her back.

Above the orange blossoms and the veil there is a coronet, and the name scrawled at the bottom of the picture is a double-barreled name at which I am still gasping. I shall not tell you what it is, for it is well known not only on the Continent but even here in England. It is an astounding name.

I am left speechless—without words or the strength to use them. Nothing could amaze me now, not the fall of the Bank of England, not the turning of the Athenæum into a Temple of Liberty. That shock-headed, brown-skinned Gypsy girl! That strolling— Well, well!

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YON'L

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by H. S. Potter

MISS OGDEN lifted up her eyes with an expression of despair. "It seems like a horrid dream," she said; and Loree, the general superintendent at the mines, reflecting on her charges, the Patuka family, agreed with her. In her official character as Community Worker, Miss Ogden had tried to civilize this family of Huns—vowing that Mike Patuka was a brother to the ox; but Mike, instead of adapting himself to the advantages of redemption, had temerariously rebelled, and in this had been backed up by his wife.

"You see," Miss Ogden explained, "I felt sure that when I had instructed his children in our ways—particularly in those of cleanliness—they would go home and try to instil the same ideas in their parents' heads."

"Well, they did try—didn't they?" Loree interjected.

They had—it was too true; and here lay the foundation of the trouble. For Mike Patuka, refusing reconstruction by his offspring, had first laid violent hands upon them, and then, restrained from exercising this privilege of a father and a Hun, had sworn there was a madness in the air, and fled in desperation from the place.

"Chess," said Mrs. Patuka, in the conscious pride of her new estate, "Mike been gone from now, an' so me bin from Andy Placnek, his olds woman. Hey—vat for vy, you ask? Sure, for van hunnerd dolars. Mike bin sole me—chess."

Strictly speaking, Mrs. Patuka had overstretched the truth. It was not for one hundred dollars that she had been sold to their boarder—the transaction involved a cash transfer of $56.79 only; and the remainder, by items, comprised one keg of pickled herrings, two four-pound slate-wedges, a straw mattress, four pieces of bedroom furniture, a brace of pit-augers, seven sticks of dynamite, a six-pound coal-pick, one slightly damaged safety-lamp, a dinner-bucket with a broken bail, four pounds of oak-tanned leather for soling rubber pit-boots, a twelve-pound sledge, and a broken monkey-wrench. Placnek, it appeared, had driven a tight bargain with the beleaguered Mike, which may have been a reason why the absconding husband walked off with two of his wife's calico dresses when she and Placnek were not looking. Furthermore, the two Patuka children, convinced of their parents' hopelessness, had quit the house to board with a Hun woman at the other end of "the blocks"—the long rows of houses where the miners lived.

Miss Ogden touched her handkerchief to her eyes. It was too much. But Loree had no such tender concern.

"That Patuka woman and Placnek," said he angrily, "ought to be thrown out of town—I'll do it myself to-morrow!"

Miss Ogden looked up in instant alarm. "Oh, you mustn't do that—oh, please!" she cried. "Don't you see what an opportunity this is for our work? I've determined that if anything is to be done it must be accomplished through the agency of the children. You've seen already that we cannot make headway except through the younger generation; and so I shall take Tony and his sister, Smelka, in hand, and continue to teach them the full significance of right and wrong. Eventually they will understand, and I hope and believe when this comes about they will be able to show their mother her way into a life of decency and self-respect." She looked up again at this, with shining eyes, filled with her thought of success.

"I shall give these children an idea," she continued, "something to work for—an ideal and an ambition. Don't smile, Mr. Loree; I'm confident I can make a fine woman out of the girl, and a worthy, upright citizen out of the boy; and knowing—as I do—their strength of purpose, I am sure they will succeed with their mother."

At the closing hour that day, Miss Ogden,

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armed with all her convictions, lay in wait near the pit-mouth for the coming of Tony Patuka. The last hoarse echoes from the mine whistle had died away among the hills, and the gangs were already streaming homeward, a procession of all the Old-World peoples such as is seen, perhaps, nowhere else on earth. Dumb and stolid—marked, as it were, with the silences of the pit—they shuffled onward to their cottages above the mines, and at their heels came Tony.

"*Gen dobrij*, meesus!" he cried in the dialect; "good evenings, plees; hows you do—hey?"

Grime lay upon the boy's face and hands, spread on like a complexion; his clothes were stained with the coal from head to foot, and about his legs clapped a monstrous pair of his father's cast-off boots. Yet Tony seemed happy enough, and nowise weighted down with responsibility for his family's domestic adventures.

Miss Ogden fell in step with the boy. "Mercy," she exclaimed, after one sharp look; "why, child, you're wringing wet!"

Tony brushed himself in stolid indifference. "Nuddings much—mebbe a mines mule he gives me a k-nock in the deetch—that is all, plees."

"Knocked you into the ditch?" Miss Ogden cried in dismay.

"Sure—Joe Rabbitch—him triver by Number Van Peet—he makes him to let his mule k-nock me by the deetch."

"Good heavens, child!—how did that happen?"

Tony snuffled contemptuously. "He's damns fool," he answered blandly. "Mules he runs away off him, an' mebbe me tries to stops him—me dunno. He gives me a good k-nock then, that mules."

Miss Ogden gasped. The idea of this child trying to stop a runaway in the blind gangways of the mine—why, it was incomprehensible in its audacity—and heroism!

"Chess'm—me makes me one damns fool, alzo. That is because you tells me yourselfs, meesus, me bin heroes always. Peet boss says to tells me: 'You gets him good what serves you right—mebbe you gets him paid for stopping that mules—hey—vat? Go to hell!' Sure, no; me don't get him paid for stopping that mules."

"Oh, my poor boy!" Miss Ogden exclaimed in pity; "did it hurt you—tell me?"

His answer followed a look of utter astonishment. "Hey—vat?" he demanded. "Mebbe you thinks it goes to make me feels good—hey—no—vat?" Then, as if at some sudden memory, he began to grin broadly. "Sure, meesus, me gives him that Joe Rabbitch a good k-nocks to make evens on him." His grin rippled into a lively laugh—he had waited, he said, in the darkness off a parting near the main entry, and when Rabbitch came by on the way to the stables, had floored him with a chunk of slate from a handy gob-heap. "Sure—me gives him a good van—soh—mit a lumps of slate—ooch—ouch—by the back!"

Although still filled with pity for the lad, Miss Ogden at this frowned down on him. "Tony—oh, Tony—how could you?" she cried; "don't you know that Rabbitch didn't mean to have you hurt? It was not his fault—how could you throw stones at him?"

Tony's laugh faded into a look of bewilderment. "Vy—for vat, mebbe, plees?" he demanded. "Sure—mebbe you thinks me get catched—hey—vat?"

Miss Ogden shook her head impressively, and in her most earnest manner strove to show the boy what a wrong he had done. Tony listened, but seemed unconvinced; Rabbitch's mule had knocked him into the ditch; Rabbitch, therefore, was to blame. "Should me bin give the mules a k-nock, too?" he demanded dubiously; "val—there is tosmorrow."

Miss Ogden groaned anew. She began once more, and, as she spoke, wondered with infinite compassion what little of the good of existence might become this boy's were he left alone in his darkness. Earnestly she strove to point out what evils lay in such vindictiveness and violence, and how much else there was to live for in this world. "So much to live for and to learn!" she cried, in her enthusiasm; "ah, Tony, remember that—remember and live as you would have others live in all the peace and goodness and charity of the Golden Rule!"

Tony scratched his ear idly, at loss for understanding. "Plees, meesus; mebbe you tells me what it shoulds—that Goldens Rule—hey—vat?"

Miss Ogden explained concisely. "You must do unto others, Tony, as you would have them do unto you. That should be your ideal—the thing to make you great and good."

Tony openly grunted his doubts. "You don't get him no wages for that, hey?"

"No, there are no wages, Tony—not exactly that. But——"

"Hunh!" he grunted, and spat reflectively

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on the ground. "Hunh—val, mebbe you finds him some damns fool to fill him that chob—me dunno."

Miss Ogden, perceiving that she had failed in explanation, tried another tack. "Now listen, Tony," she began again wearily; "what I am trying to tell you is this— See here, my boy, you have heard of the great and good men, the big men of the country, haven't you—the kind one would like to become?"

A faint gleam of intelligence lighted his face. "Mebbe you mean him those big fellers—hey, vat?"

Yes, that was it; the great and strong men of the country. Like them, he must strive always to become great and strong and learn to fight the battle bravely, and so do others good as well as himself. The boy, nodding and grinning in awakening comprehension, protested that it had all become clear to him. "Chess'm, plees—you mean him those big fellers—the bigs man—hims like you see his faces by the paper—hey, vat?"

Her quick smile of pleasure answered that he was right. "Sure, plees, meesus—me knows what you means him. Mebbe some day me do him off the other feller what he tries him to do off me—hey, vat you say?"

Excited and eager, the lad went on, carrying out the idea that had awakened him with its interest. "Chess — mebbe me do him that me gets me reech mit moneys—me, Tony Patuka—chess—no—hey? Mebbe so reech me buys him a barsroom, an' Smelka she tends her the bar—hey—you tells me?"

As one fact at a time seemed to be about all that Tony could manage, Miss Ogden brought his flight of fancy to a sudden termination.

"Never!" she said with sudden emphasis; "a barroom is a dreadful place, Tony. How could you think of such a life as that? And another thing, Tony, you must not always think of yourself. There are others to work for—Smelka, your sister, and—yes, Tony—there is your mother!"

In this way she led up to the matter, realizing that she trod on dangerous ground, and not daring to look at him.

"Vat—mine old womans!" he cried in wonder, his disgust and scorn altogether

"WHY, CHILD, YOU'RE WRINGING WET!"

obvious. "Hey—vat you think? Mebbe you think me pays him her boards from off mine wages—hey—vat?" His income according to the scale amounted to exactly $5.30 a week, provided he worked full time. "Mebbe you think him that Placnek don't got him no money?" he demanded crossly.

Miss Ogden gave it up for the time, and sent the boy on his way. "At any rate, Tony,"

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she called to him at parting, "try to be big and brave and great—you understand?"

In outlining her theory to Loree, Miss Ogden's positiveness suggested no shadow of doubt. "You see," she explained, "I have left to the boy his own choice of the particular shining light that shall lead him on—it is heart interest in the subject that gives one the greatest stimulus in toil. So this interest he chooses is bound to develop him—we never knew it to fail in our settlement work."

Rising, she smiled brightly. "To-morrow I shall take Smelka, too, in hand!"

True to her promise, Miss Ogden hunted about Fairchance, the day following, in search of Tony's sister, and was almost despairing when her steps took her to the company store. There she arrived at the critical moment of a dramatic climax; for Smelka, striving to improve the time that hung so idly on her hands, had been caught red-handed by the irate, long-suffering storekeeper in a particularly daring act of high piracy.

"Smelka!" cried Miss Ogden in horror; "have you been stealing apples again?"

Smelka, subsiding passively in the storekeeper's clutches, blandly protested that she had not.

"Oh, no, plees, meesus; only cakes." Nor was this all; she had promptly punched a small boy who had treacherously betrayed her to the common enemy.

"Come with me, Smelka," Miss Ogden commanded, frowning with vexation, and Smelka, nothing loath, suffered herself to be led away from the dangerous proximity of the storekeeper. "O Smelka—Smelka!" Miss Ogden cried, when they had come to the quietness of the hilltop above the mine; "can't you see—don't you know what happens to little girls that steal?"

"Chess'm," Smelka answered intelligently, "they gets for a hard slap."

Miss Ogden drew Smelka to a seat beside her on the grass beneath a tree; it was no time to mince matters; she must begin now or never. So, taking Smelka gently by the hand and summoning all her powers of thought and directness of speech, she labored with the youngest of the Patukas, much as she had labored with Tony. If Smelka was to become a good woman and true—if she was to grow up a credit to herself and something more than the low, stupid creature of ignorance and stealth she was liable to become—she must begin now to change.

"Sure, plees, meesus," asked Smelka in bewilderment; "don't me go to use that soaps enough, mebbe?"

Miss Ogden allowed herself the luxury of a shudder. Her ministrations along the theoretical line that cleanliness is akin to godliness had won for her the sobriquet of "Soap Lady," and she had never accepted it as a compliment. She ignored the remark and started in afresh.

"There are many lives to remind us, Smelka," she began, "that we, too, can make ourselves useful—lives as humble in the beginning as ours." The girl listened with profound attention. "We can assist others as we hope ourselves to be assisted; and there is never a moment's excuse for idleness. It is this idleness that brings us to mischief, Smelka. We should always be at work."

"Mebbe you don't go to k-nock off when that whistle blows him, hey—vat?" Smelka inquired dubiously. "Mebbe you get him paid wages all the time—hey—vat?"

"That is not what I mean, Smelka. I mean that we must do many things without thought of actual pay—there are the needy to be helped and the sick to be cared for, and there are those with heavy burdens to bear. We must try to help them all."

"Mebbe there is pies so you goes to helps him?" inquired Smelka hopefully.

No, there were no pies; only repayment in the conscious satisfaction of doing good. Smelka still had her doubts and showed them openly; and Miss Ogden, realizing that mere generalizations were of little avail, came down to practical experiences. As a result of her familiarity with settlement work, she had many at her tongue's end, and Smelka's interest grew encouraging.

"What you call him her chob?" she asked suddenly, in the midst of a recital of a young woman's ministrations to the helpless sick. "Hey—vat?"

Miss Ogden answered rather carelessly that she supposed one might call her a trained nurse, that is, if one cared to apply a title to the "job." Smelka nodded vigorously.

"Sure—you call him that chobs for a strains nurse!" she cried in a sudden determination; "me bins like to have him that chob—mebbe soh! Then me makes to care for the seeks, and feed him that chicken soup, an' mebbe a leddy she has him her husband run off away from her, me takes to care for her cheeldrens!"

"Yes—to care for the sick and needy, Smelka," Miss Ogden assented. "That is exactly the idea!"

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"SMELKA! HAVE YOU BEEN STEALING APPLES AGAIN?"

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It was a week before Miss Ogden had time to discuss matters again with Tony. He was on his way home from the pit, and seemed to be in a hurry. "Plees, meesus—plees, me goes home by now, you lets me run."

Miss Ogden, smiling indulgently, inquired the cause of his haste.

"Sure, you sees, meesus, mebbe me gets me to be a big feller like you says, then it must me goes straining—chess, me makes to strain."

"Straining? — surely you don't mean training, Tony?"

"Sure!" answered Tony. "Then you gets him a strong arm mit a shoulders and a head—chess—dat is alzo! Mebbe me gets him like a big feller, one day I have reeches; an' the peoples they come looking by me, Tony Patuka—chess, plees!"

HALF SICK WITH FEAR, MISS OGDEN STOOD LOOKING AFTER HIM.

Miss Ogden was still uncertain whether she saw what he meant; she could not, however, repress her curiosity on one point—who was Tony's ideal?

"Yon'l!" said he impressively.

"Yon'l—who is that?"

Tony struck an attitude. "Peet boss by Number Van Peet, he says him Yon'l. Says me, Tony Patuka: 'Plees, peet boss, meester, what you call him that big feller—so big you find him no other?' Sure, peet boss, he tells me 'Yon'l.' Sure, me bin Yon'l then—that big van—me, Tony Patuka!"

"Yon'l!" Miss Ogden repeated the name with a small, growing alarm, but to her utter astonishment, when she looked down, Tony had swiftly and silently disappeared. "Tony!" she called loudly, and at this a louder voice gave answer.

"Call him back—aye, yer wull; but leave me git hands on him wanst!" cried the voice; and there in a neighboring doorway stood a miner's wife — a Scotch-Irish figure of rage—glaring down at her.

"Aye, you!" the woman bawled; "take away your murtherin' furrin trash, an' let 'em leave dacint folk an' their bairns out o' danger o' deat' sudden! It's a crime to the town—sich as them o' yer bringin' oop!" Here the woman reached into the recesses of the cottage and dragged into view a shock-haired youngster, howling pitifully at thus being thrust into this sudden glare of publicity. "Aye — look!" roared the woman, gripping her child and twisting it about; "aye—wull ye but look at the eyes av ut!"

Miss Ogden looked and shuddered. For around each orb were concentric circles of black and blue—"shiners" pure and simple. With one horrified glance she hurried on, taking with her a lasting memory of this affecting relic of some assault and battery. "Yon'l—Yon'l!" she murmured; "what in the world does it mean?"

"Plees, meesus—plees, me bins talk mit you?" It was Smelka, now, that was nodding and smirking in her path, and Miss Ogden seized upon her.

"Smelka!" she cried, "tell me at once, who is Yon'l?"

A wide grin spread itself upon the child's face, shone a moment, and then faded into far-away and painful pensiveness.

"Me dunno," she answered, after thought; "Tony he gives me a punch from the nose an' says to tells me, 'Me bin Yon'l. Me bin Yon'l an' you bin a lady mit sufferings what takes care from the seek. So we gits reech from the moneys.'" The girl paused dubiously and felt her nose again. "Me bins to get a good punch from the nose, annyhow. Chess—Tony bin Yon'l an' me bin alsready strains nurse for a lady

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from the blocks. She has a baby mit the seekness!"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Ogden, startled out of her bewilderment.

"Chess'm," said Smelka, babbling on; "van leetle baby mit a seekness. Me bin strains nurse for a nickel of fife cents. Me show you—van nickel for fife cent!"

Apprehension had Miss Ogden fast in its clutches now, and, turning hot and cold alternately, she suffered herself to be led along the rows of cottages till they came to the last squalid tenement at the end of the blocks. "I bins here from strains nurse," said Smelka, bobbing her head importantly, and with that pushed through the doorway into the house.

"Mrs. Rovnianek," said Miss Ogden to the Hun woman, mistress of this establishment, "let me see your sick child at once!"

Mrs. Rovnianek smiled pleasantly. "Plees, meesus—you make to look for mine leetle baby—chess, he is gone seek." She began smoothing down her dress at this, and looked craftily at Miss Ogden. "You don't cost him nuddings—hey, vat?" she asked pointedly. Ignoring this, Miss Ogden demanded whether a doctor had been summoned. No, please, lady, she had not sent for the doctor. It was only a little baby, anyhow, and the doctor would not like to take a bother off so little a one. If a slate should fall on her old man in the mine, now, and break his ribs, then maybe the doctor would make it a please to himself to come. But for such a small baby he would only make a mad. Also, had not the lady and Smelka come cheap for nothing, and the doctor was "van dolars." Smelka stood by during this colloquy and nodded approval of the woman's sagacity. "Doketor bin cost him for van dolars—chess," and drew down the covers of the bed, where the sick child lay breathing heavily.

Miss Ogden realized at a glance that this was no mere case of mild infantile sickness, but something really serious. She leaned over the child a moment, and saw that a doctor must be summoned instantly. But when the messenger had been despatched, Mrs. Rovnianek began to protest volubly.

"Plees, meesus—doketor bin no much good—me have somesthing from a bottle—she is good—plees, chess—me shows to you!" She produced the bottle, and, as Miss Ogden had suspected, it was a faker's patent cure-all, saved over from a time when the miner himself had been ill.

"Vat you call him—s'vensteen?" cried Mrs. Rovnianek, pointing to the label, and there Miss Ogden read, "For all colds, coughs, stiffness in the joints, low fevers, etc., etc., etc., etc., use our No. 17!"

"It makes good for him," put in Smelka placidly; "Mrs. Rovnianek, she holds him baby by the nose, so me, Smelka Patuka, gives him van spoons from the bottle. Mebbe he cries for a leetle—that is all. Then he makes to be quiet—chess!"

Miss Ogden smelled the nostrum—it was half laudanum as she had guessed, and she promptly threw the bottle through the open window.

"Stupids!" she cried, with flashing eyes; and at this rebuke, falling like a bolt out of the blue, Mrs. Rovnianek retreated precipitately behind the stove, while Smelka began to snivel.

"Plees, meesus," wailed the girl, choking over a sob, "ain't it you tells me me bin goods to give medicine for a seekness? Sure, me bins strains nurse, you tells me so—an' Tony, like you tells him, bins Yon'l!"

Fully aroused, Miss Ogden seized Smelka by the arm. "Tell me at once what this nonsense means!" she cried sharply; "what is this all about? Who is this Yon'l?"

Smelka, with her face buried in the crook of an elbow, gave way to a perfect influenza of woe. "Me dunno, mebbe soh!" she wailed. "Tony he says you tell him he bin Yon'l, an' me, Smelka Patuka, bin strains nurse. Tony says 'Me bin Yon'l,' an' makes me punch for the nose—alzo for the leetle boys who comes, an' they falls down with a bloodiness of the noses. That is Yon'l—me dunno!"

The arrival of the company physician at this stage brought a sudden end to the inquisition, and Miss Ogden turned with a fast-beating heart to greet him. In the background stood the mother, stupid and sullenly counting up the cost; Smelka still sniveled fitfully, and on the bed lay the drugged child.

"You say," the doctor repeated, "that this small girl has been caring for the baby?" He nodded gravely, indicating Smelka, and Smelka wailed anew, tragically affected. "Who else has been here?" he demanded, fixing Mrs. Rovnianek with a sharp eye.

The woman answered sullenly that her "olds man he makes him a party from the night before—only a leetle party, soh!" At this the doctor looked still more concerned.

"My dear young lady," he said slowly, turning again to Miss Ogden, "I think it will be best for you to go home at once and see no

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one. The child has a well-developed case of smallpox!"

For three unbroken weeks Tony Patuka was the unchallenged arbiter of his own destinies. Miss Ogden, mured in quarantine with Smelka, had no opportunity to attend to him, and as no other cared, he went his way unmolested. But in the last day of her isolation all Miss Ogden's doubt and dire anticipation returned with a sudden shock when she saw the lad stealing through the dusk in the field at the back of her cottage.

"Tony—Tony!" she called, and at the cry he gave one swift look about him, and as swiftly took to his heels. "Tony!" she screamed again, and then, as if recognizing her voice, he halted and turned back. "What you want, plees, meesus?" he demanded sullenly.

"Just stand over there, Tony," she commanded; "there's no danger—we have escaped contagion. Stand there and tell me what you have been doing all this while."

Tony shuffled his feet together uneasily. "Mebbe me makes yet to strains me—me dunno. Mebbe me don't get to be big faller likes you tell me—hey, vat?"

Forgetting her doubts a moment, she smiled with delight at the thought of his still trying to reach the goal of his ideal. But when he turned up his face again she gave a sudden cry. "Tony!" she almost screamed, "you've been fighting—you have, don't deny it! Some boy has given you a black eye—Tony—Tony!"

It was true—or at least so much as applied to the eye. It was nearly closed, and beneath the grime of coal dust stood out a darker coloring of black and blue.

But at the accusation Tony broke out into a sudden transport of rage. "Hey—vat you ask me? It's lies!" he yelled. "Mebbe you think me goes to let some small feller give me them eyes? It's lies—Joe Placnek he goes to hit me that eyes!"

"Placnek! You say that man hit you?" she exclaimed in horror. "I never heard of anything so shameful! What reason had he to hit you?"

Tony threw out his hands doubtfully. "Me dunno, plees," he answered awkwardly; "mebbe from the Goldens Rule you tells me a man shoulds make off him."

"A Golden Rule for him, Tony? What in the name of goodness do you mean?"

Tony thought a moment before replying. "Val—mebbe you don't tells me shoulds make off another feller for mineself like another feller he makes for himself? Sure, Joe Placnek when me tells him like you says: he is no good, he gives me a peench from the arm. So me makes him a kick back from the leg—that is a Goldens Rule—hey, vat? Then Joe Placnek he makes him a Goldens Rule off me back from one k-nock on mine eye."

The boy had jumped to a conclusion, and his eye bore the penalty of misunderstanding.

"Mebbe I makes me to fix him that Placnek!" Tony went on, his face livid with rage; "plees, meesus, you see—" His voice failed, and, turning swiftly, he raced down the hillside, leaving Miss Ogden staring after him in amazement. But the reason, a moment later, appeared plainly—there was Placnek slouching along the path.

"Evenings, meesus," he said suavely, with a grin; "evenings—mine leetle Tony he makes him to hurries—hey—chess?"

"You brute!" cried Miss Ogden scornfully; and Placnek, still grinning, walked on.

It was on the Sunday following that the climax to all this came about. Miss Ogden had risen that day asking herself the perpetual question: "Yon'l—Yon'l—where have I heard that name?" That day she was determined to have her answer, and while she stood in the cottage doorway drawing on her gloves, a low murmur arose out of the blocks. From a murmur it arose swiftly to a roar; and Miss Ogden, alarmed, stepped out to the gateway, and was looking down the hill, when Loree, backed by a half-dozen of the Coal and Iron police, came charging down the road. "Mr. Loree!" she called; "Mr. Loree!"

He halted an instant, and waved to her to go back. "You stay indoors—you hear me!" he ordered in peremptory tones; "there's a riot in the blocks!" Then he went on again, and, half sick with fear, Miss Ogden leaned against the gate looking after him. Beyond him, she saw a knot of men rush out of a cottage and go plunging around the corner. There was trouble, indeed; the noise from the blocks had risen on the quiet air like the buzzing of an angry hive; and all shaken with her fears, Miss Ogden slipped back into the house and fell weakly into the nearest chair.

Loree and his men, when they had come racing down the road, found warfare raging. A mob of screaming foreigners—men and women together—were rushing up and down before the houses, while in the middle of the blocks there was a press of people swaying to

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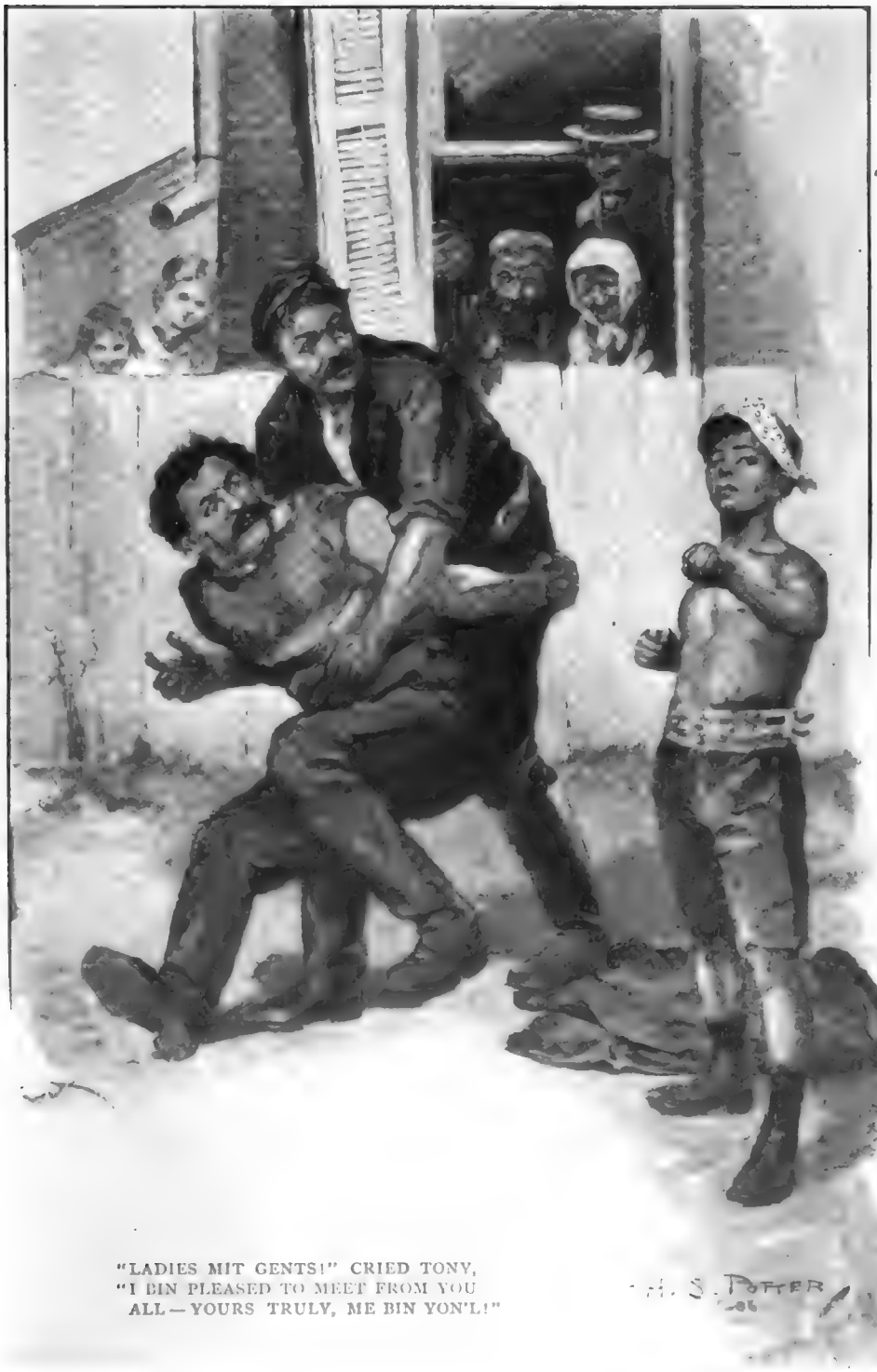

"LADIES MIT GENTS!" CRIED TONY,
"I BIN PLEASED TO MEET FROM YOU
ALL—YOURS TRULY, ME BIN YON'L!"

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and fro around a common center. There was the heart of the trouble. "At them!" roared Loree, and hearing a voice of authority, the majority of the rioters broke away and fled into the nearest doorways. Then, as the crowd parted, the police saw Placnek, the Hun, in the middle of it, struggling furiously, with his arms pinned to his side by a giant Irishman, a track-layer from the No. 2 Pit. "Indoors—out of this!" yelled Loree, and fell upon the stragglers.

It was not a time to waste words nor deal gently; Loree and the men at his shoulders beat back the crowd on all sides, and pushed toward the struggle at the center of the row. "Indoors!" he cried, and pushed a stubborn Hun head over heels into the nearest doorway. The crowd, drifted away like smoke; and as it fled, leaving the two struggling in the open, a small, outlandish figure darted forward and like an impish fury fell tooth and nail upon Placnek's helpless bulk.

It was Tony! Tony in a fantastic costume of overalls cut short at the knee, and bare from the waist upward. About his head was bound a gaudy handkerchief; his waist was girded with a harness wonderful to behold.

"Unh!" he grunted, and with that planted both fists in Placnek's ribs. The Hun roared in agony. Still held in the clutches of the giant Irishman, who egged Tony on, he was powerless; and again the boy fell furiously upon him. "Agin! Give it him good!" roared the Irishman in delight. "Once moor, laad, an' he's doon and oot!"

"Leddies mit gents!" cried Tony, addressing the onlookers in the windows. "Me bin pleased to meet from you all—yours truly, me bin YON'L."

The next instant Loree had him by the shoulder, and was dragging him aside. "Glory be!" exclaimed the Irishman, and with that loosed his hold and fled.

"Now, my lad," said Loree sternly, "what does this mean?"

He looked down at Tony, and, indeed, wondered. But Tony, sniveling and sullen, had no answer. "Speak up!" Loree commanded; and holding Tony at arm's length, surveyed his curious attire. Placnek, puffing, red, and furious, was held back vowing vengeance. "In the name of all that's wonderful," Loree exclaimed, "what is it?" He pointed to the harness about the boy's waist, and repeated the question.

"That bins mine," answered Tony sulkily. "Me bin Yon'l."

"Barrin' them trimmin's and the brass to it," ventured one of Loree's body guard, "it has the looks of a harness girth. I dunnaw, though; it's main currus like."

It was, in fact, a discarded girth from the mule stables, but the real nature of it was disguised by many curious contrivances. At regular intervals it was set with pieces of bright metal and colored glass, and directly in the middle was one brilliant gem in the shape of a cut-glass bottle stopper.

Tony stared sullenly at the ground. "Plees, meester, it bin Soap Lady"—here Loree pricked up his ears—"she makes to tell me me bin big feller from a Goldens Rule. Mebbe somebody he makes to do by me me no like, then me makes to do by him he no like. Mebbe you don't know him that Goldens Rule—hey, vat? *No*—you no know him? Val, annyhow, Soap Lady she says to tell me alzo me bin big feller—chess, big as no other you find him, then me gets reech mit havin' moneys, und mine old womans she don't go to leeve mit Placnek—hey, vat? So me makes minesnelf to bin what she likes—me bin Yon'l—chess, me bin Yon'l!"

Loree turned away in helpless wonder. "Do any of you men know what in the world he is driving at?" he asked; and at that, Ferguson, the pit-boss, grinning like an ape, took Tony by the arm.

"Say it again, Tony," he admonished; "and say it slow—who'd ye like be, laddy?"

Tony raised his face in bewilderment. "Vy—val, me bin Yon'l—Yon'l—chess—you no 'stan'?" He looked again at Loree, and hunched his shoulders protestingly. "Sure Soap Lady says to tell me me shoulds read him from the papers about a great man—big feller vat has his faces from a picture mit the paper. Sure, so me reads him this van—so big as no other—Yon'l! Und it says from the paper he comes to spik, saying, 'Leddies mit gents; me bin plees to meet mit you—yours truly, Yon'l.' So me bin him that big feller, Yon'l."

"Did he have aught of ither name, Tony—tell me?" inquired the pit-boss coaxingly.

Tony scratched his head in thought. "Val—mebbe so; for vat you call him that name—Sallzivans—hey, vat? Chess, that is him—Sallzivans; Yon'l Sallzivans—that is him!"

The pit-boss straightened up and turned to Loree with an expansive grin. "There you have it," said he. "'Yours truly, John L. Sullivan!'"

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CHEVALIER
In "My Country Cousin."

The Players

CHEVALIER
In "A Fallen Star."

Photograph by Newman, New York.
ALBERT CHEVALIER.

THE foremost dramatists writing in English, Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, dominated the beginning of the active theatrical season in New York, the chief honors going to the lesser light. It seems to me that the work of James M. Barrie is really more important than that of these two wheel-horses of contemporary English drama, because he has greater imagination, greater feeling, and because his plays have more real significance; but in popular estimation and in the minds of those who are supposed to speak with authority, Pinero and Jones come first.

"The Hypocrites" is probably the best play that Mr. Jones has written. It came to New York without exploitation. No one knew whether it was a good play or not, inasmuch as it had here its "first presentation on any stage," to use a familiar program announcement. On the other hand, the Pinero play, "His House in Order," had been much talked about because it was the one great success of the London season. So much praise had been heaped upon it that one was prepared to enjoy Pinero at his best, but the play falls far short of that standard.

"His House in Order" is surely not a great play; it isn't even consistently interesting. Much of the time one is talked into boredom, for there are ever so many excessively long speeches. It seems that George Bernard Shaw is the only modern playwright who can make his characters recite interminable monologues and still hold interest. In addition, no one could make a truly great play on the theme that Pinero has chosen. A careless,

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gay young woman has married a hopeless prig—she was the governess of his child by a first wife; she is persistently persecuted and the husband dominated by the first wife's relations, who are continually dwelling upon the dead *Annabelle's* extraordinary virtues. The efforts of the prig's brother, *Hillary Jessup*, a diplomat who is visiting him, to lessen the friction, are not successful for three acts.

There is developed a fine dramatic situation when the child discovers four letters written to the former wife which disclose that her husband's best friend was her lover, that the child is *Maurewarde's*, and that the pair had planned an elopement for the day after she was killed by being thrown from a horse. *Hillary* appeals to *Nina* to give him the letters and to promise to say nothing about them. It's a long, very preachy appeal. In the end *Hillary* himself hands the letters to his prig of a brother; and *Annabelle's* post-mortem reign is destroyed, though it is true that *Jessup* is more impressed by her neglect to destroy the letters than by her double life.

CHEVALIER IN "MY OLD DUTCH."

It really doesn't seem worth while, this play. Certainly it is not worthy of the fine craftsmanship bestowed upon it. There are only two lovable characters, *Nina* and *Hillary*. In the end the clever, humorous, kindly man passes out of the story with the sole reward of good deeds well done, while *Nina* is condemned to spend the rest of her life with her painful husband, a prospective fate that arouses greater sympathy than her past persecutions.

The psychological action of the play is admirable and there are many fine scenes handled with the grasp of a master of playwriting. Pinero is one of the ablest of technicians; if he were not, the kind of plays he writes nowadays could hardly hope for success. And indeed the two that preceded "His House in Order"—"Letty" and "A Wife Without a Smile"—were failures. One suspects that the author is not ignorant that his long speeches drive the audience into fidgets, but that, having something he wants to say, he takes advantage of his knowledge that most of those in front will listen, both because he is Pinero, and because they are sure he will lead up to a strong and moving situation.

In *Hillary*, John Drew has the best character that has fallen to his lot in years, unless one except the *Duke of Killicrankie*. Those who have seen both declare that he is far better than George Alexander, who "created" the part in London. Certainly Mr. Drew is most effective with his finished art, his drawing-room ease, his air of high breeding, his delicate humor, and eloquent by-play. He has one or two emotional scenes, such as have not been required of him in years, and his very repression makes him all the more effective.

Pinero doesn't pay very much attention to developing his men characters. He sketches them in broad outline, reserving his subtle insight, his skill in presenting opposing motives, for the portrayal of the chief woman in his plays. Perhaps he knows women better than he knows men. *Nina*, in "His House in Order," is one of those emotional, complex women that Pinero is so fond of depicting; but though Margaret Illington makes her a sweet, attractive personality with much feeling, a comprehension of the full possibilities of the character is apparently beyond her. Subtlety isn't Miss Illington's forte. There is more melodrama than suggestion in her acting. She is, however, a most energetic, ambitious young woman, who has made rapid strides in the time she has been on the stage. Since she comes from Indiana, which is a sort of forcing house for literary and histrionic talent, one is not surprised to learn that she practically left school to be a leading lady. In London the part was played by Irene Van Brugh, who was seen in this country with John Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex," and she carried off the honors of the Pinero play. In the American production John Drew proves his right to be the star.

While Pinero appeals most strongly to the intellect in all his later plays, Henry Arthur Jones aims at the emotions. The action of the latter's plays never rises above the heart,

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

YVETTE GUILBERT, WHO WILL TOUR THE UNITED STATES THIS SEASON WITH ALBERT CHEVALIER.

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although he makes concessions to the brain by writing clear, incisive, polished dialogue. He is one of the masters of melodrama; he proved that years ago when he made "The Silver King" into the best of all English plays of that kind. The idea of "The Silver

CHEVALIER IN "THE LAG'S LAMENT."

King" was born in the mind of a man who couldn't work it out successfully. Jones made it what it is, and the original author has lived contentedly ever since on his share of the royalties.

The able Mr. Jones doesn't strain after an extraordinary story. He takes a simple, straightforward plot involving familiar conditions, and makes the telling of it absorbingly interesting. His work is very like his name. If he called himself Henry A. Jones, or H. Arthur Jones, it would be commonplace, but the triplicate Henry Arthur Jones has real distinction—although it would be difficult to explain why.

In "The Hypocrites" there is a lord of the manor who constantly talks about his high standards of morality in a community much given to that sort of talking, but who changes his tune when he learns that his son has deceived a young woman. The discovery is made about the time that the young man's engagement to a baronet's daughter is announced, and the family fight bitterly to save their child. A curate who struggles against tremendous odds, but who still finds time to do a lot of preaching for right and justice to the unfortunate girl, is an important character. The climax comes when the hypocrites are apparently victorious, having persuaded the girl to sacrifice herself further by making denial, and then the son steps forth and proclaims the truth.

Told in the form of a novel it is doubtful if the story would make a really serious impression; it would be too theatric, there would be too much straining for effect. On the stage it is a powerful drama, with intense, sustained, and cumulative interest, a play with genuine thrills in it, which are not the result of claptrap. It moves simply and directly and only the experienced eye can detect the involved and complicated machinery that is so carefully concealed. There is not a single comedy character, not a line written solely to create laughter, and yet many outbursts are provoked by the keen satire.

"The Hypocrites" is, in truth, pure melodrama in a problem-play setting. In England it will be characterized as an appeal to the great middle class, which rightfully regards Mr. Jones as its particular dramatist. His large following at home is vastly edified when he preaches, and he does a great deal of preaching in all his later plays. It is curious how common among men who have gained a competency with the pen is the desire to reform society—unless perhaps one is to suppose that they love sermonizing for its own sake. Certainly only the hope of accomplishing reforms can be justification for preaching in plays.

There are admirably drawn characters in

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"The Hypocrites." Mr. Jones has a gift for making his stage people real and at the same time compelling them to do what he demands of them. He hasn't hesitated here to use one of the most absurd and familiar conventions of melodrama. When *Rachel Neve* comes timorously on to the stage, the audience knows instantly, before a word is spoken, and although there has not been anything to suggest her existence, that she is the betrayed heroine. The somber garb, the whitewashed face, and the bit of white at the throat, the hesitating, frightened manner announce the girl who is anxious to declare her misfortune to the wide world. And for the most part *Rachel* is true to the tradition of a character found in melodrama and nowhere else on this good earth. Dora Keane, who was with John Drew last season, plays the part with all the agony that Mr. Jones could demand.

J. H. Barnes, as the chief hypocrite, gives a most finished performance, for he makes *Mr. Wilmer* as real as he is despicable, inspiring him with a convincing vitality, while W. H. Denny as an unctuous, time-serving, high-living vicar and Arthur Lewis as *Mr. Viveash*, the family lawyer, emphasize the narrowness of the community in which the action takes place. Richard Bennett, one of the young actors who plays constantly on Broadway and who made a hit as the millionaire's son in "The Lion and the Mouse" last season, does the best work he has ever done, as *Lennard Wilmer*. He acts with understanding and discretion, with a certain illuminating realism. Leslie Faber, an English actor, makes his first appearance in this country as *The Rev. Edgar Linnell*, the curate who is the real hero of the play, but whom Mr. Jones doesn't hesitate to sacrifice in order to create sympathy for young *Wilmer*. Mr. Faber looks his rôle and in the quieter moments he is especially fine. That he is not more effective in the big scene is the fault of the author, who gives him rather sorry speeches to keep him from dominating the climax.

The most consistent, the most honest, the strongest character in the drama is *Mrs. Wilmer*, who holds the hypocritical ones rather in contempt, and who looks upon the high-minded curate as a fool. *Mrs. Wilmer* loves her son with a blind, idolatrous devo-

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, WHO WILL STAR THIS SEASON UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM.

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tion, and she fights with all the energy and enthusiasm of her nature to save him from what she considers disgrace. And yet, even though she tries to drive to the wall poor, innocent, long-suffering *Rachel* of the whitewashed face, the adroit Mr. Jones makes the mother keep the respect and even the sympathy of the audience. Jessie Milward plays the part beautifully and impressively.

"The Chorus Lady" came to New York with a modesty and shyness that one would not have expected of her, but like many another chorus lady, she speedily became a popular favorite. This is a development of a vaudeville sketch in which Rose Stahl made such a pronounced hit, both in this country and in London, but in the four-act play James Forbes, the author, has used only a few lines of the original sketch. It is a mighty interesting play, chock-full of humor and pathos and with strong situations; a good, human play with real people, normal and straightforward, whom one is glad to know. The characterization would carry a far weaker story, and the cast is as nearly perfect as a cast can be.

Photograph by Bassano, Ltd., London, England.

ROSE STAHL, WHO IS PLAYING THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE CHORUS LADY."

Patricia O'Brien is a breezy, hard-working chorus lady who talks a fearful and wonderful slang, a thoroughly sophisticated girl who knows every twist and turn in the devious life she leads, and who is absolutely good because it isn't in her to be anything else. She hasn't any illusions as to her face, but she rejoices in her "perfect figure" with an honest vanity that is refreshing. At Rose Stahl's portrayal, with its bubbling humor, keen wit, sound good sense, and a hundred little illuminating touches, audiences fairly shout with laughter. And when it comes to the scene where the chorus lady sacrifices herself for her silly little sister, the star proves that she possesses really strong emotional power.

Miss Stahl is reaping the reward of many years of the hardest kind of work. She is largely a product of stock companies, having forced herself forward by sheer will and ability until she became a minor stock star. Her greatest successes had been in heavy emotional rôles until she appeared as the *Chorus Lady* and overwhelmed her friends with the cleverness of her almost flawless portrayal. It takes a delicate art to make the soul of the woman shine luminously through the veneer that is a result of the chorus girl's life on the stage.

The *Mrs. O'Brien* of Alice Leigh is a perfect joy, so humorous, so tender, so true is it. The audiences laugh with her and take her to their heart. And the ladies of the chorus! Mr. Forbes presents them in their dressing-room, making up for the performance. He shows what they talk about, their sordid views of life, their meager mental endowment, and he is no kinder to these young women who keep automobiles on $18 a week than they deserve. The wardrobe mistress, who used to be a sailor boy in "Evangeline," makes those familiar with the life fairly shriek with laughter. Amy Lee does the part admirably.

As for the men, they are no less finely drawn. There's *Dan Mallory*, owner of the racing stable that *Patricia's* father trains. He's the kind of a hero I like, a real man,

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

FANNY ADDISON PITT AS *GRANDMA KEELER*, CAROLYN LEE AS *MRS. BARLOW*, WILLIAM BURROWES AS *BILLY JAY*, SAM COIT AS *LOVEL BARLOW*, AND ANNIE WHEATON AS *SOPHRONIA* IN "CAPE COD FOLKS."

simple, honest, straightforward, not eagerly awaiting opportunity to believe his sweetheart is wicked, unable really to accept her own declaration that she is. And Wilfred Lucas, who plays the part, is the kind of an actor I like. He doesn't make up to be pretty, but to look like the character, and he doesn't strain for effects; he seems to live the part. He has naturalness and strength. He is an actor who should go far. And yet he was practically unknown on Broadway until he played the comedy part of *Bud* in "The Heir to the Hoorah."

The first of the Yiddish plays to be seen on Broadway is "The Kreutzer Sonata," in which Blanche Walsh appeared for a season on the road, scoring a marked success. It is the work of Joseph Gordin, whom his friends delight in calling "the Yiddish Shakespeare," a man with a splendid presence, whose magnificent head and long, flowing beard give him a most distinguished appearance. He is about fifty-five, a scholar, and was exiled from Russia because of his religious activity. He is the author of some fifty plays, some of them dramas of tremendous power, the best

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Photograph by Hallen Studios, New York.

LOUISE GUNNING, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE RÔLE IN "VERONIQUE."

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of them being of a nature that makes it almost impossible to adapt them to the English stage. "God, Man, and the Devil" is a magnificent tragedy, a strange mixture of realism and symbolism, while "The Unknown," meaning death, is almost as impressive. Gordin is a profound student of the serious drama, and he has not only imagination and strength but great technical skill as well.

There are 600,000 Hebrews in New York City, the great mass of them living on the lower East Side. Gordin has created a dramatic literature for them, a literature that has much of the lofty, somber Hebrew poetry, much of its tragic majesty, mingled with the sordid emotions and ambitions of the daily life of his people in this country. They have imported and developed some of the finest actors on the stage, emotional actresses like Madame Lipzin, who is undoubtedly a great genius, and Bertha Kalich, who has left the Yiddish stage to play in English; Kessler, whom many scholarly people familiar with the world's great players declare to be the greatest of living tragedians; Moscowitz, a romantic actor of great ability, and Jacob Adler, a truly great character actor, whose performance of *Shylock*, given in Yiddish with a supporting company speaking English, made a sensation on Broadway.

At best the Yiddish literature is ephemeral; its only hope of permanency is in translation. Nor can the Yiddish theatre hope to endure long, so rapid is the progress of Americanization. Already the second and third generations are clamoring for the lurid American melodrama.

Undoubtedly much of the quality of "The Kreutzer Sonata" has been lost in adaptation. It is an unpleasant play, but it has real power and it is tremendously interesting. Plainly it was not written to amuse and entertain, but to point out the dangers of abandoning simple virtues, high ideals, and the fine Jewish idea of the sacredness of the family relation, as well as to show the moral disintegration resulting from the changed conditions in this country.

While "The Kreutzer Sonata" in English is well played, it is manifestly true that American actors cannot present the life as well as those who have actually lived it. Blanche Walsh has the rôle of a woman whose life is one long tragedy, and who ends it by shooting her husband and her sister, who have mocked her. It is a very dreadful scene, this close of the play, yet it is absolutely logical. The star is an actress of long experience, possessing much emotional power. She is blessed with a sure intelligence and a splendid deep voice, which she uses with skill. She has known much sorrow and she can portray it. To many people she is profoundly moving; to others she is simply a very good player. Always she is very much worth while.

Helen Ware as *Celia*, the wicked younger sister, made a distinct hit in a part quite without sympathy. She threw herself into the rôle with enthusiasm, and I do not think that even one of the skilled Yiddish players could have played *Celia* better. (It may surprise people to know that some of the most scholarly critics maintain that the standard of acting in these Yiddish theatres is infinitely higher than on Broadway.) George Sumner as the old father, a sort of humble *Lear*, is admirable, and so is William Travers as old *Fiddler*, while that sterling actress, Jessie Ralph, portrays *Mrs. Fiddler*, the only orthodox woman in the drama, with delicately humorous fidelity.

There was no lack of failures at the beginning of the season. Some of the plays were near-good; others were hopeless. "The Judge and the Jury," a melodrama that came out of the West and that was said to be extraordinarily fine, fell utterly flat. It had nothing to commend it except some fine stage settings and one scene that the authors liked so much that they repeated it in the fourth act, after exhausting it in the third. Hilda Spong starred in a pleasant little comedy called "Lady Jim," with one good situation, which should have carried conviction but didn't. Miss Spong was very charming in her part, and Herbert Percy returned to the stage to do excellent work as her leading man. William F. Hawtrey, a brother of Charles Hawtrey, came forth in "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," which lasted only long enough to permit the players to draw a deep breath.

Musical plays fared reasonably well. "The Tourists," which played all summer in Boston, came to New York and made a pleasing impression because there was some fun in it and it had pretty music. But there was not a suggestion of originality or of novelty in the book. Richard Golden is the chief comedian, and he really scored; he works with prodigious energy. Julia Sanderson played herself as usual, but she is so very pretty and she tries so hard to please that one is always glad to see her.

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"Marrying Mary," in which Marie Cahill is starring, made an immediate success. It is a farce set to music, and the manner in which lively situations that provoke laughter succeed each other makes it a distinct novelty among musical comedies. When Miss Cahill can give her quaint personality full expression she is always funny, and she can sing certain kinds of songs with remarkable expression. She has a real actor, William Courtleigh, as leading man. Also he tries to sing and dance. And there is Eugene Cowles, who can sing and who has too little opportunity to do so. But he also proves that he has become an admirable actor. He gets a great deal out of *Colonel Henry Clay Kulpepper*. "Marrying Mary" was written by Edwin Milton Royle, author of "The Squawman"; he contented himself with creating situations and writing lines, leaving the lyrics to a writer who does nothing else, Benjamin Hapgood Burt.

Lew Fields came forth with a very fine company of fun makers and a rather sad vehicle called "About Town." It is founded on an English musical comedy, but when Joseph Herbert got through with it, very little of the original remained. Most of the really funny things are rather coarse, but there are all manner of opportunities to make it a lively show. Of course it is beautifully staged, for Julian Mitchell directed the production.

Baron Blitz, "a genteel cab driver," is played by Lew Fields, and he clings closely to the broad German characterization that brought him and his former partner, Joseph Weber, their fame and fortune. There are also Lawrence Grossmith, who is a member of the famous English family of comedians of that name and a really excellent player, but who has little opportunity in "About Town"; Harry Fisher, who made a hit last season in "It Happened in Nordland," and who has the very smallest chance to do anything; Joseph Herbert in a familiar Scotch character, and George Beban, who does so much that he is wearisome.

Edna Wallace Hopper comes back to Broadway, looking prettier and younger than ever, with all her old grace and cleverness; Louise Allen Collier, also, a chorus girl, and—shades of Nancy Sikes!—Elita Proctor Otis as a frivolous stage mamma, singing a song about "The Girl in the Baby Blue Tights," with dancing thrown in. The songs are not especially catchy or attractive, which is rather surprising, for Weber & Fields and Julian Mitchell have been famous for their success in getting popular musical numbers.

The Poet

By ARTHUR STRINGER

HE asked not worldly things nor cried for fame,
But watched with musing eyes where idly came,
And fretted on, his brothers of far mart
And field and loom—and bared to them his heart,
Since they, with all their wheaten loaves, still went
An-hungered with life's old, grim discontent.
Blithely at times and solemn-sweet he played
Upon his foolish pipe, and strangely swayed
Their hearts to easing laughter and to tears,
Till market-cry and loom-roar closed their ears
And they forgot! For life, they held indeed,
Of gold and much soft linen still had need
And they had all their lives to live—and yet
One old, vague want they could not quite forget!
So since with empty souls they went and came,
This musing idler, held once up to shame,
His heart of dream flung at their hurrying feet,
And they, in their great hunger, lo, did eat!

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Henry William's Reincarnation

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by John Conacher

IT was a dual sensation for Peevy's Mills. The community would have been well satisfied with knowing how Abigail Judkins was to decide the rivalry for her fat hand and comfortable home. But now, in addition to gaining a hint of this, the good people were amazed and interested to hear that the blacksmith, once considered her favored suitor, had lost his name. They all knew that he had been adopted by old man Stullins to take the place of Jim Stullins, an only son, who had run away from home when a youngster. The old man had even given him Jim's name and had lived long enough to see him grow up and do it more credit than ever the first owner had done. And the unexpected return of the genuine James Stullins, aged and broken in health, yet insistent on preserving the entire equity in his name, was the cause of the blacksmith's most peculiar predicament.

"Say what ye will," declared Jasper Peabody as he sat on the post-office steps, "th' real Jim Stullins has th' only right ter th' name. No matter how shiftless he's been, it's th' one thing ye can't take away from him. As head s'lectman I shall refuse ter make out another poll-tax against th' blacksmith under that name."

"I don't blame ye, Jasper," cried Postmaster Abner Whitten admiringly and with a touch of malice glistening in his deep-set eyes. For the postmaster had a strong predilection for the widow Judkins and had come to fear the blacksmith, who was younger in years and much more prepossessing in physical presentment.

"I dunno," mused Hiram Carr gravely. "Of course, there ain't only one Jim Stullins, but it don't seem right for th' Mills ter lose that poll-tax. Can't ye make it out John Doe, or somethin'?"

"Dod rot it! Th' man sartainly has some kind of a name," shrilly protested old man Cram, wavering his pendulous whisker first toward the selectman and then toward the others. "Who ever heard of a man thurty-five years old, hale an' hearty, an' not havin' a name? If he was sick it wouldn't seem so queer. But even a hoss has some kind of a name."

"Ye see," explained William Durgin, leaning back on the bottom step, much to the damage of the groceries his wife was then impatiently awaiting, "when old Stullins got word Jim was dead at th' tender age of sixteen years, he went ter town an' fetched back this orphan an' give him Jim's name. He was only a year old then, an' if he ever had a name old Stullins never let on."

"Wal, he ain't got none now, neither," grinned the postmaster as he dragged out an empty mail-sack to use for a cushion. "Danged if it ain't funny."

"It sartainly is curious," agreed the head selectman. "Guess it kinder cuts him out of th' runnin' after th' widder, eh, postmaster?"

The postmaster chuckled heartily for a few seconds before replying. "Ye sartainly are a keen observer, Jasper. But all jokin' aside, I can't see how a woman could marry a man without he had a name. Not that I ever figgered on Jim—I mean th' blacksmith—as havin' her favor."

"Havin' her favor!" sneered Mr. Carr. "Why, she wouldn't look twice at him if he had all th' names between here an' Bangor. No, sirree! Catch her takin' up with th' blacksmith!"

"I guess th' town clerk could be prosecuted if he let him file any marriage intentions," piped up old man Cram.

"Yep," agreed the postmaster compla-

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HE PAUSED AND EYED THEM WISTFULLY.

cently. "But, d'ye know, fellers, what's ter hinder th' real Jim Stullins from takin' th' blacksmith shop? So long as th' sign reads 'James Stullins,' I guess th' real Jim has title ter it."

"He's took th' sign down," informed the head selectman. "As a town officer I had ter warn him he couldn't do business under that name unless he wanted ter be made liable for takin' money under false pretenses."

"But what I can't figger out," mumbled old man Cram, "is, why can't he take another name?"

"What I want is ter see him a-payin' his poll-tax," persisted Mr. Carr.

"Wal, ye can see him in person about it; for here he comes now, lookin' mighty like he was squelched," hoarsely whispered Mr. Durgin.

The newcomer, tall and broad of shoulders, approached uncertainly, his good-natured, simple face wearing a look of deep concern. He paused just before reaching the loungers and eyed them wistfully, as if in fear he might not be welcome. Then, with his head bowed almost sheepishly, he shuffled forward and sank heavily on the edge of the platform.

"How be ye, sir?" saluted the postmaster sternly.

"How d'ye do, blacksmith?" added the head selectman with a sly wink to his friends.

The blacksmith turned his head slowly, and in a broken voice protested: "I tell ye, fellers, it's derned serious ter me. Why, I feel jest as if I was nothin'. But what be I ter do? I can't finish out my days without some kind of a proper name."

"Why don't ye take another one?" demanded old man Cram testily. "If I was big as a ox I'd have a dandy."

"I don't know any but what is in use here in th' village," groaned the blacksmith.

"Of course he can't take just any name he has a fancy for," remonstrated the postmaster, frowning. "He's not only too honest for that, but th' owner would kick."

"He could splice two on 'em, couldn't he?" suggested Mr. Cram.

"Hardly," broke in the head selectman firmly. "In that case he'd have two owners instead of one after him. Ye see, fellers—" and his tone assumed all its official pomp—"ye can't go around th' county pickin' up names th' same as ye'd steal a hen——"

"But I'll pay," cried the blacksmith eagerly. "I'll give thurty dollers for a name

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that clears th' law an' makes me feel as if I was livin'."

Old man Cram immediately pricked up his ears and eagerly anticipated the others by offering: "In that case jest consider—er—say, Twinkteetum. I vum! I didn't think I had it in me. There ye be! A danged odd name an' one no one can kick ag'in yer usin'. How's it strike ye?"

"It don't strike him at all," interposed Postmaster Whitten angrily. "That ain't no name of a human bein'. It's th' name of a star, I take it. An', Mr. Cram, I'd like ter see ye inside afore ye start for home."

As Mr. Cram was under some financial obligations to the speaker, he meekly bowed his aged head and made no more suggestions.

"No," declared the blacksmith dully, after his awkward tongue had assailed the appellative in a whisper, "it don't sound right. Sounds as if I was a daredevil, or somethin'. I've tried ter think an' think, but bein' no literary character I can't call ter mind any name but what I know here in th' village. Still it seems kind of close an' narrer that none of ye'll let me have one of yer fambly names that ain't workin'."

"Th' idea is this," the postmaster hastened to explain; "which one of us knows when we'll want ter use th' very name we might let ye have? S'posin' we had ter use it an' come ter ye an' asked ter have it back? Why, ye'd be so mixed up ye'd never know yerself. S'posin' I said, 'All right, go ahead an' use my dead uncle's name. Call yerself Reuben Huff.' Then up bobs a cousin an' asks why in tarnation I did it for, seein' as how he wanted ter name a child Reuben Huff. Then there'd be a purty how d'ye do."

"Yas," declared Mr. Peabody solemnly, "Whitten is right."

"Wal, I hate like sin ter do it, but I'll have ter write out of town for one, then," declared the blacksmith desperately.

"An' how would ye sign th' letter?" demanded the postmaster, stifling a smile.

"Jest th' same as if he was in prison," whispered Mr. Durgin admiringly.

"Then I don't see as how I can do nothin'," groaned the blacksmith, rising slowly. "I can't twist or turn, or do nothin'."

"Not so bad as that," placated the postmaster. "I guess, if th' town officers will meet in my office next week—say, on Tuesday—we can figger out a name that will fit ye like a glove."

"I'll have ter wait, of course; but I hate ter feel so lost until then," mumbled the blacksmith over his shoulder. Then after walking a few steps he stopped and wheeled, protesting anxiously: "But I forgot; I can't wait till then. Ter-day's Monday; why not make it ter-morrer? I must have some kind of a name before Saturday. Why, I wanted——"

"Wal?" prompted the postmaster icily.

The blacksmith gazed at them numbly for a few seconds and then completed lamely, "I wanted ter be known by some name before Saturday; that's all. I only wish Jim Stullins was here now," he broke out again plaintively. "I'll bet I could hire him ter *rent* me his name, if nothin' more. I guess th' money would do him th' most good."

"But he's gone back ter town an' ye must depend on us," retorted the postmaster. "An' we'll have ter have time ter do some tall thinkin' afore we can fit ye out. As ye say, it's a serious matter an' we can't go slapdash at it, like it was some kind of a frolic."

"Lawd! I don't see how a week will be time enough," amended Mr. Durgin.

A CUSTOMER ASKED FOR A RECEIPT.

"They'll have ter hustle," declared old man Cram, stroking his whisker dubiously.

As the blacksmith walked moodily through

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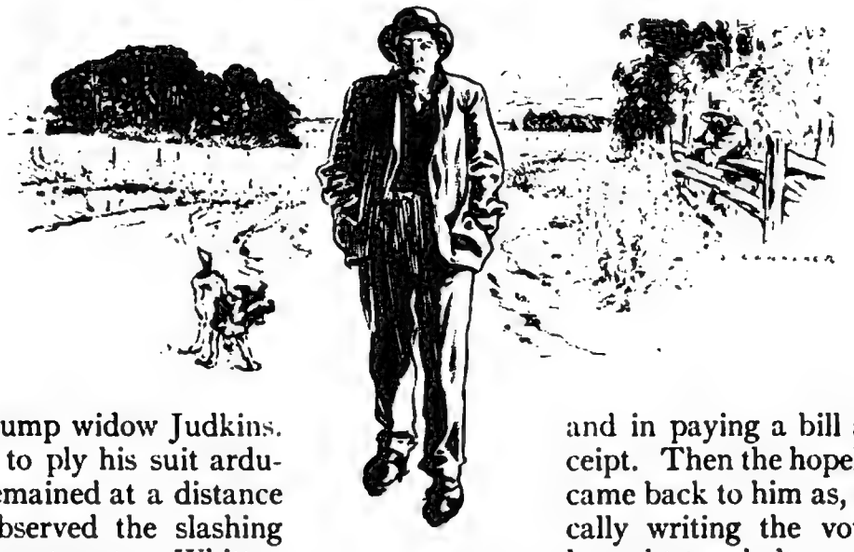
the dust to his shop his simple mind was beset with new worries. He knew he must be "somebody" before Saturday, or else suffer the greatest loss possible. For more than a year he had turned his eyes in bashful long-



HE WALKED FAR FROM THE VILLAGE.

ing after the plump widow Judkins. Too backward to ply his suit arduously he had remained at a distance and dumbly observed the slashing advances of the postmaster. Whitten had a dashing style about him that could not leave the object of his choice long in doubt. And yet, after he had been in the lists for several months and the widow showed no signs of succumbing, the blacksmith had plucked up heart and grown so bold as shyly to intimate his passion.

But just as he reached the point of tremulous hope the blow descended that left him with no standing before the law. A week ago Mrs. Judkins had told him that shortly she should pack up her goods and move to an adjacent town to live with a sister. Life at the Mills was lonely for her, she explained; and right then and there he would have spoken almost boldly had she not added, "so lonely since Henry William died." This mention of her husband's name left him tongue-tied, and the golden opportunity was lost.

Later he learned that she intended to depart on Saturday; knowledge of this fact doubtless made clear to the postmaster his crying need to be known as a definite quantity before that day. It did not seem logical even to the blacksmith's slow mind to go to her and say, "Be my wife," when he had no name to give her. He speculated hazily as to her status assuming she should marry him now. So far as he could decide she would be reduced like himself to the undesirable plane of a nonentity. Obviously such a situation was impossible.

To ease his mind he took a turn at blowing the bellows and hammering on some wagon work. The labor began to do him good in lessening the mental strain, and he was tediously groping his way to a definite plan of aggressive action when a customer entered and in paying a bill asked for a receipt. Then the hopelessness of it all came back to him as, after mechanically writing the voucher, he was brought to a halt over the signature.

"Dod rot a receipt, anyway," he growled, throwing the paper into the fire. And as soon as the customer departed he locked his shop.

The morrow found him in no easier frame of mind. In fact, haunted by the dread of another proffer of payment, he did not dare to loiter about the forge, and always a poor companion to himself when idle, he walked far from the village and returned late in the afternoon, nearly exhausted.

"Hi!" cried the postmaster as he dragged his heavy frame by the office, "hold on a minute. I jest wanted ter report progress. Danged if I didn't keep awake almost all night rasslin' over that name. I've got a stunner for th' furst name—Theobold. Dug it out of a story. Now jest put yerself in my hands an' I'll pull ye through a-hikin', if it takes a leg."

"Derned neighborly of ye," sighed the blacksmith dolefully, "but I did want that name for this week. It means a heap ter me. I can't tell ye jest how much, but if ye could grapple onter th' last name between now an' Saturday, I'd be everlastin'ly obleeged."

"I'll do what I can, but I'm afraid it can't be did till next week," said the postmaster regretfully, frowning with the weight of his cogitations. "Ye see, last names come hardest. There's where ye have ter be almighty careful an' go slow an' let th' brain do a little simmerin' before ye decide. But I'll do my best."

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"Try an' pick out one that I can remember easy," cautioned the blacksmith as with head bowed despondently he resumed his moody way.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed a voice on his right. "How pert we be."

He turned quickly, his eyes showing a new light, but remembering his anonymous condition he groaned slightly as he hesitated at the widow's gate.

"Don't ye find it hard work ter speak ter me?" he asked bitterly.

"Sha'n't ye give up! An' why?" And her fat hands mechanically caused the gate to swing open a bit.

"I didn't know but what it would bother ye, seein' as how I ain't got no name," he explained listlessly, stumbling into the yard and slumping down on the stone step.

"I'd forgot," she murmured, puckering her brows. Then in irritation, "But why don't ye git a name? If I was a man an' as big as you be I'd have one, an' a finnified one, too."

"A small man is always small-natur'd," she sniffed.

A dull glow of satisfaction lighted his eyes for a moment as he recalled the stubby form of the postmaster; then he sighed: "It don't help much, but I'm glad ye think so. Sometimes, though, these small chaps are kind of poetic-like an' can sling words an' find names. Whitten is goin' ter dig one up for me next week. Wish I had it now." And his gaze met hers sorrowfully.

"Why now more'n any other time?" she murmured.

"Oh, because. Gittin' ready ter move?"

"I be."

"Prob'ly will move by Saturday?"

"Prob'ly."

"Dod rot it! If a man could only buy a name."

"If Henry William was livin' he'd give ye one quick enough," she condoled.

"If he was, I wouldn't give a dern whether I had one or not," he growled.

"Mebbe ye don't take to his name," she observed a bit acridly.

"DON'T YE FIND IT HARD WORK TER SPEAK TER ME?" HE ASKED BITTERLY.

"Jest what old Cram said," he returned. "I've wished for th' last few days that I wa'n't so big. Seems if it would be easier ter git a name for a small man."

"Wal, it always struck me as twisted. Why didn't he call it William Henry?" he asked.

"It suited me," she replied stiffly. "It

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suited me so well I shall never change th' last name. Besides, I don't see's ye are exactly in position to criticize."

"Ye're right," he mumbled, rising. "I'm jest nothin'. Lawd! any name would look mighty good ter me if ye wa'n't so sot on Judkins."

"Wal, before ye go ye might lift this bar'l for me," she suggested, her eyes growing tender as they surveyed his abject bearing.

"Wal, I guess it was too much for him an' he'll never come back," observed Postmaster Whitten complacently as he joined the group on the steps. "Derned if I'd believed he'd been so simple." And he laughed silently and wagged his head in enjoyment.

"I guess he really was afraid he'd have ter go through life without no name at all," guffawed the head selectman. "Danged if I ain't sorry we didn't chip in an' buy him one of them breastpins what says 'Baby' on it. It wouldn't have cost more'n a quarter, all told."

"I NEVER SEE A WOMAN YET THAT WOULD MAKE ME FORGIT TH' LADY ON TH' DOLLER."

"By Judas, Jasper! But I wish ye had thought of it," cried the postmaster regretfully.

"I got so I had ter whistle ter him like a dog when I wanted ter attract his attention," snickered Mr. Durgin.

"An' me a-steerin' him away from names that might be needed in my fambly," added Mr. Carr.

"I see Widder Judkins goin' over on th' Pitchmope stage," digressed old man Cram.

"Yas," drawled the postmaster with a knowing wink; "she went over ter tell her sister she'd changed her mind an' would stop here. I kinder reasoned with her, an' ye'll notice she kinder quit packin' up."

"I snum! But ye're a shrewd one when it comes ter women," declared the old man.

"Ha! ha! kinder decided she likes Peevy's Mills th' best, after all, eh?" chuckled the head selectman.

"Wal," grinned the postmaster, "I won't mislead ye, an' it ain't boastin' any ter say that she does. Better not speak of it ter any one jest yet, as I ain't got around ter declare myself."

"Oh, I say now, Ab, what ye want ter keep her in suspense for?" expostulated Mr. Peabody.

"Well, ye see, fellers," explained the postmaster gravely, "I believe in not lettin' a woman git th' idea I'm cheap an' easy got. Let 'em feel a little unsartain, is my motter."

"An' a blamed good one, too," indorsed Mr. Carr. "That's th' way I did with my woman."

"Where'll ye live, Ab," inquired the head selectman eagerly, "in her house, or over th' office?"

"Here," replied the postmaster firmly. "I shall sell that place. Jest so much money layin' idle."

"Her first husband left her somethin' besides th' house, didn't he?" queried Mr. Carr gently.

"Oh, so, so," replied Mr. Whitten airily. "I never see a woman yet that would make me forgit th' lady on th' doller."

"Wal, if ye ain't slicker'n all git out," piped Mr. Cram.

"Yas," smirked the postmaster, "I always want ter know— But here comes th' stage an' I've got ter drag out that derned mail."

As the stage, accompanied by a cloud of dust, rolled slowly up to the steps the loungers were mildly surprised to see that it contained passengers. Then to their amazement the tall form trying to pass through the door resolved itself into the blacksmith. He had returned, after all, and the circle rose to its feet in the interest of the moment. But whom was he clumsily aiding to alight?

"Great Scott!" cried Mr. Carr, dashing inside the office. "Come out here, Ab, an' see th' blacksmith. He's come back."

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"Come after his name, mebbe," remarked the postmaster sarcastically, with his face drawn down into a frown. "I guess I ain't got no more time ter fuss with him. Ye can tell him I couldn't git a name for him."

"But th' widder is with him," added Mr. Carr in a hoarse whisper.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Whitten, and his feet no longer lagged.

But before he could reach the threshold the widow and her escort entered. Never had she looked so comely and desirable to the postmaster as now. He mentally vowed he would have consented to marry her if she had possessed nothing besides her plump figure and fresh face.

"Any mail for me, Mr. Whitten?" she asked lightly, as her companion allowed her to take the lead.

"I dunno, I'll see. If th' blacksmith should ask that question, I'd have ter inquire, 'What name, please?'" he returned dryly, not neglecting to pass a wink to the staring faces in the doorway.

"Do tell," she simpered, tilting her double chin so as to gaze over his head. "Well, in th' futur', when he asks, jest kindly peep into th' Henry William Judkins mail-box."

"Why, what for?" gasped the postmaster.

"Because that's who he is now," she returned quietly.

"By Judas!" ejaculated Mr. Peabody. "Danged if she ain't allowed him ter use her husband's name."

"Henry William Judkins, ye're big enough to step forward an' say something," she reminded him sternly.

The blacksmith, his face distorted by a lame grin, advanced and after indulging in a bashful chuckle explained: "Ye see, fellers, I decided not ter wait for th' town ter name me. An' as Mrs. Judkins allowed she'd never change her name, an' as I always opined Henry William Judkins's widder was th' best thing any man could git on earth anywhere, I also opined th' name was good enough for me. We was married this mornin'."

"He's goin' to have th' new sign put up over his shop to-morrow," she added in pleased animation. "Come, Henry."

The House Among the Firs

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

A LOW gray house is set among the firs,
And softly night and winter wall it round;
Among its garden ways no creature stirs,
And from its frozen meadows breathes no sound.

But ah, within those quiet walls what light!
Lamps globed like mimic moons, and firelight's glow,
And eyes of childhood, still with wonder bright,
Above some fairy record bending low.

The mother gazes on the fire and builds
Dream's mighty architecture—Love knows how—
And one beside her thinks how firelight gilds
Her hair, and shows the splendor of her brow.

Keep watch about it, kindly Powers, and let
No evil thing draw nigh that dear abode—
The low gray house of quiet, safely set
Among its firs beyond the winding road!

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The Autobiography of an Only Child

TO the stock questions put by grown-ups to children as to their name, age, and taste for education, in the case of the only child one other is added. I suppose I have answered a prompt "No" hundreds of times to the ingratiating inquiry, "Don't you wish you had a little brother or sister?" But those who remember clearly further back than I, assure me that there was an early period when I pleaded persistently for a baby playmate. At length, our kindly family physician, much importuned on the ground of the familiar fiction that physicians are in absolute control of the baby-supply, told me gravely that he had no babies at that time but colored ones. That, it was supposed, would be final; but my longing for a sister was stronger than my race prejudice, and after serious deliberation I said, "We-e-ll, I'd rather have a white one, but if you have only darky babies, I'll take one of them."

That was before I had become sophisticated enough to understand that an accession of brothers and sisters necessarily involves sacrifice, particularly of one's mother's thought and attention. The realization came to me painfully. When I was perhaps six, my mother's sister and her two-year-old baby came to pay us a long visit. The child was unusually pretty—a curly-haired, dimpled blossom of a baby at an age when all babies are adorable. By reason of a recent loss, my own smile was more nearly toothless than my little cousin's; my hair—always straight—was kept close cut in boyish fashion; I was too old to be considered "cunning," too young to relinquish gracefully my baby rights. And I was, unfortunately, neither shy nor fond of self-effacement. Naturally enough, visitors spent their adjectives and admiration on the baby, dropping only now and then a crumb of attention for the "nice little girl." Naturally, too, my mother devoted much time to her little niece, and though I was by no means neglected, in my own opinion I played a dismal second fiddle. And my plea for a sister was heard no more.

This sense of slight at losing first place is not, I suppose, uncommon among the first-born to whose parents a second child comes. But when the baby really belongs and has come to stay, pride in it, brotherly or sisterly love for it, above all service for it and the mother, soon drive out jealousy. As for me—for the first time I saw clearly the advantages of being an only child, and I understood only the disadvantages of having a sister. And so, not realizing that I had not tested the full reality, I merely concluded that the good I had desired was not worth pursuing.

Possibly I was by nature more selfish than other only children. As I think over those I have known, I remember some in whom the normal childish longing for a playmate at home has lasted pathetically into the teens. But others, like me, after years of eating the whole apple, have found no appeal in the idea of sharing it. And that is, I think, rather more lamentable than conscious loneliness. For it means that one side of the child's social nature is blank; he has no conception of his loss. It means more than that; it means selfishness, the fault most frequently and probably most justly charged to the account of the only child.

I very well remember the surprise I felt when a blunt but well-meaning lady called me a "naughty, selfish little girl." Selfishness, to me, meant helping oneself to the largest piece of cake or refusing to share one's candy. And

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in this regard I knew that I was not selfish—did I not always scrupulously refrain from taking the inner piece of celery or the heart of the chicken or the last bunch of grapes?—until, indeed, they were forced upon me, as I very well knew that they would be. Despite this foreknowledge which made sacrifice a comfortable virtue, I was really as well trained in the forms of courtesy as the average child. I was not selfish with things—for the most part. I make the qualification, in guilty recollection of one clinging bit of instinctive selfishness that I recognize as springing from the fact that my things were exclusively my own; my toys undisturbed by small brothers, my ribbons never borrowed by a sister in emergency. I did not like to lend; and to this day, I should much rather, consulting merely swift impulse, give away $50 than lend, for instance, a traveling-bag.

That I was not, however, notably selfish with things should be proof enough of a point I wish to emphasize: namely, that my parents were not the proverbial exaggeratedly indulgent parents of the only child, who is just as proverbially spoiled. Judged with whatever impartiality I can command, I regard them as beyond the average in common sense, wisdom, and firmness.

Of the selfishness of which the frank woman accused me, my parents were up to that time quite as unconscious as I. She had asked my mother to drive with her to the home of a friend in a neighboring town, where the two were invited to spend the night. My mother declined on the ground that I, at that time about nine, could not comb my hair and pin my collar properly for school in the morning; and as we then had no maid and my father could at best only have buttoned my frock, the objection seemed insurmountable. But the family friend called me by the ugly title I have mentioned, and chided mother for allowing me to monopolize her time, contending that she was making me selfish and dependent.

Perhaps she was. But I protest that it could hardly have been otherwise, considering that she had in full measure the world-old desire of mothers to spend themselves for their children, and only one to spend herself upon. It had not occurred to my mother, I am confident, that her habit of ministering to me constantly was pampering; nor had I, in going to her for services that I might easily have learned to perform for myself, made demands in the manner of the arrogant, spoiled child. It was a matter of course between us; no other children clamored to mother for small services nor supplied the necessity for my learning to care for myself and them. Accordingly, mother, having time and liking for buttoning my frocks and brushing my hair, did so without question.

In so many instances my interests were necessarily dominant: mother was continually having to go home lest I should be too long alone; or having to take me along where I got more attention than was good for me; I had to be entertained so often instead of entertaining myself with other children—what wonder that I could also claim time and attention that I did not really need? And all this not because my parents deliberately spoiled me, but because the conditions in which an only child lives naturally spoil him; because inevitably, his parents being human, he is overemphasized.

In later years, mother came to see that she had not saved me from the less crude forms of selfishness—and said so. So long inevitably first and only, I fear that unconsciously I assume that I am so still in all relations. So many of my wishes having controlled, I do not easily brook having them crossed now. So wholly has my time been my own that I regard an interruption as an outrage. So accustomed have I become to being waited on that I accept all too freely courteous proffers of small services that lack the whole-heartedness of my mother's offers; and am warned of my too passive attitude only by a growing coldness on the part of my acquaintance.

Theoretically, then, I am not selfish; but because I have met less than the normal demand for sacrifice of my own rights and privileges, I have lacked practise in resigning them, and have never acquired the habit of spending myself freely. So that whatever unselfish acts I may perform are more likely to be solely concessions to conscience than the spontaneous expression of a nature accustomed to sacrifice. The idea of self-sacrifice appeals to me less than the doctrine of duty to oneself.

It is rather humiliating to remember that I was very far from being ashamed of my dependence as compared with little girls belonging to large families. I believe, indeed, that I looked with a sort of self-complacent pity on the girl who could whisk herself and a little brother or two into spick-and-span condition for school without summoning aid

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for more than the tantalizing button at the middle of her own back. I think I liked my helplessness in much the same way that some women enjoy being delicate; it imparted a certain distinction that raised me above the plebeian capability of my bustling "little mother" playmate.

Of course this helplessness of mine had deeper roots than my mother's readiness to serve me. I recall once undertaking to entertain the baby sister of a little chum. Between us we had a rattle, a string, a few blocks; when I had shaken the rattle, gone through the complicated performance known as cat's-cradle, and erected a few simple structures, my resources were exhausted. But the baby's capacity for enjoyment was not. She cried. Eventually I did also. When my playmate returned, she saw my despair with profound disgust; in five minutes she had devised more and more amusing contrivances with those few blocks, one string, and one rattle than I had ever conceived of, and the baby and I were both gaping with curiosity and interest.

"Wherever'd you learn to do all those things?" I gasped.

"Made 'em up," she answered laconically. "Guess if you'd had to amuse babies as much as I have, you'd make 'em up too." I think it very likely; also I am sure that neither she nor I even then appreciated how considerable a stimulus to invention is the threat of a baby's cry.

If I did not envy Hattie her baby sister, I did realize jealously the advantage she had over me in the matter of playing with children near herself in age. For she had an older brother and a sister within her own gates; and the three played together for long, timeless days. On the other hand, I was let out by the hour; my parents would not permit me to play with families they did not know well; except for the opposition of parents like-minded, they would have insisted that all my playmates be my guests; and they were, I thought, unduly solicitous that I should never outstay my welcome. "Tell Ethel's mother you can stay till five," was the thorny hedge about my playtime. And how dreary the return when Ethel chanced to be away!

All this carefulness kept me uncontaminated by the naughtiness of little street Arabs, but it also limited my opportunity to imitate where imitation is easiest—among those of my own age; it stunted the initiative and inventiveness that might, in normal conditions, have developed in me; and it left me lacking in adaptability. I sometimes disloyally wonder if my chances of being a tolerable citizen might not have been as good if I had been permitted to "run wild," and thus secure for myself the companionship I could not have at home.

I should not like to give the impression that I had nothing of normal childhood's fun. Even yet I am indignant when a member of a large family intimates that my childhood was a poor thing. Yet let these but begin drawing from their store of memories—and I have little to contribute. Especially when the tale is of nursery romps—a subject that makes the only child wistful. For in the catalogue of what he has missed—the most illuminating commentary on his life as compared with other children's—the joys of bedtime hour in a full nursery stand out in rosy contrast with his own decorous good nights. My mother used to stay with me till I was snugly tucked in bed and then, after her kiss, she left me in my dim, quiet little room, to sleep or stare at the ceiling, as I chose. I knew of no other way till my first, unforgetable overnight visit to a large family. There, even before bedtime we romped madly all over the house instead of sitting maturely reading by the library-lamp or, at best, worrying an elder into playing a game of checkers. Later, I was given a cot in the cozy nursery, with three sisters and one tiny boy. I had said my prayers, not uninterrupted by sibilant whisperings, and lain down, prepared to go to sleep in regular order, when a great, startling, puffy missile struck my head. Positively, until that moment, I had never known a pillow-fight except by name, and vaguely. But instinctively I realized what it was, and joined in heartily. Truly, I think Nature meant that children should engage in pillow-fights.

I had eaten of the tree of knowledge. Thereafter bedtime was a dreary hour. Only one experience was drearier. It happened very seldom, I am well assured, but the impression is so vivid as to seem cut deep by repetition. I mean the experience of coming home after school to find the house closed, to have to hunt in the dusty corner behind the shutter for the key, and to go in alone. But I rarely did go in—instead, I sat disconsolately on the step or hung yet more desolately on the gate, feeling like a very Crusoe for loneliness, and dismally imagining what evil things might have befallen my beloved parents.

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They had quite as many foolish little panics over me—little fears at perhaps a half-hour's delay after school which would never have occurred to them had there been two children to come home together.

This same overanxiety, characteristic at once of the clucking hen with but one chick and of the parents of an only child, combined with lack of companions to curtail my play. Could my mother endure to see me climb a tree, even the most simply and safely constructed? Would she from her window placidly watch me dabble in some harmless puddle? Not she. And since I was not naturally daring, since I was so constantly beneath her eye, and had no brothers to instruct me—mother notwithstanding—in the multitudinous ways in which healthy, normal children risk their lives, I became, forsooth, a "fraid-cat." In the years from six to ten, I was forever being torn between a carefully instilled fear of small dangers and a dread of such taunts as "Look out, baby, you'll get your toes wet and mother'll put you to bed with ginger-tea," or "Say, Mary, does your mother know you're helpin' make a bonfire?" My features were carefully preserved from harm, but my self-respect was not.

All this too careful shielding made school very difficult at first, for I did not know how to stand being the butt of a joke; I could not endure being "It" in a game in which to be "It" was not an honor. When teased, I had no resource but tears and flight. And I felt the odium children heap on one whose mother comes too promptly to the rescue. During my first few months at school, we lived so near the schoolhouse that I could run home at recess. Very soon, of course, and properly, I became known as "tied to mother's apron-strings." It was my father who, with unaccountable cruelty, insisted that I stay at school and join in the games, and who tried to cultivate in me a "game" spirit—an effort in which he was ably and whole-heartedly assisted by my schoolmates.

After the passing of this phase, or indeed at any time when the question was of associating with my own selected comrades, I was not so bent on staying at home. It seems a safe hazard that, if I sometimes felt myself an unhappy prisoner there, my mother was equally unhappy as my guardian. For I hesitate to guess how often I must have whined: "I don't know what to *do*. What *shall* I do?"

It was the four-o'clock wail of my school years. First came, "Mother, may I go to Ethel's?"—or Nettie's or Mary's, provided Ethel, Nettie, or Mary were not with me. Naturally, the request could by no means always be granted, and then followed the despairing question. And I cannot now think it unreasonable.

For me the answer was reading. I read dozens of the standard novels; the "Waverley Novels" were exhausted by the time I was thirteen, Jane Austen was eagerly devoured, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray followed. And all that was good enough in itself; for my father and mother carefully supervised my reading, determined my tastes, indulged them and tried to develop them symmetrically. It was for them, too, a simple answer to my question, making me an easy child to care for. Even when I went out with them to visit their friends, my book was carried along, and when I and it were deposited together in some cozy-corner, concern for my happiness might cease.

By the time I was thirteen I had lost some of the desire for other children's companionship that first drove me to reading. Those for whom I willingly surrendered an hour with the sad "Bride of Lammermoor" were become a very small circle. And if called from the godlike hero, William Wallace, in "Scottish Chiefs," I looked on any commonplace flesh-and-blood, stay-an-hour caller with dreamy and unsocial eyes. I'm bound to confess that more than once I read a certain plump and thoroughly materialistic German maiden from my doors. She was too polite to say she'd rather play with my neglected dolls than hear me read aloud from "Pride and Prejudice." And I, shameless creature, positively forgot her till she, despairing of a chapter-end, rose to go. It is no particular cause for wonder, I think, that I am now little able to distinguish between book life and real life; that I am by no means a keen reader of character, and am continually being guilefully deceived. At times my father tried to prevent my reading so much, but, having no sufficient substitute to offer, did not press his point beyond insisting that I should not overtax my eyes. The truth was that neither he nor my mother realized what would be the results of my constant reading. I have no word of blame for them; I do not know what else they could have done, unless, indeed, they had adopted a child. But in after years they saw what wrong had been done me

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by encouragement to even greater isolation than was inevitable; what I had lost, in losing constant companionship with other children, of a normal, sane attitude toward life; what of easy comprehension of others' points of view; what of power to serve effectively. To this day, with a nature really not unsocial, I am at a social disadvantage with more than two persons at a time; I have the ineradicable self-consciousness of one who is not intimately familiar with people. I do not mean, however, to charge this inadaptability altogether to my habitual reading. It is a result of all the abnormal conditions of my life, and showed itself even before the constant reading period. I remember that I was always disturbed by the prospect of going to a children's party; I wasn't particularly awkward; I knew how to behave as well as the average child; but for the first half of the time I was certain to stand about on the edges of the crowd, merely because I could not get into the spirit of the merry gathering. And when at last, inscrutably, for no apparent reason, some barrier gave way, I was twice as wild as any child at the party, fortunate if I escaped the too marked attention of my little hostess' mother.

In my teens I frankly preferred an afternoon tea with my mother to any formal festivity among those of my own age, unless they were actually intimates. Naturally enough, this preference and aloofness won me the really little deserved reputation of being proud and cold.

There is one form of festivity in which I never until last year, however much I may have wished it, had an opportunity to share: that is a real Christmas celebration, which is flatly impossible where there is but one child. I protest that on the occasion of a large family's reunion no unrelated guests should be present; but last Christmas a generous friend of ours scouted my conscientious objections and haled the three of us, eager and curious, to her father's house.

Four married children there were, each with several little ones of his own; and we were a jolly crowd, observing every dear Christmas tradition from candles to candy, employing every foolish device for giving Christmas joy to the children, and showing ourselves quite foolishly childish. As the little ones stood about the tree —an excited, happily impatient little group; as they pranced about while the presents were being handed down, and multiplied their pleasure in each gift by the number of admiring relations they could show it to—the picture of my own Christmases came vividly before me: tree and candles and presents there were, as here, but about it, vainly trying to make a circle, only *one* little, excited child with two grown-ups trying to be babies. A poor sort of suspense it is when one knows very well that every childish present on the tree is for oneself. And then when all the gifts were down and looked at by the trio, there was no one to whom the little girl could brag, "But just see *mine*." I very well remember the dreary sense of its being all over that followed the arrangement of the presents on the top of the piano, when father returned to his paper, mother went to make preparations for the still hopelessly distant dinner, and I was left to prolong my Christmas pleasure with such gifts as could be played with. A Christmas celebration is brief enough at the best; far shorter for one child and a score of gifts than for two children and two gifts.

As a woman I envy one who belongs to a large family far more than I ever did as a child. The more people one cares dearly for and is loved by in return, the happier one is, I think; and there must be a certain sense of security and well-being in the thought that one's welfare is a matter of concern to many. Life must have fewer terrors for those whose human relationships are multiplied than for us between whom and loneliness only a few devoted hearts stand. The fear of being all alone is always imminent with us. And that sense of security must be emphasized by a family reunion as by nothing else; to me it is a wonderful thing to see such a gathering of three generations, bound together by love and kindredship and common traditions. More than anything else such a sight makes me pity the lonely only child who did not even know she was lonely until she had grown up.

But I must not fail to mention one consideration that makes the only child's life blessed above others. I doubt if where there is more than one child there can ever be so perfect an intimacy between them and their parents as existed between mine and me. Not only had I all their attention, undivided, but I was in the very nature of things constantly with them. We were not wealthy; and had my mother been able to employ many nurses, she would hardly have entrusted me to any. So it happened that, nearly always with them, I understood my parents' interests

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as another child might not. I knew intimately their friends and probably far too much about their friends' affairs; though their conversation must have been limited had they talked only out of my presence. But they trusted me completely, and this intimacy on, in some sense, equal terms is one of the dearest experiences of my life.

Of course this so continual association with adults had its disadvantages. I was petted much more than was good for me by my parents' friends; I was soberer, less childlike than I should have been, and I fear, too, likely to forget that though I might understand grown-ups' affairs, I did not therefore have a grown-up's right to comment on them. Punishment for impertinence seemed to me the most unjust punishment I ever suffered; for I was quite unconscious of fault; indeed, it is asking something of a child's mind to expect it to remember that one who is behaving as one's chum must nevertheless be treated with the forms of respect one owes one's mother. But the intimacy was worth the punishment. From my heart I pity the child whose mother is not in some sense her "chum."

I'm not sure but this is the only child's sole real advantage. In spite of better judgment, I fear every one of us who are only children in his heart likes having his own way, having his own things to himself, having, in short, a monopoly of his parents. And that is because we are, most of us, spoiled, as is the common report about us. "He is a sweet-tempered child," they say, "but spoiled"; meaning that he is imperious, selfish, self-willed; meaning, in fact, that he has not had normal and necessary opposition. Indulgent parents are quite capable of spoiling thus half a dozen, but it seems safe to say that the child's chances of remaining unspoiled, in spite of his parents, increase with the number of his brothers and sisters, because his parents' attention cannot be centered on him, and the conditions thus become more nearly normal.

Conversely, it is almost impossible for an only child to remain unspoiled, however wise his parents, merely because the conditions of his life cannot be normal. Inevitably, he is overemphasized; inevitably, his wishes too often control; he is not forced to make a sufficient number of adjustments to others, and so misses his full efficiency. This, and not his loneliness, is the deeper reason for regarding the only child's Christmas and his solitary playroom as pathetic. From out of my own experience, I have pity for the only child, pity for the parents to whom a second child is denied. But to the parents who for any selfish reason refuse their child a companion, it seems to me the scriptural rule might well apply, "From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

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Little Stories of Real Life

Henry Peaslee and His Aunt Emma

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

LITTLE Henry Peaslee, in his white pantaloons and purple roundabout, was amusing himself in the parlor as best he could. He examined the Chinese work-box with all its ivory shuttles and bobbins, the melon-seed bags and painted lambrequin; or else he watched the derrick swing large blocks of marble that looked no bigger than white beans in the mountain quarries far above.

In the sitting-room, in the other wing, his uncle and aunts were having a discussion as to which of them should take him to bring up. His Aunt Sarah said that she was perfectly willing to assume the responsibility. It would be a good deal of care, she said, but she would do her best to turn him out a good boy, and a healthy boy, and an industrious boy.

His Uncle Zadok shifted his mighty bulk in his chair.

"The little toad," said he, "had better come to us. Wife told me to fetch him home with me. 'Fetch him back here,' said she, 'and set him down among our chiidern.' The more the merrier," concluded Henry's Uncle Zadok, whose sun-like face, fringed round by gray stubble, beamed like a paterfamilias in an allegorical picture.

But Henry's Aunt Emma said, in a trembling voice, while all her thin body shook:

"I want him! I crave after him, Sister Sarah—Brother Zadok!"

The others looked at her and at each other.

"Well," said Mrs. Sarah.

"Well," said Mr. Zadok a little doubtfully, "I'm—I'm agreed."

They drummed on the arms of their chairs a little longer, and rolled a glance or two round the ceiling, and wondered in their own minds whether poor Emma could really make a success of bringing up her orphaned nephew.

But her lap seemed to be waiting for him; her long arms looked empty; and the words that she had spoken vibrated still in the room.

"Well, Emma," said Mr. Zadok at length, "you've cut out quite a piece of work for yourself. I hope the boy'll be a comfort to ye. But let me give ye one piece of advice: make a man of him."

"Yes, Emma!" cried her sister. "Henry's a timid child, and you must harden him. You must toughen him."

Mr. Zadok nodded.

"Toughen him," repeated he. "Push him out to play with other boys. If he tumbles down and scrapes his nose, don't let him run to you a-bawling. Don't let him grow up afeared of dogs. Don't set by his bed to keep away the bogyman."

"But she will!" cried Mrs. Sarah.

Miss Emma blushed.

"Well, enough said," concluded Mr. Zadok. Enough had been said to change all the echoes in the room, which before had been full of Miss Emma's "I crave after him!" but now were full of Mr. Zadok's "Make a man of him!"

It was quite true that Henry Peaslee was a nervous, timid, imaginative child. He started at sudden noises; he was afraid of dogs, and

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even of large cats; and often he had bad dreams, and woke up crying. He was an only child, with the blood of generations of introspective ministers flowing in his veins.

Now his maiden aunt, with a proprietary air, tied on his little circular cloak, and had scarcely hooked herself up in her own dolman when the Peru stage came bumping down the hill, and hawed to a stop between the giant locusts. Mr. Zadok escorted Miss Emma, and Mrs. Sarah lifted in the little boy; and the lean horses jogged away toward the sunset notch between Blueberry and Bald Fowl mountains. And as the happy aunt, under cover of the kind canvas flap, stole her long arm round the boy, Mrs. Sarah was saying to Mr. Zadok in the house behind them:

"Emma Peaslee is no woman to bring up such a boy as Henry."

"No," said Mr. Zadok. "She wun't make a man of him."

Meantime the stage, slowly rolling over spur after spur of the mountains, came at length to "Sandacre Street," and took on another passenger from the store there. Henry felt a knocking in his ribs as the stranger entered. He was a hairy, gipsy-looking man, with earrings in his ears. As he sat down he stretched out his legs, like a board fence, across the stage, balancing the heel of one boot on the toe of the other. Henry hitched himself closer to his aunt. The stranger began poking with his stick in the dark corners of the stage, as if he had seen a rat. Henry clasped his aunt's arm, and huddled to her side. What was this fluttering beneath his ear? It was his Aunt Emma's heart palpitating like a rabbit's or a chipmunk's. Henry was amazed. Grown-up people, in his experience, had never been afraid—they were his protectors and protectresses. But here was his Aunt Emma breathing fast and short, and her hand was cold against his leg in its linen pantaloon!

HE WAS AN ONLY CHILD.

They had reached the bad roads of Farnumville, and now, as one wheel went over a log, the other down in a mud pot, the gipsy, stick and all, was pitched violently against Miss Emma Peaslee and her nephew. Henry was all ready to cry; he felt the tears rising in his throat—tears which he tried in vain to swallow; but before they quite gushed out, his Aunt Emma, clutching him tightly, let out a faint shriek, and followed it with a hundred tiny panting breaths.

And then there awoke and stirred in Henry Peaslee's soul a feeble, blind impulse of chivalry, no bigger than a moth-miller. It fluttered about inside of him, and filled him with a curious discomfort. His chest felt hot. He turned his face off his aunt's bosom, and looked at the stranger, who had sunk deep into his loose coat. Ah! he was a terrible-looking customer. His front teeth bit into his lower lip; his hairy neck, his knotty hands made him look wild and fierce. But Henry's blood was up since he had heard his aunt's tender little scream. He turned to the fierce mountaineer; he opened his mouth, and, trembling all over, thrust out his tongue at him.

"You did-did-dasn't bump into my auntie again!" said he in a brave, quavering voice. And immediately a little man stood up inside of him and made him feel big enough to pitch the gipsy out over the back wheels.

"Here we air, little nephew! Here we air in Farnumville, and this is the little green house where we belong!"

It was late in the winter of that (to Miss Emma Peaslee) ever memorable year that her brother and sister at last succeeded in getting over to Farnumville to see her. The visit had long been talked of, but the heat, the cold, and the rain had intervened; Zadok had shingles and Sarah a touch of gout; and mud and drifts prevented the stage from making its circuit. But at length, on a day late in February, Henry's uncle and his Aunt Sarah descended from the stage at the post-office, and walked down the long, marble street to the little green house.

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"I hope Emma will be to home," said Mr. Zadok, thinking of his sister's currant shrub.

Mrs. Sarah smiled.

"She's probably to home, teaching Henry to do his patchwork," said she.

"Or dressing a dolly for him," added Mr. Zadok.

"Or tying his hair up with a blue ribbon," said Mrs. Sarah.

"Poor little toad!" said Mr. Zadok, "setting to home with his auntie on a Saturday afternoon! Or if she takes him out, it'll be to call on the minister— Whifkachoo! who throwed that slushball, boys? Which of ye done it?"

"Ah! that catched ye plumb on the ear, mister," chuckled an aged man in the doorway of a store.

"Which of ye done it?" repeated Mr. Zadok, glaring at the boys within a fort of snow across the street. The soggy ball had splashed his spectacles and dickey, and was trickling down his shoulder-blade.

"I can tell ye who throwed it," said the aged bystander. "It was that young one in the plum-colored roundabout. I don't recomember his name. He's full of all sech monkey-shines."

"Wal," roared Mr. Zadok, "if he dast to do sech a trick again, I'll come over thar and tan him. Who did ye say the little blackguard was? I can't see nothing through these spectacles, consarn the boy!"

"WHIFKACHOO! WHO THROWED THAT SLUSHBALL, BOYS?"

"His name's kind of got away from me. It's some sort of gardin truck, like Beans or Parsnip. He's a tough little feller. He's be'n out there sence the forenoon, pluggin' every man that went by. He don't plug the ladies. Your company needn't have ran away."

"Why, where *is* Sarey?" asked Mr. Zadok, looking round him. Mrs. Sarah had fled. Her blue barege skirt at that moment whisked into an alley and was lost to view.

"That little feller has blossomed out wonderful since he was fetched here by his auntie," volunteered the old man. "He was a pindlin', fidgety child. Naow he's the manliest little shaver you ever see. Oh, I recomember his name naow—it's Peaslee. His folks was from Perew-way."

Mr. Zadok caught the old man by the sleeve.

"Manly little shaver, is he?" he asked eagerly.

"Wal, I guess yes! Why, here awhile ago the gipsies stole his auntie's old Speckler, the best layin' hen she had. What did that little feller do, hey? Why, he took after the gipsy wagon, follered it out of taown to the old sand-bank, and hung around their camp till dark, and got hold of the old hen, and fetched her hum."

"By a rabbit!" cried Mr. Zadok, slapping his giant thigh.

"By a rabbit, hey? That hain't a circumstance. Here in the fall they had a torchlight parade for Franklin Pierce. That little Pa'snip feller he clumb out of his winder, after his auntie had put him to bed and blowed out his candle; he shinned down the old popple-tree, and run up to the church and rung the bell like sixty-seven!"

"Good for the little tyke!" shouted Mr. Zadok, thumping his new friend on the shoulder.

"I see you know the p'ints of a boy," said the old man gleefully, though his shoulder was sore.

"I ought to know the p'ints of this one," said Mr. Zadok, "for he's my brother Alferd's son."

"You don't tell me that!"

"I do," said Mr. Zadok, swelling out his chest with pride.

"Wal, sir!"

"Yes, sir! But when I knowed him, he

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was sech a pindlin', fidgety child as you describe. What's made this mighty change in him, hey?"

"You want me to tell ye, mister?"

"I do, sir."

"Wal, sir, look across the street thar. That's his auntie."

Mr. Zadok looked. Through the shouting, snowballing group of boys, he could see his sister Emma's delicate, thin form, clad in her calling dress of watered silk, and Paisley shawl. She was cowering on the curbstone, with both arms up as if to shield her head. She took a step forward, then retreated three; and was hovering still on the curb when she caught sight of Henry's purple roundabout, and forthwith began to call in a faint voice:

"Nenny! Nenny! Nenny!"

"Look at the little feller now, mister."

Mr. Zadok looked, and saw his young nephew scramble to his feet and tear hot-foot across the street. He gave his aunt his arm with a most Chesterfieldian air; and she clung to him as if he were a captain of marines. And Henry looked the part. His shoulders were thrown back, and he walked with a mighty swagger. Not one of his late companions threw a slushball at him, as he escorted his lady aunt across the street.

"Wal," said Mr. Zadok, "I'm beat. This is too many for me."

"Brother! You here!" cried Miss Emma.

Mr. Zadok hardly heard. He was patting his nephew on the head, the shoulders, and the back. He had no thoughts for any one else, for as the antediluvian in the store doorway had said, Mr. Zadok was a connoisseur in boys.

"You was quite a little man, thar, son," said he. "Your auntie hain't spoiled you yit. I want you should come over to South Derry and visit my boys. Thar's Fred, is ten, and Josiph, eight, and William——"

"Wha-what say, Brother Zadok?" cried Miss Emma Peaslee, all in a flutter, laying her thin fingers on her brother's arm. "What air you saying to Nenny?"

Mrs. Sarah was peering out of her alley. She heard her brother Zadok repeat:

"Why, I want the little tyke should come and spend a week with our boys, over to South Derry."

SHE CLUNG TO HIM AS IF HE WERE A CAPTAIN OF MARINES.

And then she heard her sister Emma reply:

"Oh, brother! You're very kind. But I can't spare him. You won't go away and leave auntie, will you, Nenny?" She was fluttering, and almost crying.

"No, ma'am, I wun't — I never will!" cried the little boy.

"I'm most afraid to go for the milk without Nenny," resumed Miss Emma. "He purtects me from that fierce cow of the Snookses. I like him with me, too, when his grandfather's gun has to be dusted. And to tell the truth, brother, I— I don't know how I could go to sleep at night without Nenny looked under my bed, to—to see, you know, brother—if there was a—a man there." When Miss Emma had thus spoken, her sister Sarah and her brother Zadok both began to realize with wonder and admiration how their timid sister, in her old-fashioned, womanly, and quite unconscious way, had made a man of little Henry.

Deacon 'Bijah's Shrift

By Elizabeth Flint Wade

Mrs. Doolittle, of Hanover Green, speaking.

WELL, of all things, if 'tain't Johnny Bradley! Who'd s'posed 'twas you rappin'? I see the tail of a black coat when I peeked through the side-lights, but I thought 'twas either the minister or one o' them pesky

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book agents wantin' you to pay three dollars down fer some foolish book, an' a dollar every time afterward that you ain't got the money.

Come right in an' set down. Why, you ain't been to the Green in how long? Sixteen years? Mercy, it don't seem possible. Let's see! You was twenty-odd when you went away an' sixteen years would make you forty. Only thirty-eight? Well, what's that but forty? An' soon's you're forty, 'tain't no time 'fore you're fifty. Think o' you bein' fifty!

An' you ain't never married? Seems a pity when you'd make such a good husband. Oh, I've heard how well you took care o' your pa an' ma till they died, an' how you've helped your sisters since. Bought Emmy a melodeon, though she can't play a note, an' Jane a set o' furs, an' allus givin' 'em money when their husbands don't, which is a way husbands have. Why, I don't know but two women in Hanover Green but what have to ask their husbands every time they want to spend a cent, an' one's the Widow Beadle, who's lost hers, an' the other's ol' Polly Ann Fitch, that ain't never had one. You'd ought to have a wife, Johnny, jest to set an example o' how wives should be treated. There ain't a hundred men between the two oceans that knows how to use a woman right; or, if they do, they don't practise it.

How's all the Green folks? What, ain't you seen any of 'em? Come right to me to hear all the news, eh? Step right along into the kitchen then, Johnny—I shall call you Johnny same's I used to, if you be forty—I'm cuttin' rags an' makin' a chicken potpie an' I don't want it to burn. You'll enj'y the dumplin's 'cause they're your mother's receipt. She was the best cook ever I knew.

Give you some shears an' you'll help cut rags? I'm glad your livin' in the city ain't spiled you or made you forgit the rags you've cut an' sewed fer your ma. I'll spread an apron over your lap to keep the lint off, an' you can begin on this ol' pair o' Thomas's pants. They're clean; I washed 'em myself. Cut 'em kind o' narrer an' as long strips as you can. Thomas got them pants twenty years ago come August to wear to—Oh, tell about the Green folks?

I don't hardly know where to begin. S'pose I start off with ol' Elder Beebee. He ain't preached fer years, but he sets in the pulpit Sundays, an' when it's time, he gits up an' makes the long prayer. He's kind o' lost int'rest in the uttermost parts o' the earth, an' prays less about the heathen an' more fer folks right to home. You feel 'sif you'd been on Zion's Hill after hearin' one o' his prayers. Does me more good than a dozen o' Elder Lawton's sermons.

Elder Lawton preachin' here yet? Yes, an' bangs the Bible hard as ever. Don't seem to be losin' his strength, not a mite. Wears out one a year, reg'lar. No self-respectin' book can stan' the poundin' he gives our Bibles, an' it keeps the Ladies' Aid short o' money buyin' new ones.

There ain't been so much change as you'd think, an' if you went to prayer-meetin' you'd hardly sense you'd been away. I 'member how you used to take off the things folks said in our prayer-meetin's. Johnny Bradley, they're sayin' the same things now, word fer word an' letter fer letter!

Becky Rider livin'? Yes, indeed, an' gettin' up in meetin' reg'lar as ever an' sayin' she wouldn't give up the little hope she's got for worlds like this, an' sayin' she lives a weak an' sinful life, an' beggin' the brethren an' sisters not to take pattern after her. As if anybody would, for such a shif'less, good-for-nothin' housekeeper I never see, an' her dish-cloths!—goodness—I can't bear to even mention 'em in my kitchen.

But, Johnny, if there ain't been many changes there's been happenin's, an' this last one—well, I don't know of anythin' that's made so much talk in the Green, an' that so little is reely known about as what's jest transpired. I know all about it, an' the way I come to was 'long o' my makin' this very carpet an' the burnin' o' Deacon 'Bijah Holman's old socks. Course you 'member the Holmans. Nobody that ever knew him could forgit Deacon 'Bijah. Stiff an' unbendin' as a ramrod, an' so pious you wouldn't dare think "darn" in his comp'ny if you tore your best dress ever so jagged a hole. Mis' Holman never dared say her soul was her own when the Deacon was round, an' as fer their C'listy—why, Johnny, didn't you used to set quite a little by C'listy? Land, you ain't got over your trick o' blushin' every time any one says girls to you, have you? Come to think, your birthdays both come the same day o' the month. That's the fifteenth of June. Why, the fifteenth's to-morrow. Poor C'listy. I've allus felt sorry fer her. Deacon's allus made her work like a pack-horse. Look out, Johnny, you're cuttin' them strips altogether too narrer.

Now I'll tell you about the Holmans.

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Mis' Holman never neighbors. If you want anything of her you have to go where she is, an' for my part I never went when I thought the Deacon was likely to be round. He's too sanctimonious to suit me.

Mis' Holman has real good taste, an' I've allus depended on her to help me stripe my carpets. I'm makin' this for the south chamber, an' one Friday afternoon I took some o' each kind o' rags an' my stripin' stick an' went over there. She was settin' on the back steps heelin' an' toein' a pair o' socks fer the Deacon an' by the looks o' the legs she must 'a' heeled an' toed 'em a dozen times.

"I've come on the same ol' errand, Mis' Holman," says I. "I want you to stripe my carpet, an' while you're pickin' out the colors an' 'rangin' 'em, I'll knit for you. I don't want to hinder you none."

"I want to be hindered," says she, an' took her knittin' an' put it in the house.

Then she set down an' we sorted the colors an' she 'ranged 'em beautiful. There's the stick all wound jest the way the colors is to be in the weavin' an' the number o' threads. Mis' Holman is a master hand for figgers. She'll ask you how many pounds you've got o' this or that kind o' rags, an' how many yards you're calc'latin' to weave, an' she'll tell you in a jiffy how many threads of each you can have in a stripe.

Beats all what heads some folks has for figgers. I couldn't no more tell how many threads of a kind I could have in a stripe than I can tell how many feathers there'll be in my angel wings when I get where I'll have to wear 'em. But if you asked Mis' Holman she'd tell you to the last pin-feather how many'll be in hers.

All to once I smelt somethin' burnin'. I'd heard her rattlin' the stove when she went in, an' I jumped up an' says:

"You must 'a' set somethin' afire; it smells like woolen."

"'Tis woolen," says she, never movin' a finger. "I'm burnin' up them ol' socks."

"Why, what made you?" says I. "You had the heels an' most one toe done. I thought the Deacon would git another year's wear out o' them legs."

"Well, he won't git no more wear out o' them legs, nor out o' some others I might mention," says she, an' she went on sortin' rags calm as a clock.

'Tain't a bit o' use askin' Mis' Holman any questions, so I took up a ball o' pink rags an' says:

"Don't you think this'll weave in handsome? It's that ol' pink caliker o' my 'Melia's. I was goin' to make a cradle quilt of it fer her baby, but she won't have nothin' but white. That baby's the cunnin'est o' the lot. I could tend it day in an' day out, an' I did too, an' took care o' both the others when she was here visitin'. Beats all what a sight o' pleasure you take with grandchildren, all the comfort of 'em an' no respons'bility o' bringin' 'em upright. It's most a pity you an' me didn't have but one olive branch apiece."

"Olive branch!" spoke up Mis' Holman. "Your 'Melia may be an olive branch, but my C'listy's jest a poor twisted, crooked stick, 'long o' the hard work she's had to do all her life." My goodness! Johnny Bradley, you're cuttin' them pants into inch pieces. Give 'em to me an' you tear up this bunch o' yellow. It's colored after one o' your mother's receipts. When she lived here we used to—oh, yes about the Holmans— Where was I? Oh, yes—C'listy.

Mis' Holman p'inted down in the lot where C'listy was all stooped over weedin' onions.

"Look at her," says she. "What's made her get old 'fore her time? Doin' a man's work. Soon's she knew beans she had to begin droppin' 'em, an' corn an' p'tatoes, too. Children must earn their keep, is what he says. An' I have to look on an' can't help it, neither. Nancy Doolittle," says she, kind o' fierce-like, "I've got to tell somebody, an' it's goin' to be you; but you mustn't breathe a word to a livin' soul till after we've gone. I'm goin' to leave Hanover Green, an' so's C'listy."

"Land o' livin'!" says I. "What's possessed the Deacon to move at his time o' life? I wouldn't 'a' thought you could 'a' hired him. His grandfather built this house, an' Holmans has allus lived here."

"The Deacon ain't goin' to move, as I knows on," says she.

"Oh," says I, "you're goin' visitin', you an' C'listy. 'Twill do you both good."

"It'll be a visit that'll last as long as I live," says she. "I'm goin' to leave the Deacon for good an' all. Now if I was you, Mis' Doolittle, I'd put this green each side o' the pink. It'll make you think of a row o' flowers in a garden," says she, an' she went on layin' the colors together no more ruffled than as if she'd said, "I'm goin' to have b'iled dinner, tomorrer," 'stead, "I'm goin' to leave my husband"

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For me, I was so amazed I dropped the pink ball an' it went rollin' off into the grass, an' I never thought of it till next day.

"Mis' Holman, what do you mean?" says I. "You ain't really goin' to leave your home an' your husband?"

"Don't speak so loud," says she. "Voices carry farther than you think such a still day. Yes," she went on, "that's what I'm goin' to do, an' I'm goin' to cov'nant meetin' to-morrow an' have my name took off the church books, an' tell a part o' the reason."

"Why, you must be crazy," says I. "Such a thing never happened in Hanover Green before. Our husbands has chose us an' if we can't make 'em over to suit us, we've got to put up with 'em, an' I'm free to say most of us has plenty to put up with, an' I can't deny the fact that a few o' the men have, too."

"That may all be," says she. "I ain't thinkin' of other folks. I'm thinkin' o' myself, an' I've put up with 'Bijah Holman jest as long as I can. An' you can't blame me, neither. You know the Deacon, root an' branch."

I did, an' neither root nor branch do I want a slip of, but I wa'n't goin' to tell her that.

"I wouldn't be rash," says I. "The Deacon'll never get over the talk it'll make. I'd wait a spell first. Mebbe you'll outlive him. He's older than you."

"Jest four years," says she. "He's sixty-six. Now the Bible says a man's days is threescore years an' ten, though it don't say nothin' 'bout the length of a woman's."

"Good reason why," says I. "A woman won't tell how many years she's lived, an' you'd never know when she got to her 'lotted time."

"I ain't 'fraid to tell how many years I've lived," says she. "It's sixty-two, an' if I get a man's portion—which a woman never does in this world—I've got eight years more I can count on, an' I mean to make the most on 'em. Now, 'cordin' to Scripter, the Deacon has got four more years comin' to him, an' if I really thought that's all he'd get—but no, I can't reckon on it, fer the Bible goes further an' says if by reason an' strength a man lives to be fourscore, them years are labor an' sorrow. Now this is the way I've figgered it." Didn't I tell you she was a master hand fer figgers? "'Bijah's father an' gran'father each lived to be ninety-five, an' if he follers after 'em, he's got four good years to live; an' 'stead o' ten, he's got twenty-five o' labor an' sorrow. Nancy Doolittle, I've lived forty years with 'Bijah Holman, an' pretty near all of 'em has been labor an' sorrow, so I've had thirty years more'n my share o' that kind, an' if I want any good ones, I've got to reach out an' take 'em now. Even so, I wouldn't do it if it wasn't fer C'listy. C'listy's older'n me this minute. When did she ever have a good time? With this big house she's allus slep' in the kitchen chamber roastin' in the summer an' freezin' in the winter. An' as for her gettin' married, why there's only one ever dared look toward her, an' the Deacon jest forbid him the house. He moved away years ago, an' likely he's forgot there ever was such a girl."

Why, Johnny Bradley, you're tearin' them rags into shreds. You jest take hold an' wind these that's sewed. Mebbe you won't destruct them.

Mis' Holman told me all that was known in the Green, an' a good deal more that wa'n't even surmised. 'Twould 'a' made your blood boil to have heard it. How a man can harrer his own flesh——

My, Johnny, you're terribly fidgety! Must made you nervous livin' in the city. I've heard 'twould affect folks that way.

"Well," says I, when she'd finished, "I can't sense it nohow. My Thomas an' I has words now an' then, but I couldn't no more leave him an' go off by myself than I could leave a good fire in the winter an' go set in a snowdrift. Didn't you ever like the Deacon?"

"What do you s'pose I married him for?" says she. "I had plenty o' other beaux to pick from. I set my eyes by him at first till he got so cantankerous, an' even now when I'm settin' in the shed chamber Sunday evenin's lookin' off over the hills an' fields an' woods so peaceful-like, I make up my mind to have things different. But 'tain't no use. I do' know how hard a nether millstone is, but if it's any harder than 'Bijah's heart, 'twouldn't dent if the whole world fell on it. Yet 'Bijah's an upright man, an' there can't anybody ever say he's wronged 'em of a cent—but there, I won't say no more. My mind's made up. Now, Mis' Doolittle, I think that's as pretty a stripin' stick as I ever wound."

Sat'day was rainy, so the men couldn't work outdoors an' most everybody was to the meetin'. Yes, we have the cov'nant meetin' Sat'day afternoon same as ever.

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The Holmans was about the last, an' for a wonder C'listy didn't come. You know how the Session House is—long benches each side with an aisle goin' up the middle, an' the men sit one side an' the women the other. The Deacon an' his wife allus took the front seats, but this time Mis' Holman set down in the very back row. You know everybody's 'xpected to speak in cov'nant meetin', an' they take turns in reg'lar order. Mostly the men have a lot to say an' the women precious little, for it's one thing to have religious 'xperiences an' another to get up an' tell 'em to your neighbors that knows all your faults an' your backslidin's. Deacon 'Bijah allus spoke up loud, but Mis' Holman talked so low you wouldn't 'a' known what she said if you hadn't heard it so many times before. She'd say she wanted to renew her cov'nant with the Lord an' with his people, an' she'd begin 'fore she'd fairly riz, an' set down 'fore she was through, scart to hear her own voice. I wondered how she was goin' to be heard way on the back seat.

Elder Beebee opened the meetin' with a prayer that fairly took you to the gates o' Paradise, an' made you feel that you'd nothin' but love in your heart fer the whole human race, includin' them bloodthirsty Russians. Then we sung,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

an' for the life of me I couldn't help thinkin' o' the tie between Mis' Holman an' the Deacon.

After Elder Beebee's prayer an' the hymn Elder Lawton allus says a few words 'fore the members begin to give in their 'xperience; but 'stead of Elder Lawton, Elder Beebee got up an' stood for a full minute leanin' on his cane, an' lookin' first at one an' then 'nother. With his white hair most touchin' his shoulders, an' his face sort o' shinin', he made you think o' the picters of the saints in the big Bible.

Then he begun to talk, an' he told how long he'd lived, twice as long as a good many of them that were lis'nin', an' how he'd seen a great deal o' life. Bein' a minister he'd been took into the confidence o' his people an' knew about all their joys an' their sorrows an' their perplexities, an' he was glad to say the Lord had let him often be a help an' a comfort. He said his idea of religion was jest them few words in the Bible, to love your neighbor as well as you did yourself, an' treat 'em so, too, an' them that did, needn't have no fear o' the future. An' he talked on an' on, an' nobody sensed the time, an' the more he talked the more we set there an' felt he knew jest how mean an' selfish an' self-exaltin' each one of us was, an' was givin' us a receipt to cure us. I made up my mind then an' there not to leave Thomas to git his own meals so often—he jest hates putterin' round a kitchen—while I went off visitin'.

He must 'a' talked near an hour, an' he closed by sayin' that the cov'nant meetin' was intended to be the place where them that was united in brotherly love could bring all their trials an' troubles an' get girded up to go on, an' he hoped if any brother or sister there needed sympathy or grace or anything they'd speak right up, for now was the time.

I couldn't help lookin' round to Mis' Holman. Seemed 'sif them words was meant for her, but 'fore she got a chance to speak, the Deacon was on his feet. He's allus the first to speak anyway, an' allus said the same thing.

'Bout when he was under conviction he felt as if he were hangin' over hell on a cobweb—as it were—ah?

Yes, Johnny Bradley, you've remembered the very words an' the very way he says 'em. He never seemed to get no further with his religion, jest went round an' round an' didn't get nowhere, like the sails of a windmill.

But 'stead o' tellin' his cobweb story he begun by sayin' that since the last meetin' the Lord had brought him out into a large room, where the light fairly dazzled his eyes an' he needed a guide, an' he'd been to Elder Beebee in his bewilderment an' he'd told him jest what to do. The Deacon said he'd allus been to church, an' said his prayers, an' read his Bible reg'lar, an' hadn't took a penny from nobody that wasn't his own to take. But this light room with Elder Beebee to 'xplain it, showed him that 'twa'n't all of religion to do that, an' there was some things he'd left undone. He'd took, he said, tithes o' mint an' anise an' cummin which was his to take, but he might a been a leetle easier on them he took 'em from. My, I fairly held my breath, for as he went on I knew right away he'd got wind o' Mis' Holman's plan to leave him. He didn't tell it right out, but what I knew made me see the meanin' o' what he said. He said Elder Beebee had give him a text to go on. This is the text. I put a marker in the Bible soon's I got home.

"And as thy servant was busy here and there the man was gone."

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That's a kind o' solemn text, Johnny, when you come to interpret it the way Elder Beebee did. Means you ought to do the right thing an' the kind thing to them that's by your side, 'stead o' neglectin' 'em an' forgettin' 'em till suddenly the Lord takes 'em away an' you're sorry when it's everlastin'ly too late.

The Deacon said he was sorry he hadn't done the extra things he'd ought to, but he was goin' to begin doin' 'em now 'fore them he wanted to do for was gone, an' first he was goin' to take a little holiday with his fam'ly an' would like to have Brother Doolittle an' Brother Johnson do his chores an' look after his stock while he was gone, for bein' 'twas Sat'day afternoon an' late at that he'd have to go right off so's to get where he was goin'.

Then he took his hat an' walked down the aisle, an' when he got to Mis' Holman he says, "Come, Angeline!" an' she must 'a' seen somethin' in his face none of the rest of us did, bein' his back was toward us, for she smiled an' got right up an' went with him.

'Twas so still fer a minute after they went out, I b'lieve you could 'a' heard a bird breathe, an' then Elder Beebee got up an' says:

"Let us close by singin',

"Rise my soul an' stretch thy wings,"

which to my mind was a very 'propriate hymn, for I was jest achin' to talk to somebody. But I didn't get no chance, for what the Deacon said must 'a' stirred up the pure minds o' some o' the brethren, for 'stead their goin' along together an' talkin' 'bout crops an' politics, which is the only things they're int'rested in, every husband walked off with his wife. 'Twas a reg'lar married folks' procession.

Elder Beebee allus comes to supper with us after cov'nant meetin', an' as we walked along he talked of how beautiful everything was after the refreshin' rain, but after supper, when Thomas had his chores done, Elder Beebee told us all 'bout what had happened to the Deacon.

It seems he'd smelt them socks burnin'—you know burnin' woolen has a dreadful penetratin' odor—an' had dropped his hoe an' hurried hotfoot to the house, thinkin' Mis' Holman was wastin' or sp'ilin' somethin', an' jest as he stepped in the shed he heard me say, "You're goin' to leave your home an' your husband!" an' he stopped an' listened to all we said. Well, he heard some things he couldn't 'a' read in a book.

That very night he went to Elder Beebee an' told him all 'bout it, an' the Elder, bein' mighty clear-sighted, knew 'twouldn't mend matters to have the Deacon have it out with Mis' Holman alone, so he 'vised him to go to church an' make a sort of general confession that would be the truth, an' would 'xplain some things, an' yet he needn't tell right out the plain facts. He told him the Lord an' Mis' Holman would understand, an' 'twa'n't no matter 'bout the rest.

They got back last night—they'd been gone ten days—an' Mis' Holman sent word by Thomas to have me come right over. Why, they've been clear to Albany, an' took an 'xcursion on the Hudson besides. It seems they met an old friend in Albany, an' what they didn't see in that town wasn't worth lookin' at. They even went all over the Capitol buildin', as unsafe as 'tis. Mis' Holman says it looked strong, but I wouldn't never risk my life on them staircases that's crackin' an' crumblin'. You wouldn't never know when they was goin' to give way entirely.

An' the things they've bought for C'listy—more'n she's ever had in her whole life. It seems there's a woman who cleans up your nails an' washes your hair in Albany, an' C'listy's friend had her go there, an' you wouldn't know her. She looks ten years younger, an' she's got a white embroidered dress good enough to be married in. There, I was so int'rested in seein' an' hearin', I forgot all about askin' who the friend was.

Johnny Bradley! you don't mean to say 'twas you? An' the Deacon went there o' purpose to see you? Johnny Bradley, are you—well, I can put two an' two together now you've set the sum—you've come to the Green to be married to C'listy Holman, an' I never mistrusted it. An' you settin' there an' lettin' me tell you the whole story, an' never sayin' a word.

When is it goin' to be? To-morrow, on your an' her birthdays?

Goodness, you take off that apron this minute, an' fly round an' pile every last one o' these rags in the kitchen closet. Jest as quick as I can get the dinner out o' the way, I'm goin' to make you a birthday cake an' a weddin' cake, Johnny Bradley, an' they'll both be after your mother's receipts.

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Bucket-Shop vs. Board of Trade

By C. C. CHRISTIE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—No cause is so poor as to be without defense. If there be another side to any contention waged in this publication, we believe that in all fairness the accused should have his hour in court. While articles exposing bucket-shops were appearing in this magazine, we received a letter from C. C. Christie, of Kansas City, complaining that, through a misunderstanding of conditions, Mr. Teague, the author of the series, had done the independent operators in grain and provisions, among whom Christie is a leader, serious injustice. Mr. Christie is president of the National Board of Trade of Kansas City, one of the institutions attacked in Mr. Teague's series, and he asked the privilege of stating the facts about grain and provision speculation as they appeared to him and his associates. We agreed to give him space in our pages, and this is his article. It is rather an attack on the Chicago Board of Trade than a defense of the form of institution Mr. Christie represents, but it is printed for what it may seem worth. Mr. Christie is wholly responsible for what appears herewith.

AS respecters of the law, the bucket-shop dealer and the so-called legitimate broker are on a par. Particularly is this true in the State of Illinois. If the bucket-shop man, or independent, violates the law of Illinois, the Chicago Board-of-Trade member is equally guilty, and the courts, both State and national, have so held. This is a matter of record.

The bucket-shop owner or the independent, as I prefer to call him, has been a target for denunciation and limitless abuse. I propose to show that if he deserves such harsh criticism, the members of boards of trades and exchanges merit equally drastic treatment. Merrill A. Teague, in a series of articles in EVERYBODY'S, entitled "Bucket-shop Sharks," painted the independent a deep, ebony black, describing him as a conscienceless, soulless, predatory wretch, void of all honor. Mr. Teague must have got his facts from exchange or board-of-trade sources. He certainly didn't get them from an independent. He drew conclusions from what he got. As his facts were wrong to begin with, his conclusions were equally fallacious.

I do not mean to assert that all independents are honest men. But neither do I admit that mere membership in an exchange or board of trade makes the holder immaculate and forthwith endows him with all the virtues of honorable, scrupulous manhood. That there are dishonest men both on and off boards of trade goes without saying.

My particular object is to demonstrate that the law is violated on the Chicago Board of Trade hundreds of times every business day in the year, and that the members of that institution who climb upon a pedestal and assume a "holier-than-thou" expression at the mention of bucket-shops or independents, are confirmed lawbreakers. I am not defending the laws that they break. Whether these are just or unjust is beyond my province to determine. I am simply stating facts that to my mind establish clearly that the board-of-trade member cannot be acquitted of hypocrisy when he assumes to excoriate the independent.

The statutes of Illinois contain a provision that makes it a crime to trade in options that in Board-of-Trade parlance are known as "puts" and "calls." For twenty years this law has been broken by the members of the exchange with a frequency that makes the law ridiculous. They pay it no attention whatever, except to adopt expedients for giving a gossamer clothing of legality to their transgression. The forbidden contracts are now styled "indemnities," but whatever the name the violation is clear and glaring. And if the minimum punishment for each offense were meted out, the offenders would spend the rest of their lives in the penitentiary and

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still owe the State many years of penal servitude.

This Illinois law should be read by every bucket-shop critic and believer in the lofty virtues of the Chicago Board of Trade. It follows:

"SEC. 1.—BE IT ENACTED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, REPRESENTED IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, That it shall be unlawful for any corporation, association, co-partnership or person *to keep or cause to be kept*, within this State, any bucket-shop, office, store *or other place*, wherein is conducted or *permitted* the pretended buying or selling of the shares of stocks or bonds of any corporation, or petroleum, cotton, grain, provisions or other produce, either on margins or otherwise, *without any intention of receiving and paying for the property so bought, or of delivering the property so sold;* or wherein is conducted or *permitted* the pretended buying or selling of such property on margins; or when the party buying any of such property or offering to buy the same, *does not intend actually to receive the same if purchased or to deliver the same if sold;* and the keeping of all such places is hereby prohibited. And any corporation or persons, whether acting individually or as a member, or as an officer, agent or employee of any corporation, association or co-partnership who shall be guilty of violating this section, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not less than $200.00 and not more than $500.00; and any person or persons who shall be guilty of a second offence under this statute, in addition to the penalty above described, shall, upon conviction, be imprisoned in the county jail for the period of six months, and, if a corporation, shall be liable to forfeiture of its charter. And the continuance of such establishment after the first conviction shall be termed a second offence.

"SEC. 2.—WHAT NECESSARY TO COMMIT OFFENCE —ACCESSORY. It shall not be necessary, in order to commit the offence defined in section one of this act, that both the buyer and seller shall agree to do any of the acts therein prohibited, but the crime shall be complete against any *corporation, association, co-partnership or persons*, thus *pretending* or offering to sell, or thus *pretending* or offering to buy, *whether the offer to sell or to buy is accepted or not;* and any corporation, association, co-partnership or person who shall communicate, receive, exhibit or display, in any manner any such offer to so buy or sell, or any statements or quotations of the prices of any such property with a view to any such transactions as aforesaid, shall be deemed an accessory, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined and punished the same as the principal, and as provided in section one of this act."

The meaning of this law cannot be misunderstood. It was devised specifically to do away with the so-called bucket-shop evil. It declares it to be unlawful for any one, in any place, to pretend to buy or to sell stocks, bonds, grain, cotton, or oil without any intention of receiving the property so bought or delivering the property so sold. For the first offense the punishment is a fine of from $200 to $500; for the second offense the same fine, with imprisonment for not more than six months. This law, in my opinion, makes the Chicago Board of Trade the biggest bucket-shop on earth. A sweeping charge —but any fair analysis of the Board's system of buying and selling grain or provisions for future delivery will prove the justice of the accusation.

To make this clear to the layman only a few facts need be stated: No one except members may trade on the floor of that exchange, and in their dealings with one another these are at all times principals. Under the rules they may also act as brokers and commission merchants for those who are not members. There are only three uses to which speculative contracts for grain may be put, and those who employ these contracts may be described as follows:

First, the actual grain dealers who may be at the same time storers and exporters.

Second, millers who buy grain and turn it into flour and meal.

Third, speculators who buy and sell with the hope of realizing profits by fluctuations of the market price.

The actual grain dealer doing business in Chicago makes what he calls "bids" every night to his country correspondents, the small merchants who buy the product from the farmers. In these bids he names the price he will pay the following morning for wheat, corn, or oats. The country correspondent must promptly telegraph him the quantity he will furnish at the stipulated price. The result of this practise is that a very large percentage of all the grain coming to Chicago or other markets is bought several days before its arrival, the trade being consummated after the exchange has closed one day and before it has opened for business the next. In consequence the Board of Trade plays no part whatever in the actual transaction.

Unless the actual grain dealer sells every day an amount equal to his purchases, he has recourse to speculative "contracts" to protect himself against a drop in price. So he goes on 'change and hedges his purchases by making a short sale in the "pit." Then when he sells his actual grain either to his correspondents abroad or in home markets, he again goes into the "pit" and closes out his short sale by making a purchase. He has arranged his sale of the actual grain by cable, telegraph, or mail, and consequently that transaction, like the original purchase, is

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made, not on the floor of the Board of Trade, but between the grain dealer's office and the office of the buyer.

When this actual grain dealer went into the "pit" and made a short sale to protect his purchase he never intended to make a physical delivery of the commodity. Again, when he closed out his short sale by making a purchase in the "pit," he never intended to receive and pay for the grain noted in his contract. He simply made both transactions to safeguard his profits on the actual purchase and sale; yet in doing this he violated the law, and the Chicago Board of Trade, which permitted the short sale and the subsequent purchase, became a bucket-shop, as bucket-shop is defined by the Illinois statute.

It often happens that there is on the market a flood of wheat of the particular kind wanted by a miller who makes a certain grade of flour. He buys quantities of it, enough to fill his elevators to their utmost capacity and to keep his mills grinding for six or twelve months. To protect himself from loss, due to price fluctuations, he goes into the "pit" and puts through transactions similar to those of the grain dealer just described. When the miller makes the short sale in the "pit" it is not likely he has any intention of delivering the grain. As a matter of fact he can't deliver it, as his mill is transforming the wheat into another product as rapidly as the machinery can do the work.

I agree absolutely with the proposition that these speculative contracts are not vicious and are practically essential to a successful conduct of the actual grain business of today. The law, however, is there; and that being the case, the Chicago Board of Trade, by permitting such deals, brings itself within the scope of the bucket-shop prohibition.

Now we come to the third class, the speculators who buy or sell with the single purpose of getting a profit out of a favorable swing of the market. It would be nonsense to suppose that these traders ever intend actually to receive and pay for the grain they buy, or actually to deliver the grain they sell. In an active market, with the fluctuations thick and fast, some of them buy and sell a dozen times over during a single business session of the Board of Trade. Their only intention is to get profits from the up or down dips of the market.

Court records of sworn testimony are the most convincing evidence in any controversy, and I willingly rely upon them to substantiate my declarations. Many Board-of-Trade members testified as witnesses in the case of the Christie Grain and Stock Company and C. C. Christie *vs.* the Board of Trade of the City of Chicago, and any one may examine their testimony. What is given below is taken from the official record, cases 1805 and 1911. Page 173 gives the testimony of Charles A. Weare, of the Weare Commission Company, members of the Chicago Board of Trade. He testified that his firm did a business of 600,000 bushels a day, and that not more than one per cent. resulted in actual deliveries.

C. D. French, broker, testified (page 358 of the official record) that he had done a business of 100,000,000 bushels annually for fifteen years, and that only two or three times in all his experience had he had any property delivered to him. He fixed the total of the deliveries at about 200,000 bushels, or $\frac{1}{200}$ of one per cent. of his business.

Ex-Governor James E. Boyd, of Nebraska, testified (page 610) that he had been a commission merchant and dealer on the Chicago Board of Trade, and that actual deliveries were not one-half of one per cent. of his business.

Austin W. Wright, who is one of the heaviest speculators on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade and whose name is a synonym for honor and truthfulness, testified (page 783) that he had been a speculator for thirty years and a member of the Board for twenty years, and that in all that time he had never but three or four times paid for any grain. Since 1892 he was positive he had not received or delivered any of the actual commodity. Because of his prominence and his experience as a grain speculator Mr. Wright's testimony is of value to any one interested in the topic under discussion. Here are some extracts from the official record:

"*Q.* What is the difference, if there is any, between speculation on the Board of Trade and speculation off the Board?

"*A.* There is no difference. Locality cannot affect the character of the transaction.

"*Q.* Is a speculator a man who is trying to get into the market and make money by the difference in the price?

"*A.* Well, he buys stuff when he thinks it is worth the money, sells stuff when he thinks it is too high, and waits for an advance or decline.

"*Q.* Is he really after the commodity, or really after the difference in the prices at which he buys or sells and the price at which he closes the transaction?

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"*A.* Why, he is after the difference between the price at which he buys or sells and the price at which he closes the transaction.

"*Q.* Whenever you bought anything for future delivery on the Board of Trade, did you know you could sell it out at any time you pleased and settle the two transactions by either paying or receiving the difference between the purchase and sale price?

"*A.* Yes."

Mr. Wright also gave interesting testimony concerning dealings in lard which clearly showed the absurdity of the claim that the Board of Trade countenanced only genuine purchases and sales of the actual article. The Board-of-Trade rules require that lard, to be deliverable on its contracts, shall be in tierces. Here is an extract from Mr. Wright's testimony:

"*Q.* You say there has not been and is not now and has not been for some time any lard on hand that could be delivered on contract?

"*A.* Very little. They carry it in tanks."

In other words, the Board-of-Trade members buy and sell something that practically has no existence. It is difficult for the average man to understand how the dealer who sells can make deliveries of, or how the dealer who buys can receive, what does not exist. Years ago lard was shipped in tierces, but the economies of modern packing methods forced a substitution of tanks. The trading in tierces, however, goes merrily on among the Board-of-Trade members, who regard the independents with such deep horror.

Walter Comstock was another interesting witness in the lawsuit. He was a member of Schwartz, Dupee & Co., the largest or second largest speculative house in the United States at the time when he testified (page 894) that in the previous year his firm had dealt in from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bushels a day, and that in the previous December there were delivered to his firm only about 100,000 bushels of all kinds of grain. His testimony showed that not more than one-fifth of one per cent. of the enormous business of his firm resulted in actual deliveries. The remaining 99⅘ per cent. represented deals settled through the clearing-house of the Board of Trade.

It is worth while paying some little attention to the "scalper," the most alert of the speculative class. Surely no one would dare to assert that the "scalper" has any intention of delivering the grain he sells or receiving the grain he buys. His one desire is to snatch a quick profit. The tiniest fluctuation tempts him to close out his trade. What he buys one minute he sells the next in a fast-moving market. It is the "scalper's" rule to even up his trades every day; that is, to sell as much as he buys and to leave no transaction open overnight. "Scalpers" are plentiful in the Board-of-Trade "pit." That the rules of that exchange do not prohibit "scalping" is further conclusive evidence that the Board of Trade is a bucket-shop within the meaning of the Illinois law.

I am not alone in that opinion. Learned judges of several courts have so decided. Judge Thompson of the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of Ohio, Judge Adams of the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Missouri, Judge Anderson of the United States Circuit Court, Indiana, and Justices Shiras, Sanborn, and Van Devanter of the United States Court of Appeals, are all unmistakably on record in the matter.

The cases before these different courts were identical. The Chicago Board of Trade in 1900 sought to prevent the Christie Grain and Stock Company, of Kansas City, O'Dell, of Cincinnati, Cella, of St. Louis, and other concerns from using its quotations, and applied for a restraining injunction. All of the defendants in their answers charged that the Chicago Board of Trade was a bucket-shop. The evidence in each case was practically the same.

Judge Thompson heard the O'Dell case, and in his decision declared:

"The evidence convincingly shows that the larger part of the transactions in grain and other produce, on the complainant's exchange, are merely gambling transactions, conducted by some of its members in violation of the law of the State of Illinois against bucket-shops, and it remains to be considered whether the complainant, the corporation itself, conducts or permits these illegal transactions upon the floor of its exchange. Complainant may not conduct these transactions, but if, through its officers or agents, it knows that they are conducted by some of its members, and does not prevent such transactions, it must be deemed to permit them. It permits unless it prevents, and if it permits, then it keeps a bucket-shop, in violation of the laws of Illinois, and it will not discharge its duty to the public or escape criminal liability by merely enacting laws prohibiting such transactions. It must go a step further, and enforce its rules, and prevent all such transactions within its knowledge.

"The court finds therefore, upon the evidence submitted, that the greater part of dealings in futures on complainant's exchange are bucket-shop transactions, and that they are permitted by complainant in violation of the laws of Illinois. It is suggested, however, that the public good will be best served by suppressing the smaller bucket-shops, even upon the application of the complainant; and

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reference is made to 2 Pom. Eq. Jur., Sec. 941, where it is said that 'in compliance with the demand for a high public policy, equity may aid a party equally guilty with his opponent.'

"But the situation here does not call for the application of that doctrine. The bucket-shops are the offspring of the Chicago Board of Trade and kindred organizations, to which they still look for sustenance and life, and they can only be effectually suppressed by striking at the root of the evil. When this species of gambling on the commercial and stock exchanges of the country ceases, the bucket-shops will disappear, and not before."

The United States Court of Appeals, by the decision of Justices Shiras, Sanborn, and Van Devanter, not only branded the Chicago Board of Trade a violator of law, but declared that it came into court with unclean hands for an unlawful purpose. The full decision could not well be printed here, but its salient features follow:

"It is thus proven beyond reasonable question that the Chicago Board of Trade maintains in the building owned by it in the city of Chicago, a place known as the Exchange Hall, wherein the members of the Board, acting for themselves, and also as brokers for outside parties, engage in making and carrying through deals in grain and provisions, in which it is not intended to make a future delivery of the article nominally dealt in, but which are to be settled by the payment of money only according to the fluctuations of the market and which are in all essentials gambling transactions.

"It further appears that the continuous quotations sent out by the Board of Trade are quotations of the prices bid and paid in connection with these speculative transactions had on the floor of the exchange.

"It further appears that the Board of Trade for a specified price paid to it, furnishes these quotations to the telegraph companies, and authorizes them to send the same over their wires for delivery to all persons who will agree to take them under the terms fixed by the Board of Trade, these quotations being thus furnished by the Board of Trade and sent out over the lines of the telegraph companies as a means of encouraging speculation in futures and in gambling on the rise and fall of the market, and for the purpose of bringing to the members of the Board of Trade as large a part of this speculative business as can possibly be secured.

"As already shown, the statute of Illinois, as construed by the Supreme Court of that State, absolutely forbids any person or corporation from keeping an office or place wherein gambling in grain or other produce is permitted or from communicating or receiving any quotations of prices of such property with a view to aiding or encouraging gambling transactions in such property.

"The evidence clearly establishes the fact that the Chicago Board of Trade maintains, in its exchange hall, a place wherein transactions coming within the inhibition of the statute are permitted and carried on, and the preparation and sending out of the continuous quotations of prices, based upon these forbidden transactions, are intended to aid its members, as well as outsiders, in engaging in speculative gambling on the rise and fall of the market, and therefore in both these particulars the Board of Trade violates the plain provision of the statute.

"The purpose of the bill filed in this case is to invoke the aid of the court, as a Court of Equity, in securing to the Board of Trade the pecuniary benefit derived from the communication and sale of quotations derived from transactions conducted by it in open violation of the statutes of the State, in which it maintains its place of business, and to which State it owes its corporate existence. The powers of a Court of Equity cannot be successfully invoked for such a purpose. It will not lend its aid to the furtherance of transactions expressly forbidden by the statute and thus declared to be contrary to the public policy of the State wherein the transactions are had.

"In seeking the aid of the court under the circumstances developed in the evidence introduced in this case, THE BOARD OF TRADE DOES NOT COME WITH CLEAN HANDS NOR FOR A LAWFUL PURPOSE and for these reasons its prayer for aid must be denied."

Beaten in all these lower Federal courts, the Chicago Board of Trade carried its contentions up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and there it finally got a decision which its members heralded as a magnificent vindication, but which, as a matter of fact, was not by any manner of means an unqualified verdict. A bare majority sustained the Board of Trade's chief contention —the right of ownership and control of quotations. Three members of the court, Justices Brewer, Harlan, and Day, dissented on even that question. Justice Holmes, who wrote the ruling opinion, practically confirmed the decision of the lower courts wherein the Board of Trade was branded as a bucket-shop, but justified the gambling transactions in the "pit" along the following original lines:

"People will endeavor to forecast the future and to make agreements according to their prophecy. Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophies, equalizing prices and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induced imitation by the weak and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin undertaking to speculate in their turn."

I have studied the honorable justice's opinion faithfully, but I confess that the paragraph just quoted is beyond my comprehension except where the author declares that the imitation of exchange members by weak outsiders, that is, the attempt on the part of the public to make money by meeting Board-of-Trade members in their own "pit," is likely to ruin the imitators. That I regard as the best advice I ever heard offered to an

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outsider who contemplated doing business through a member of Chicago's big bucket-shop, officially styled the Board of Trade.

Relative to the rights of the Board of Trade in its quotations, Mr. Justice Holmes, in his decision, made this comparison, which speaks for itself:

> "If then the plaintiff's collection of information is otherwise entitled to protection, it does not cease to be so, even if it is information concerning illegal acts. The statistics of crime are property to the same extent as any other statistics, even if collected by a criminal who furnishes some of the data."

In view of this language it is a fair assumption that the learned justice regarded the Board of Trade as a lawbreaker, but did not permit that fact to interfere with what he believed to be its property rights in the quotations.

I have devoted particular attention to the Chicago Board of Trade, primarily because Mr. Teague, in his articles in EVERYBODY'S, upheld the honesty of its brokers. My experience convinces me that Mr. Teague was imposed upon. The history of speculation is replete with incidents that are far from illustrating the honesty of Board-of-Trade methods. For instance, years ago James R. Keene put up the price of wheat in Chicago to a point where disaster threatened many of the elect. Something radical and drastic had to be done to break the market. By fair methods the Board members were powerless to cope with the skill, courage, and determination of Mr. Keene. He had the situation absolutely in hand. To save themselves they resorted to foul tactics. One day the market broke, the Board-of-Trade men were relieved, and Mr. Keene was sold out at a stupendous loss. A bogus telegram, supposedly from Mr. Keene, did the trick. Whoever the senders were, they benefited to the extent of millions by the forgery. That is one example. Scores could be given. It is sufficient to say that it is the proud boast of Board-of-Trade brokers that "no one ever came to Chicago, mixed it up with us, and got away with the money." It would require a powerful microscope to discover the honest intentions underlying such a boast.

Yet Mr. Teague and others who have been imposed upon, think it inconceivable that people should trade with independents instead of patronizing board-of-trade members. There are three reasons why a considerable portion of the public deals with houses not subject to board-of-trade rules: First, with the independent, a speculator can limit his losses at all times. Second, he can do business with less money, as the independent requires smaller margin than the exchange broker. Third, he can get in and out of the market whenever the price reached suits him.

It is obvious to all experienced in the matter that the outside speculator is more likely to lose than gain, whether he trades through an independent or through an exchange member. He has charged against him all the expenses of the business besides a profit for its proprietor. If his profitable trades offset his losing ventures during a certain period, he is, at its expiration, still minus his proportion of the expenses and the profits of his broker. The commissions, in the long run, count heavily against the outside trader. As the commission charged by the independent is smaller than that charged by the regular broker, I assert that the speculator's chances of losing are minimized when he trades through the former.

Gross exaggeration of the public's losses, great as they probably have been in all speculative ventures, is common. There is no known method by which they can be mathematically calculated or even approximated to any fair degree of accuracy, but this monumental obstacle is frequently ignored. Somebody probably told Mr. Teague that the public had lost $100,000,000 a year for the past twenty-five years in bucket-shops. That means $2,500,000,000. This colossal sum, Mr. Teague asserts, has been taken from the people by 400 independent dealers. That would give each of the 400 independents $6,250,000, less the expenses of the business. To have got rid of this accumulation each of the 400 must have lived at a rate in excess of $200,000 a year. If they didn't spend it they have it; and if that be the case, consider what the possession of $2,500,000,000 signifies. The great Steel Trust, capitalized for $950,000,000, the American Tobacco Company, for $120,000,000, the Amalgamated Copper Company, for $155,000,000, could all be purchased by the thrifty bucket-shop keepers; they could then absorb the $186,000,000 that was the total net funds in the United States Treasury on August 22d last, and still have a trifle of $1,000,000,000 left for other enterprises. It is needless to pursue that absurdity further.

In self-justification it is essential that I write a few words about myself in connection

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with accusations made by Mr. Teague. I was never expelled from the Kansas City Board of Trade or any other exchange. I resigned from that board in good standing, and my whole career as a member was untarnished. The charge that I was detected stealing quotations by means of a delicately adjusted telephone receiver placed behind the partition of a legitimate broker's office and connected with my own by hidden wires, is absolutely untrue. Never in my life have I been engaged in crooked transactions, and for honesty and square dealing I am willing to match my whole career in the grain trade against that of any dealer or broker, whether he be member or non-member of an exchange. Efforts to induce me to join the Chicago Board of Trade have been made without success. At the instigation of the directorate of that exchange on August 3, 1900, I was invited by letter to join, and in reply I sent an emphatic declination.

The crux of the whole controversy is this: The independents claim the right of dealing whenever and wherever their best judgment dictates. The exchanges, to monopolize business for their members and to compel the public to speculate through, and pay commissions to, only the self-constituted "legitimate" brokers, seek to crush the independents. It is a case of Greed versus Freedom, with the American people as the judges.

In 1887 I was connected with a board-of-trade house, and during this time the Chicago Board of Trade made efforts to pass laws in most of the Western States prohibiting dealing for future delivery in grain and provisions anywhere except on boards of trade. They were successful in quite a number of States. During this time I wrote a letter, addressed to the Missouri Legislature, condemning all outside trading, and trying to show that the Board of Trade had a patent on this business and a right to monopolize it. I was perfectly honest in what I then wrote. I believed that no man had a right to buy or sell a bushel of grain for future delivery unless he paid tribute to some member of the Chicago Board of Trade. It is needless to say that many years ago I abandoned this error. The only marvel is that a sane man could ever have held such an opinion.

There has been a great deal of litigation respecting the rights of exchanges to their quotations. As an account of this matter is much too long for the limited space allotted me by EVERYBODY'S, I have covered this point and indeed the entire subject to which it belongs in much greater detail in a letter, which I have published in pamphlet form. If any reader of this short article cares to read a more elaborate explanation of Board-of-Trade methods, I shall be pleased to send him a copy of the pamphlet.

A Rejoinder by Merrill A. Teague

I'LL have no quarrel with Christie about the Chicago Board of Trade. In opening my series I postulated thus: Speculation upon margin is gambling; marginal gambling now holds sway on ALL legitimate exchanges; he who sets out to be a marginal gambler is headed for certain disaster; marginal gambling is under the bane of the law in nearly all the States. Further, I italicized this: "When you are moved to speculate, or to gamble on margin, DON'T." Moreover, I declared that the only thing a marginal gambler can expect from regular brokers is "a gambler's square deal." If any man should know the meaning of "a gambler's square deal," his name is C. C. Christie—careful avoidance makes experts just as does long practise. But it is clear that Christie did not carefully read what I wrote, else he would not have stumbled. I will be Gaston to Christie's Alphonse on anything that reveals the viciousness of marginal gambling on legitimate exchanges, the Chicago Board of Trade included; but this stands:

In his alleged defense of bucket-shopping Christie has not attempted to controvert a solitary fact developed in my differentiation between bucket-shop thievery and regular brokerage.

He DOES NOT deny that bucket-shoppers always bet against their clients, whereas regular brokers actually buy or sell; that they strive to turn the market against clients so that those who are not losing may be MADE to lose; that they till-tap clients' accounts by interest charges on fictitious advances to complete trades; that they secretly act as agent for buyer and seller, taking commission from both; that they stimulate mankind's gambling propensity by inviting five- and ten-dollar bets, and by holding forth offers of narrow margins; that they use these narrow margins as a "jimmy" with which to reach their clients' money, narrow margins meaning "closed-out" accounts with smallest price fluctuations; that the form of contract they use is void as being against public policy because framed to exempt the thieves from both civil and criminal responsibility for their crimes; that they either steal or manufacture the quotations that are the bases of their counterfeiting operations; that whenever possible they shade quotations for the speedier robbery of their victims; that they stimulate embezzlement, theft, and forgery in order that, in their turn, they may steal what their victims may have stolen.

In short, Christie DOES NOT deny any material fact set up in substantiation of the assertion of which he is author: "The bucket-shop is only a thief." None knows the irrefutable truth of that assertion better than Christie. A man does not succeed in his undertakings unless he knows their details. And Christie has succeeded—as a bucket-shopper.

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To My Readers

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

THERE must be a moment in the life of every mountain-climber when, overcome by his awe-inspiring isolation, he grows dizzy and faint, and, if it is so writ, plunges down to death in the depths of the snowy abyss that yawns at his feet. Or if his time be not yet come, still the bravest may drop in his footsteps and numbly suffer until the eagle's screech awakens him to vision of the unconquered peaks stretching beyond. For him who walks most boldly amid the world's high places such periods of incertitude are inevitable; and it is a pendulum question with me which is most to be pitied or envied—he who goes over the brink with his ambition unrealized, or he who, regaining consciousness, becomes suddenly aware of the remoteness of those grim heights that beckon him onward. Man has few powers that fit him to traverse God's fastnesses, and he who admits his puniness amidst the infinities that soar around him, had better return to the verdure and the shade of the valleys. But there is hope for the stronger soul who dares to toil upward after the first piercing realization that his utmost attainment leaves a thousand peaks unclimbed.

For him who goes over the abyss, a fervent benediction. At least death ends travail. For the other—him whom the eagle's scream has awakened—what is there but to press on? Though cold and starvation rack his body, and the terrors of solitude grip his heart, he must henceforth devote himself to the task. Though he be not done with faintness or faltering, he must be deaf to the avalanches roaring around him, blind to the icy depths he has crossed, alive only to the pale exquisiteness of the lofty summits swimming afar against the blue of the empyrean.

It is with a man who essays any great task as with the mountain-climber. However far he may have gone, before his mind always stretch the miles that must be traversed ere the goal can be reached. He is bogged by difficulties, tripped up by misunderstanding, entangled by his relationships—all his kinship with other men arises to hinder and to frustrate his purposes. What if he has slain dragons that threatened the lives of his fellows, what if he knows that only by pressing on can he disperse the wild beasts that menace the liberties of all humanity, inevitably there comes a time when a sudden sense of isolation grips him and he realizes that all those who in the beginning cheered him on his way are no longer behind, that even the closest comrade of his toil has disappeared. May he not be forgiven if then he sinks down for a time and racks his mind with "Wherefores"? Shall such a one not say to himself: "What boots all this travail and battling?—what avails one man's puny effort at setting right creation's tangles? In surrender, in death, there is peace and surcease of fighting—and what now avails the struggle?"

If God has written Finis on this man's life scroll, it is the end—but if in the blackest moment of his despair he is awakened to consciousness, not by an eagle's scream, but by a thousand voices of sympathy, of consolation, of encouragement—messages from all those who in his preoccupation and despair he has imagined unappreciative and dumb—what is there for him but to press on? Yet, can a blighted heart carry a burden to heights that dizzied it before—and—I wonder.

I have explained to the readers of this magazine that there is at this moment little more I can do to rouse the American people to a sense of the dangers that surround them; yet until the people are further aroused I cannot disclose to them my Remedy. For as soon as it is before the people, all the energies of the "System," supported by untold millions, will be bent to prevent its adoption; and once it is circumvented, it is dead,

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and for all time. This means, as I have before explained, that I must not make the Remedy public until I am sure I can set it up in practical working shape. I am thus confronted with two staggering propositions:

First, the possibility that the American people may refuse to see the light when it is lit for them.

Second, the possibility that my Remedy is moonshine.

To meet the first, I would call attention to some photographs of familiar current happenings.

Picture 1

No plainer exposure of fraud has ever been made than that of the life-insurance scandals. From the press, the pulpit, and the platform, proofs have been spread abroad of the theft of the people's savings by the millions; a thousand times the thieves have been named, and the present jeopardy of a thousand millions of the people's savings has been forced upon their consciousness. So broadly, continuously, and sensationally have all these facts been exhibited that to-day every intelligent man and woman knows the actual condition of this vital institution of civilization. They also know that through feats well-nigh miraculous the people have had accorded them the power to force restitution of the stolen millions, to punish the thieves, and to prevent repetition of all such frauds. To accomplish this the people have but to say to the exposed thieves, "Do not dare to show your heads again," and to those who brought about the exposure, "We will back you up." Yet, such putty are the American people in the hands of the "System's" master-thieves that actually hundreds of thousands of policy-holders are at this moment listening to the brazen excuses and deceptive pleas of the myrmidons of the New York and Mutual Life companies, as they daringly ask the men and women they so long tricked and plundered to vote them back into office. Actually, policy-holders listen while these thieves, still in possession of the thousand millions of the people's savings, and still using them to deceive and befuddle their owners, make the audacious demand: "Give us your confidence. We demand that you allow *us*, not these honest, disinterested men who have come forward in your emergency, to conduct your affairs in the future—in the very way we administered them in the past. We demand that you turn on our exposers, and smite them so that the world may know that ingratitude is the reward accorded by the American people for honest, conscientious public service, and that the prize for cruel theft and oppression is renewed license to rob and oppress."

Picture 2

Never was a people more plainly warned of intended fraud than the American people, who during the last two years had it proved to them that Wall Street and the "System" were preparing to unload hundreds of millions of stocks and bonds that had been manipulated to prices two to twenty times their real value. So plain was the warning that the American people heeded it, and for the first time in their financial history refused to be unloaded upon, or to allow their savings to remain in Wall Street for the "System's" use. What did the "System" do? It said: "These fools think they are going to accomplish something, but wait a bit." Defiantly it withdrew from its banks the accumulated surplus that the law says the banks must retain; then it bid up interest rates in Wall Street to ten, twenty, fifty and a hundred per cent. This at a time when the people throughout the country were being paid only three to six per cent. upon their savings, deposited in banks and trust companies. Then, in spite of these high rates of interest, the "System" continued to advance the prices of stocks and said to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, "Slave, replace with Government money what we take out of the banks." What did the Secretary of the Treasury, the servant of the American people, do? Refuse with "If I should do what you ask, the people in their fury might do things to me"? No, indeed. He promptly rolled into the banks of Wall Street and the "System's" banks throughout the country the millions of the Government. The "System" is now sticking out its tongue at the American people and saying: "See what we can do, you fools. You had better come down to earth and buy these chromos of ours, for buy them we will make you before we are through." The people are dazed at the audacity of the "System" and are getting ready to buy. Mayhap before this reaches my readers they will have exchanged hundreds of millions of their savings for the "System's" fraud-made paper.

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PICTURE 3

No revelation of brutal malpractise was ever plainer than President Roosevelt's exposure of the Beef Trust. What happened? Did the packers, in a panic, seek the forests of oblivion, throwing over the stocks of their trusts as they fled? Not by a jugful. They lined up and thumbed their noses at the President and the American people, and filled the press, which had exposed them, with soothing advertisements costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, explaining that the agitation had increased their business and profits to heretofore unreached heights, and that they hoped the President would continue his frolic. Their stocks were advanced millions a day in price value. And did the people get frenzied? Only sufficiently to begin to buy the stocks and to wonder if "after all there are not more dividends in rotten beef than in the straight goods of honest men."

PICTURE 4

During the recent session of Congress President Roosevelt fought a great battle for the people to prevent rebating and to curb the greed of the railroads. Railroad heads declared that the passage of the regulating law spelled ruin and disaster to the vested interests of America. And when the President won, what happened? Did the railroad stocks and bonds drop out of sight? On the contrary, amid the rib-racking laughter of the "System" railroad stocks mounted as never before, and "Standard Oil," through its lieutenant, Harriman, increased the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific dividends—the Union Pacific from six to ten per cent. Hundreds of thousands of shares jumped $20 to $40 per share, and "Standard Oil," Harriman, and their pals "made" overnight untold millions on these two stocks alone. And what did the farmers and merchants along the line of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific do? Did they say: "These railroads were built with the public's money, by gift of public land and favors. Their stocks have been so inflated that the ten per cent. you are now about to pay represents fifty to a hundred per cent. annually on the original capital invested, and yet you are holding passenger and freight rates up to the top figures that prevailed when the country was unsettled and the roads struggling. We demand that instead of increasing dividends you reduce freight and passenger rates, or we will take you by the throat and shake the financial life out of you"? Oh, no. Not these courageous, intelligent Americans. They proceeded to throw up their hats in applause of the "System's" smartness, and are now withdrawing their savings from the banks, hearthstones, and stockings to purchase the stocks at the advanced prices. They will have them when, at the first crop failure, "Standard Oil" orders Harriman to cut the dividends back to six, four, or two per cent. that they may shake out the stocks at twenty to fifty cents on the dollar of what these intelligent merchants and farmers are now paying for them.

PICTURE 5

The "System" placed upon the statute books of the people a tariff-law which in effect said: "Those necessities of the American people in supplying which foreigners compete against our great manufacturing trusts, shall be so taxed that the people must buy the product of home trust manufacture, but at hundreds of millions of dollars each year more than foreigners would supply them for were they not taxed. These hundreds of millions thus taken from the people shall represent profits for our American trusts that will give us, the 'System,' an excuse to inflate the capital stocks of such trusts hundreds of millions of dollars beyond their real value. And all these millions of fraud profits shall come to us, the 'System,' and none of them to the people." Let me prove to you how little the "System" fears the American people. So well have some of us educated the people that a howl has arisen throughout the land for the nullification of this robbery law, and citizens are threatening to elect a Congress this fall that will abrogate it. One might imagine that the "System" would become panic-stricken and that temporarily at least it would lie low until the public wrath had exhausted itself. Sixty days ago, in the midst of the howl, the United States Steel Trust openly increased its dividends and published to the world that it had earned net over one hundred and forty millions of dollars, all of which would either be paid out in dividends or put into new plants. It did not turn over one dollar to the workmen nor abate in the least the price of railroad rails and equipment. Whereupon the market price of the stocks and bonds of the United States Steel Trust advanced

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scores of millions, and the "Standard Oil" and the "System" made by this rise millions upon millions of dollars for themselves, to the Wall Street chorus of "To hell with the fall elections of the fool people. With one-tenth of the profits on one trust out of hundreds we can buy a bunch of fall elections."

These few pictures out of scores I could give lead me to the belief that my first question can safely be answered as follows:

"The American people can see a light when it is lit for them—cock-eyed; at least they can when the 'System' turns on its shadowgraph at the same time."

As to my second question, Can my Remedy be moonshine? I reiterate unhesitatingly that it is a perfect working Remedy, and the only one in sight.

After twelve years of living with it, after infinite repetitions of acid, pressure, and cohesion tests, I feel justified in declaring that it is an adequate solution and correction of the financial problems and evils of the time. This I say in the fullest realization of the greatness of my claim. Once started aright, the Remedy will do its work as surely and accurately as four yoke of oxen hitched to the exposed end of a dog-in-the-manger stump.

In reviewing present conditions in America, it is a constant source of surprise to me that men of the wisdom, experience, and earnestness of President Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, and a hundred and one students of economics should be so far afield from the real remedy for present evils. It might seem reasonable to suppose that our President in tackling the rebate question would start with: "The men who commit these crimes do not commit them for fun, for it's too dangerous, too difficult. They must commit them for gain. Ergo, they commit them to get into their own hands the millions they thus illegally take from the people. Ergo, they seize this money after it is collected by some legal pretense. Ergo, they collect it by making its collection the excuse for inflating the stocks and bonds of the railroads that collect it. Ergo, if instead of trying to prevent these rascals from getting these millions, which we can never do because by using this vast wealth they can corrupt people faster than we, without it, can reform them, let us make it impossible for them to create the stocks and bonds without which they cannot seize the loot that the rebate system takes from the people. Does any one suppose that 'Standard Oil' and Harriman last month would have taken all the risks attending the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific coup, which has brought on their heads a whirlwind of wrath from the press and the pulpit, if they had not known that they could thus easily seize scores of millions of dollars? If the law of the land had made it impossible for 'Standard Oil' and the 'System' to gather millions of profit, there would have been no incentive for Harriman to take advantage of the tremendous business arising out of the great prosperity of the country, by collecting from passengers and freight passing over his roads millions of dollars more than the running expenses and a fair rate of interest called for. Therefore, when business increased with the country's prosperity, Harriman would have reduced freight- and passenger-rates and these extra millions would have remained in the hands of the people along the line of these two roads."

The dollar-philosophy writers invariably establish the millions in the hands of the "System," and then either show how they can be taken away or how their retention can be insured, how their collection can be prevented or why the "System" should be allowed to collect. None starts with: "If we take away the incentive there will be no desire to collect and therefore no necessity to circumvent collection." Does Mr. Bryan suppose that if the people knew that all the money collected by the railroads from the people would have to be used in the legitimate running expenses of the railroad and in the payment of a fair rate of interest on the actual capital invested, and that all then remaining must be returned to the people by way of a reduction in the passenger- and freight-rates, there would be any necessity to take the railroads away from their private owners and make of them a perpetual prize for the rascals who were most successful in corrupting the ballot-box? And if Mr. Bryan, with his tremendous energy, ability, and honesty, should study out this question to the place where he ran into my Remedy, I know he never again would approve of government ownership, but, on the contrary, would make his issue entirely on the one point—the practical establishment of my Remedy. And the American people would not only elect him President on such an issue, but would so overwhelmingly elect him, never mind who was opposed to him upon any other platform, that the great victory of President Roosevelt would

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be completely eclipsed. As I said at the beginning, it is incredible to me that so many wise, able, and honest men can continue to flounder in a mire from which their effort to escape but makes their position more ridiculous.

At this point I come face to face with a problem of the greatest moment to myself. I have, through this magazine, gained the attention and credence of the greatest audience in the world—millions of earnest, honest Americans, who are willing to act when they know how. Because of the reasons previously assigned, I must not give them my Remedy now. On the other hand, if I am silent while waiting till the people shall be in proper attitude to take advantage of my device, this wonderful audience may disperse, may forget the lessons I have already inculcated and the authority I have won. Therefore I should continue writing during the wait. Yet I realize that a message such as mine, which is purely educational, will stale on even the most interested audience. Recognizing this, I have devised a plan to fit the emergency. During the wait for the coming of that moment when the people and the time shall be ripe for the acceptance of my remedy—and there is no scintilla of doubt but that time will come—I propose to write fiction—short stories to begin with, a novel later, and these I believe I can make so interesting that I shall hold and even increase my audience. At the same time each story will contain a moral, simple but obvious, that will enforce and help carry on the good work of enlightenment and education that has made such strides since the beginning of my campaign twenty-eight months ago. I have consulted with my publishers and allies, who agree with me as to the wisdom of this project, and in the next numbers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE I shall appear to my readers in a new rôle. The first story I have outlined will have intense human values, for the men and women with whom it is concerned are as vital and passionate as ever fought through a soul tragedy, and the solution of the crowning situation is a disclosure that I promise you will make a real sensation in the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, blow out seven-eighths of all their windows, and make it impossible for the "System" and the stock gamblers ever again to do business exactly as it is done to-day. If I prove my capacity in this new field, I shall follow this story with another that should rip out the foundations and tumble in the walls of the Stock Exchanges. Later, I shall pass on into a story that will make 26 Broadway look like a hanging bird's nest in a northeast blow.

To the readers of EVERYBODY'S *who have followed my writings on finance and to the others who have followed my writings in other form, in leaving the field of fact narrative and entering into that of fiction story telling, I offer these excuses:*

In all my "Frenzied Finance" sketchings I have been compelled to keep to the plain, unvarnished truth. This means that I have had religiously to eschew one of my pet gods, Imagination. I have had to work upon my characters entirely with the camera, taking such photographs as were called for in the course of my subjects, and reproducing them in the simple coloring of fact photography, black and white. Moreover, from the very nature of my "Frenzied Finance" work, and the brutality of my treatment of facts, I have been compelled to omit from my writings not only the arts of word picturings, but the creation of human subjects in general and of women in particular, even those women who were almost undetachable from the material with which I worked.

Henceforth, I shall be relieved of all such handicaps. In depicting my characters, in enforcing my morals, I shall adhere with the utmost fidelity to the truth and the facts of life, but the men and women who act out my dramas and comedies, and the coloring, groupings, and order of procedure therein shall be as my fancy lists. In my life I have met a thousand men and women with whose tragic comings and goings I have been concerned. I have participated in a score of stock and finance encounters as exciting if not as momentous as those in "Frenzied Finance." I know a hundred stories of blood and soul interest whose incidents need only massing, perspective, and color to be the very cream of fiction. There is no limit to my material save my ability to quarry and carve it into artistic form. Whether I can do this now remains for my readers to judge.

The first of a series of stories by Thomas W. Lawson, "Friday the 13th," will appear in the December number.

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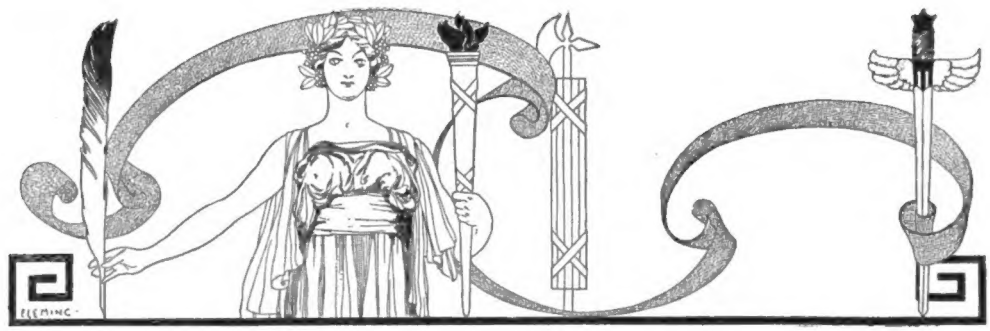

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THE two things we have especially in mind to talk with you about this month are the new weekly and the sale of our bonds, which we announced in the October number, and the proceeds of which are to go to equipping a manufacturing plant.

We are writing on September 24th. It is always difficult to write a month ahead of the date of issue. It is especially difficult to talk about these two subjects for the reason that both the new weekly and the bond issue are moving so rapidly that it is hard to forecast just what the situation will be when you read these lines.

ABOUT THE BOND SALE

In our announcement of the bond sale last month we agreed to print the offer in two or three issues of the magazine. You will find it on the second page following, but there is no way for us to tell how many bonds there will be to sell on October 20th. If you are interested, we would suggest that you write to us promptly. The announcement in the October number has been in the hands of our readers just four days as we write—not long enough for us to hear from those west of the Mississippi; in fact, hardly long enough for us to expect to hear from any one, and yet $56,700 in large and small lots is already spoken for. We are pleased and proud at this unexpected vote of confidence in us by our readers. We shall try to prove in every way worthy of your splendid support.

ABOUT *RIDGWAY'S*

If you have only thumbed through a copy of our new weekly, you will have gotten some idea of the scope of it. We believe that no new publishing venture ever attracted so many big men to its staff as *Ridgway's*. Every one of these seventy-five men gave up a good position to come with us. Most of them began with us at smaller salaries than they had been receiving and asked no guarantee of a permanent position. They simply believed in *Ridgway's* and wished to have a hand in helping to make it. This very fact argues a magnificent success. When so large a staff of able, trained, sincere men get behind an idea that they believe in profoundly, backed by our prestige and our money, it would seem as if they must succeed.

Our plan, in a word, is to go after the big things that all the people are or should be interested in, and to tell the truth about them. And tell it while the interest is alive. When there are two sides, as nearly always happens, we shall tell the truth on both sides, and our aim will be to tell the truth, not because it pays and not because it hurts, but because it helps. It is not our aim to make money, but we cannot help it if our policy pays, as it has with EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. You remember that when we bought EVERYBODY'S we threw out a lot of undesirable advertising. Our aggressive editorial policy drove out a lot more advertising. We estimate that $200,000 worth of business will have been kept out of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE during 1906 because of our editorial policy. All the big packers, several insurance companies, and other sympathetic interests have set out to make us pay for our temerity, but and notwithstanding, we carried in our issue of October, 1906, $66,000 worth of advertising—$16,000 more than in October, 1905. In this November number we have $74,000, which is $18,000 more than in November, 1905. So again we say, if our policy pays we cannot

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help it. We shall follow the same policy in the weekly, cheerfully sacrificing our income whenever and wherever the income attempts the slightest influence or restraint upon our editorial policy of truth-telling and square dealing. Then, if the new weekly pays—and it certainly looks as if it would—it will pay because you believe in it and patronize it, and that will be because it is trying to be honest and helpful.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE had to be made to pay in order to live and grow. But, though the money we have made through EVERYBODY'S is gratifying, our real satisfaction lies in the belief that we have helped along a good work. It must be the same with *Ridgway's*. It will be made to pay. Probably big. But you can be sure that is not our object in publishing it. Here, too, our main interest is in forwarding the common good.

A BENEDICTION

IN August we told our readers of an Arab boy, Mourcos Hanna Habashey, who wrote to us from Assiout in Egypt, asking that out of consideration for his own yearning to learn better things and for his father's poverty, we would help him by sending him a copy of EVERYBODY'S "every one month." The letter touched us. Out of its crudity there was breathed a spirit of honest, earnest desire for self-improvement that was irresistible; and partly because such appreciation of the work we are trying to do, coming from so far away, helped us, and partly because we wanted to feel the comfortable glow that is generated by the granting of a beneficence, however small, we put Mourcos Hanna Habashey on the free list.

We are very glad that we did so. Our intuition that Mourcos was a good and worthy boy has been more than justified. We do not think any one who reads the letter of thanks that we print below will smile over it, except in sympathy with its ingenuous earnestness.

Enclosed with the letter was a package of beautifully illuminated postal cards illustrating scenes in Egypt. We fear that in his gratitude Mourcos was tempted to an extravagance in our behalf that almost defeated the end of our gift. Something of the same sort must have occurred to the boy. On the outside of the bundle of photographs the price of them (and it was no inconsiderable price for a boy in Assiout in Egypt) was marked in red ink. This price-mark had been scratched out and beneath it was written the following apologetic declaration:

"I did not write the price of them no, but the man who sells the post-cards he wrote but I don't ask you to send the price if you send it I send back your money.

"M. H. H."

DEAR SIRS:

Thanking you for you careful Thanking you for your kindness to this poor boy Thanking you for this great favour. How pleased I am from you, you are a kind men then God will be pleased from you.

My father is very pleased from showing your kindness to his poor boy and by God, my father every day at morning and night asking God to stand with you in your work to keep you from all the dangerous to stand with you while you are sleeping at your beds to be always with a good health.

I am very glad to tell with truth that I am exceedingly pleased with your beautiful magazine with your high magazine. Truly your magazine is the largest magazine in all the world & I am very thanks to you for your excellently magazine which have safely arrived & exactly it will be a useful magazine it is just the magazine that I am in a great need to it in my study, by God who created me I have never seen a beautiful, truly, good, nice & helpful magazine like yours. I enclose some post cards contains some views about Egypt for your sake I hope that you will be pleased from them now I am awaiting a letter from you tells that you received the post cards and tells also about your health.

At last I tender you my best thanks for your attention to this poor boy accept my thanks I will write again when I receive any answer from you anything you wish from Egypt only tell me if you wish also another post card tell me soon please. I am your servant,

M. H. H.

And I have the more pleasure in writing this. O God please stand with them help them in their work give them a very good health. Help them that their magazine would be in all parts of the worlds. Thanking you my God for your kindness to this poor creature.

I am sir, with grateful thanks, and much obliged

Yours Obediently

MOURCOS HANNA HABASHEY

Either Address
Eleva Street or
Wisa's School
Assiout
Egypt

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Our Help and Your Investment

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has now arrived at that certainty of a large permanent circulation which justifies us in equipping our own manufacturing plant. We believe that, on our present editions, with our own plant we could make a saving of from $7,000 to $10,000 a month over the prices we are paying on contract. A saving of $100,000 a year seems worth while.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is making good money. The 15-cent price is established. Our policy of filling the magazine with strong, stirring stuff and then telling the people about it gives assurance of circulation at the remarkable monthly average of 600,000.

Advertisers have stamped their approval on our enterprise by spending with us nearly three-quarters of a million dollars during the past year. This great business comes to us because we have a big circulation among buying people. And the circulation comes because we are making the kind of a magazine the buying people want.

OUR HELP AND YOUR INVESTMENT

EVERYBODY'S does not owe a cent in the world. It pays substantial dividends. Its credit is the highest. We could, no doubt, buy a manufacturing plant and pay for it out of the savings from our profits, but improvements paid for by slow economies are long in coming, and we are impatient. We see the future big with things to be done; we cannot wait for their doing; that we may play an early part we ask your help, and at the same time offer you the opportunity to make an unusually safe and profitable investment.

EVERYBODY'S offers its friends $200,000 in Bonds of The Ridgway Company (part of an issue of $500,000, of which $300,000 has been taken by the stockholders of The Ridgway Company), these Bonds being payable in Gold and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. The Ridgway Company owns all the assets, good-will, and possessions of all kinds of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, a property that, modestly estimated, is worth more than $1,000,000. It owns all the properties of the new weekly, and it will own the printing plant to be purchased out of the proceeds of the sale of these Bonds. All this property guarantees the Bonds.

EVERYBODY'S earnings have been sufficient to pay the interest on these Bonds, and much over, and with the additional equipment thus provided, the earnings will be greatly increased. All funds realized from the sale of these $200,000 in Bonds will be devoted to the development of the business. The Bonds will be ten-year Bonds, redeemable at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum after the fifth year.

In order that all may have a chance to share in this investment, the Bonds are offered in denominations of $100 each. Requests for less than $100 cannot be accepted, and we reserve the right to decline allotting more than $10,000 to any one party except after close investigation.

When one considers that the rate of interest on these Bonds is seven per cent.; that EVERYBODY'S is thoroughly responsible—this is a good investment. The Bonds should be subscribed quickly.

This offer will appear in two or three issues of our Magazine, until we are satisfied that the bulk of our readers have seen it, and then the Bonds will be allotted and the funds called for from the subscribers. A deposit of $10 will be required with each Bond requested. We would suggest immediate action.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY.

FOURTEEN INSTEAD OF TEN

OUR original plans provided for establishing the new weekly in ten cities, but we received so many letters from our friends in sections of the country not covered in our original plans that we felt almost compelled to add four cities to the original list, making a total of fourteen for a beginning. You may be interested in seeing some of the letters. If the idea is good for fourteen cities, it will be good for twenty-five; in fact, that number has

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been in our mind all the time. We hope within six months to have editions in at least ten cities not included in the present list—cities like Cincinnati, Detroit, Kansas City, Richmond, Buffalo, Baltimore, Memphis, and Los Angeles.

There are two ways of covering Canada. One is to cover it from the cities in which we publish along the border. Another is to establish branches in Canada. For the present we shall follow the former method, and if it seems advisable later, we shall establish branches beyond the border and attempt to do in part, at least, for Canada what we are trying to do for the United States. In the Canadian editions, however, we shall expect to carry a great deal of United States news for former citizens of this country who have cast in their lot with Canada, but who still keep up a live interest in us.

CANADA

Sirs: There is much to commend in your plan for the establishment of weekly publications in the principal cities of this country. But I have one suggestion: The desirability of introducing news and editorial articles from the northern half of this continent seems to me to be entitled to your consideration. In this age of rapid change there is ever the possibility of the nations of this continent being compelled to adopt a common policy for defense of industry and trade. Apart from that possibility, there is undoubtedly in the northern tier of States and in the Mississippi Valley a spreading desire for intelligent information upon the industrial and political affairs of Canada.

You may have my plan for introducing the Canada feature in your proposed weekly publications; it is awaiting your favorable consideration of a Canada feature. Yours truly,

Buffalo, N. Y. C. S.

SEATTLE

Dear Sirs: One of the most interesting articles to me in September's EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE was that in which you outline your plans for a new weekly. Such a weekly is what I, for one, want, and you can put me down now for the first copy, and let me know when my yearly subscription comes due. I have an idea that such a publication will take from the start, and prove to be one of the greatest periodicals published. There is one suggestion which I desire to make, and that is that if you are purposing to select but one city upon the Pacific coast, that city should be Seattle. There is no doubt but that you can build up an enormous circulation in Oregon and Washington; in fact, the whole Northwest territory. This section of the country is forging ahead faster than any other in the United States. It is destined to be the great center of business activity for the whole Pacific coast. Of course you will have personal representatives to go through this country and see for yourself; but if you must establish a paper in San Francisco, there would be ample room for another in Seattle.

Very truly yours,

North Yakima, Wash. A. H. H.

ATLANTA

Dear Sirs: After reading "With EVERYBODY'S Publishers" in your September number, I feel so enthused over the plans that you so frankly submit concerning your new weekly magazine, that I am emboldened to make the following suggestion to you in this connection, feeling sure that it will receive the important consideration that it deserves.

My suggestion is that, to perfect this sectional system for facilitating the prompt dissemination of the news of the week (together with such discussions of the *real significance* of events as have already made EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE so famous), you should have one more center of operation. This should be located in one of the South Atlantic States, near the center of the large territory between Washington and New Orleans. I believe so thoroughly in the great good that can be accomplished by "bringing home" to the people of every section of our country such great truths and high principles as have characterized your work heretofore that it seems to me like an *injustice* to this vast and important section to slight it in this way.

Now you must admit that you show partiality in locating your ten publishing centers entirely outside of the territory lying south of Washington and St. Louis and east of New Orleans, and I earnestly hope that, both for your own good and the good of my own country, you will give this suggestion careful consideration. Either Atlanta, Ga., or Columbia, S. C., would seem to me the logical location for your eleventh publishing center.

If this South Atlantic country has appeared backward in the past, as compared with the North, in its enterprise and in its interest in matters that make for the common good, it is simply because it has not had the opportunity, and there is no indication that it will remain so. In fact, all the signs of the time point to its fast becoming one of the leading sections of the whole country; and by the time a few more of our resources are developed, if you have not established one of your branches here in our midst, you will find a very important link missing in the chain that you are forging to bind together your own interests, and to secure the welfare of the people throughout this great and free country of ours.

Yours very truly,

Columbia, S. C. E. A. E.

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